JUNE.

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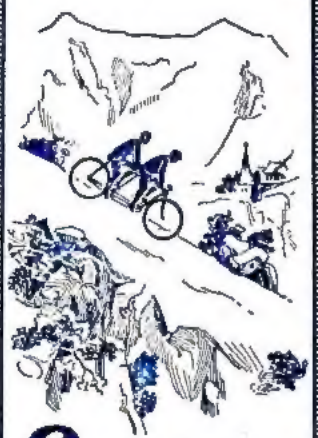

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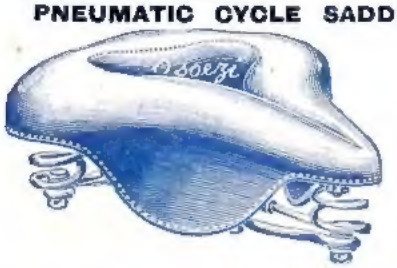

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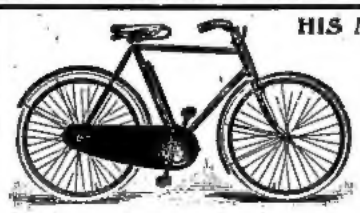

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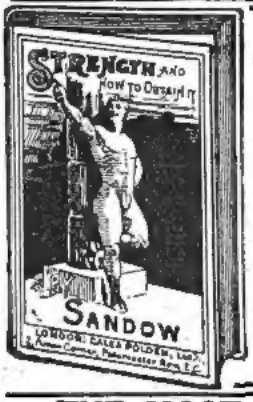

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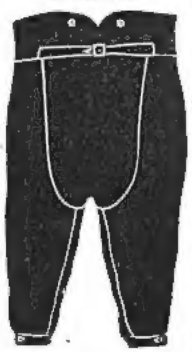

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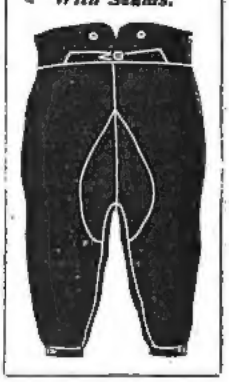

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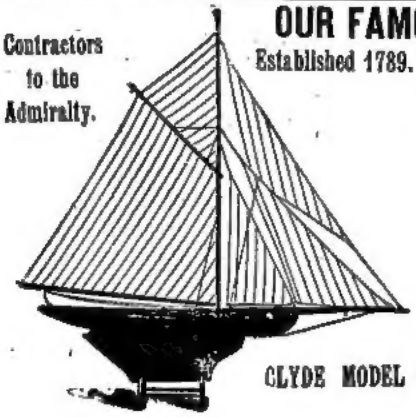

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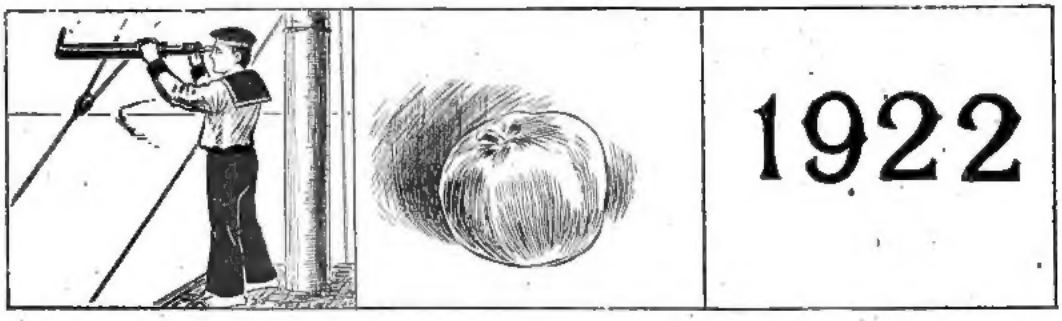

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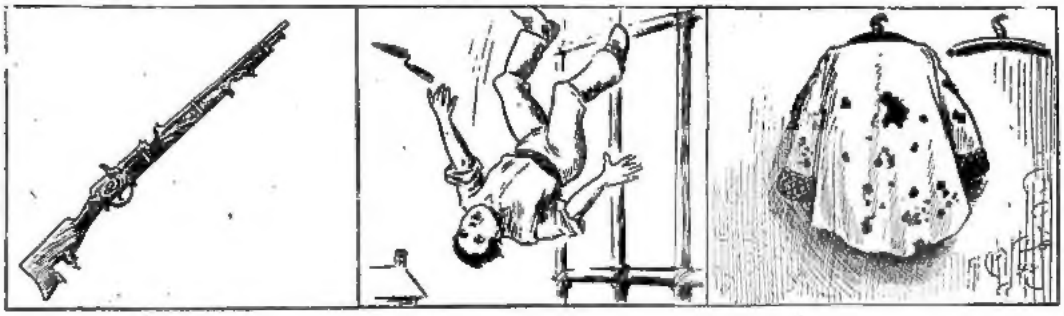

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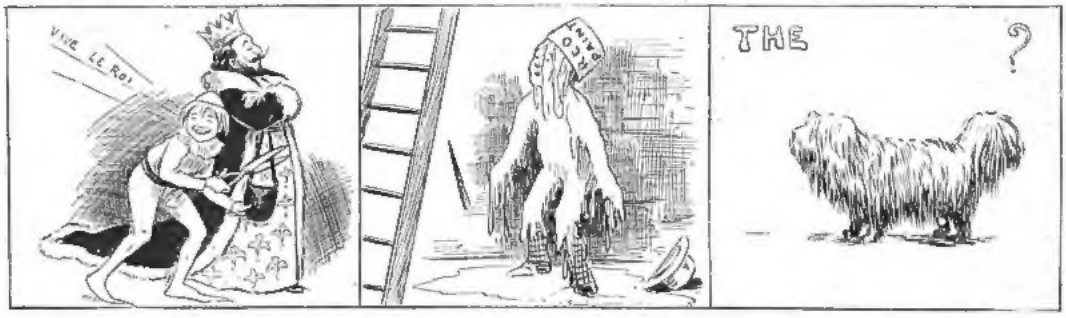

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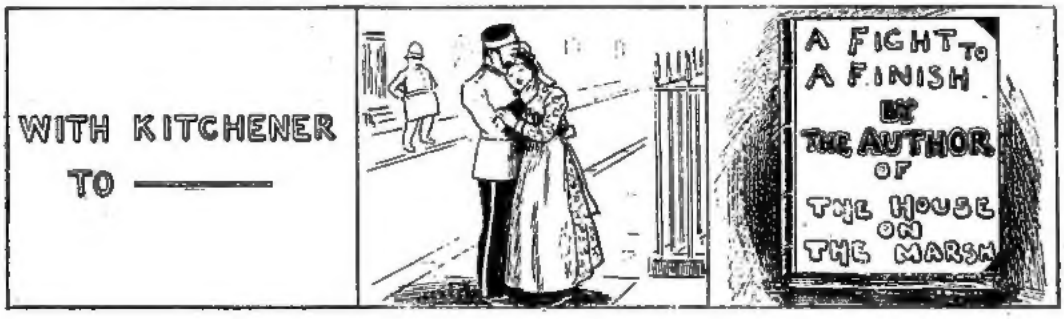

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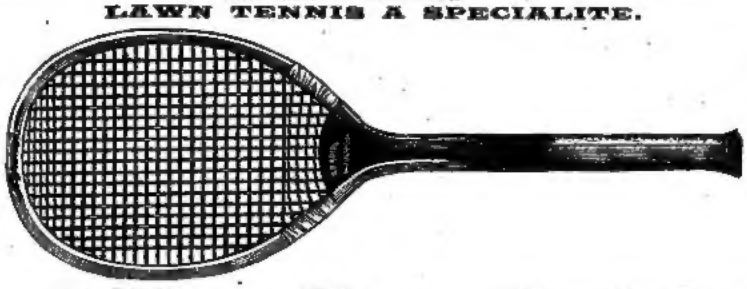

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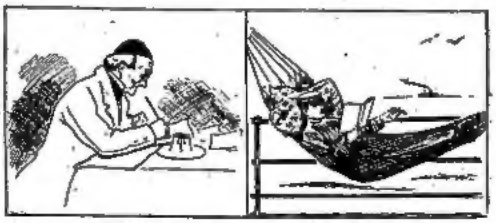
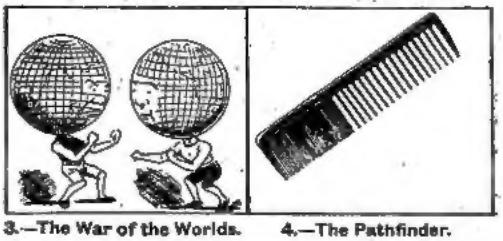
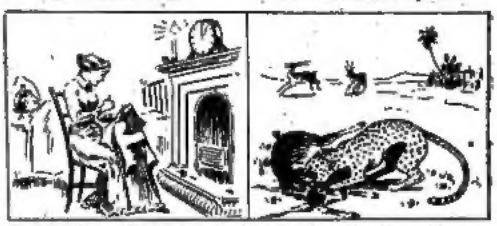


1.—Our Mutual Friend. 2.—Midshipman Easy.

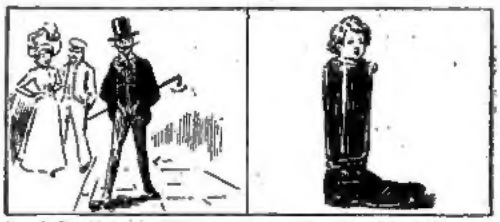


3.—The War of the Worlds. 4.—The Pathfinder.

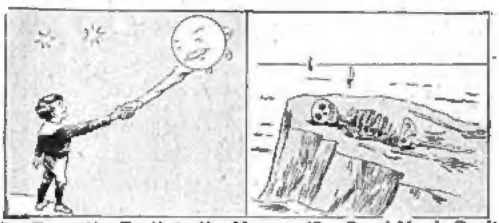
5.—Vice-Versâ. 6.—Pickwick Papers.



7.—It's Never Too Late to Mend. 8.—The Deer Slayer.



9.—A Gentleman of France. 10.—Bootle's Baby.



11.—From the Earth to the Moon. 12.—Dead Man's Rock.

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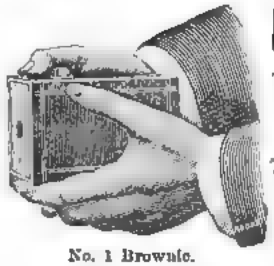

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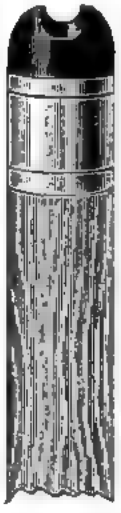

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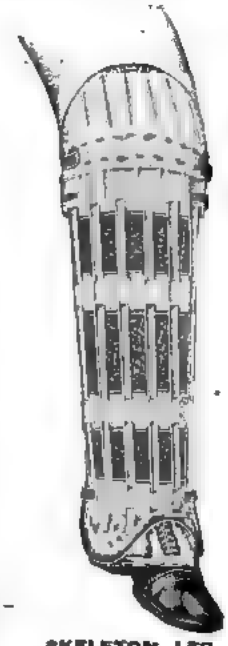

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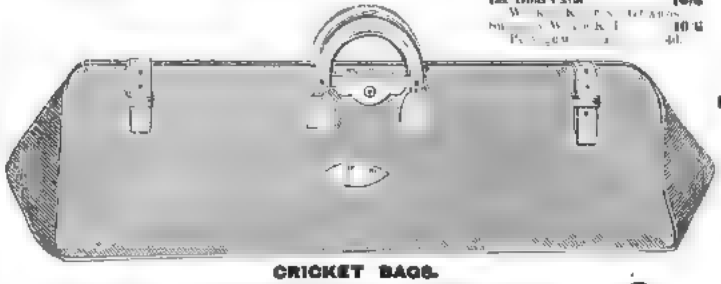

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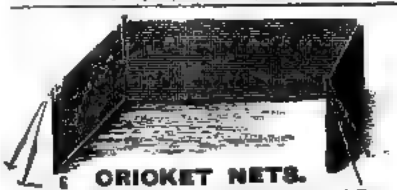

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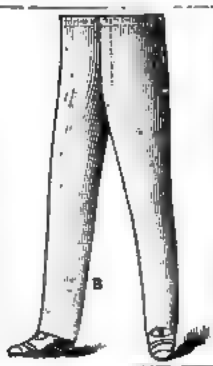

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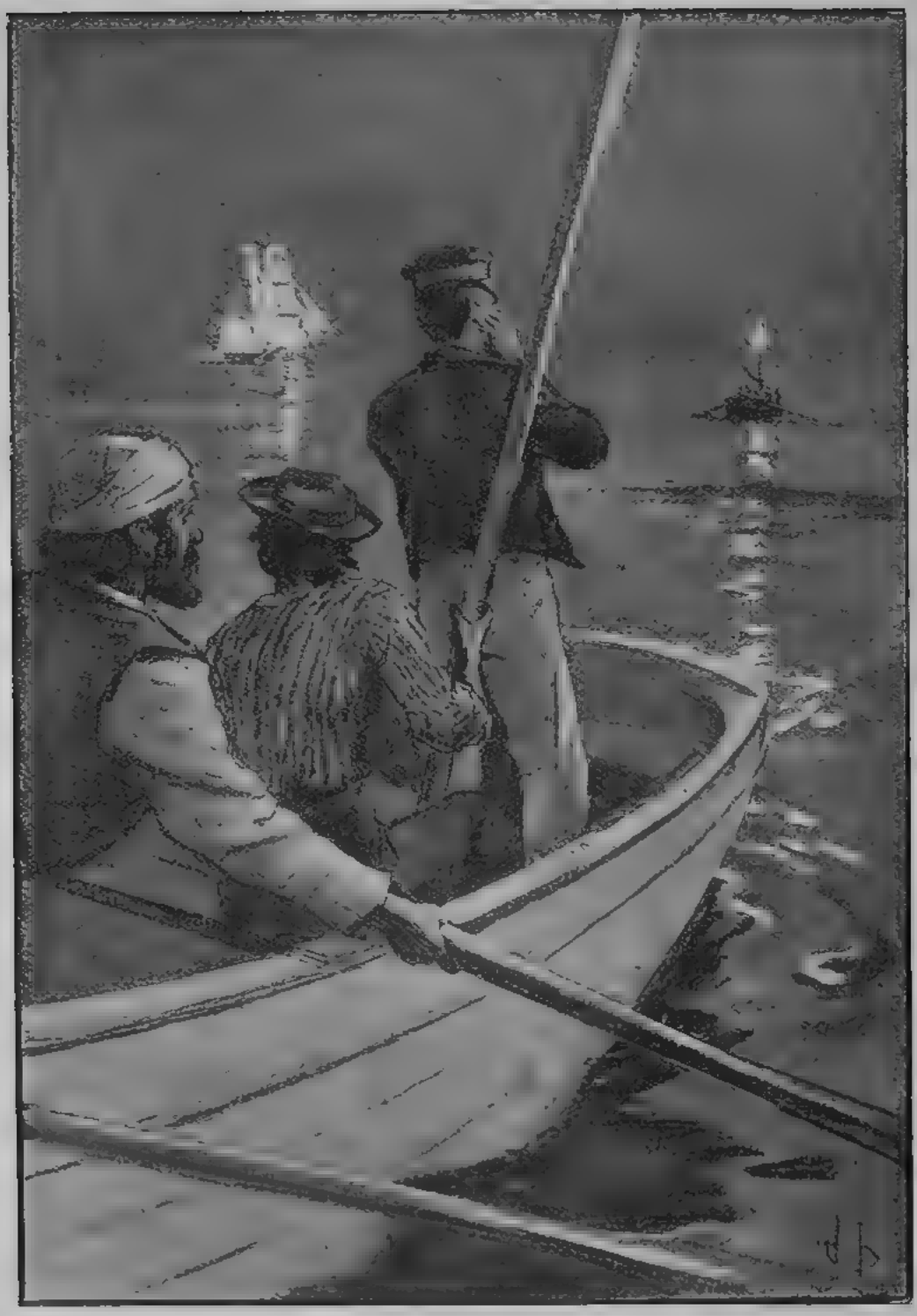
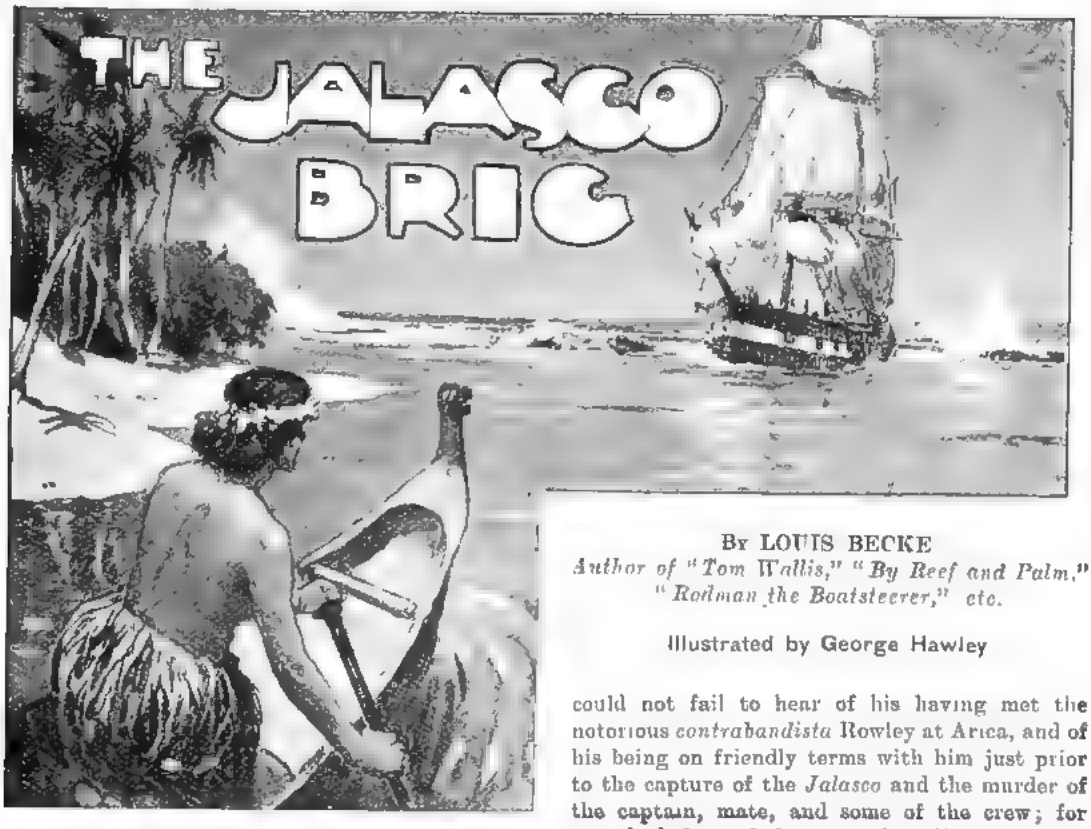


FOR A FULL HOUR THE BOATS CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH. (*See page* 198)



By LOUIS BECKE

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley

KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Valparaiso shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when certain circumstances lead him to suspect that there has been foul play on the ship, and subsequently he learns from the black boatswain Worcester, that the *Blossom* is really the *Jalasco*, but has been "pirated" by Rowley and his first mate, Merrill, and some scoundrels in their pay. Thereupon he determines to recapture the brig as soon as opportunity offers.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

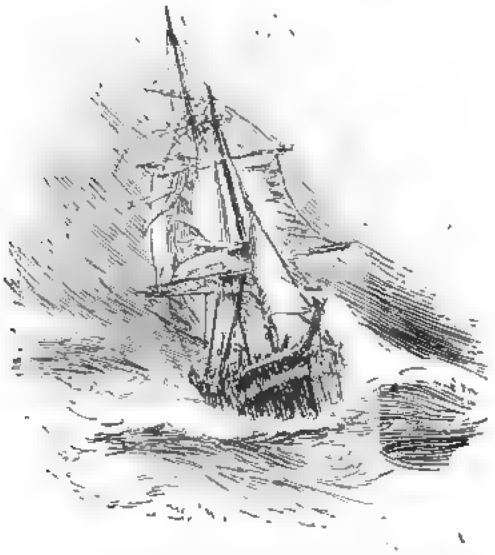
BURNING with indignation at the manner in which he had been deceived and trapped, Kingston eagerly discussed the proposed seizure of the brig with his new ally, and the more they talked of the matter, the more hopeful he became of eventually turning the tables on Rowley and Merrill, and carrying the vessel to Valparaiso. For it maddened him to think that not only Captain Forestier, but Rosa as well, would naturally imagine that he had, out of pure revenge for his abrupt dismissal from Forestier's service, joined Rowley and his gang when they seized the brig. They could not fail to hear of his having met the notorious *contrabandista* Rowley at Arica, and of his being on friendly terms with him just prior to the capture of the *Jalasco* and the murder of the captain, mate, and some of the crew; for even had those of the crew whose lives had been spared met with disaster (which was, however, unlikely), and not reached the shore, there were plenty of people in Arica who could, and no doubt would, acquaint the Forestiers of his seeming intimacy with both Rowley and Vigors. What else could Rosa think, he asked himself again and again, but that he had deliberately taken part in piracy and murder?

For nearly half-an-hour he and Worcester conversed on the matter, and then, fearing their absence might cause comment, they separated, each returning to the boat by a different route. They had agreed upon the absolute necessity of caution in their demeanour to each other when on board the brig, for it would never do to let Rowley or Merrill know that Kingston had the slightest knowledge of the dark deed done that night off Arica.

With such an object in view as the recapture of the *Jalasco*, it was not a difficult task for him to dissimulate, and so, when the boat returned, he was more cheerful than usual, "chaffed" the captain on his narrow escape of a few hours previously, and even indulged in some apparently good-natured jests at the expense of the two

cowardly seamen who had failed to come to their assistance when they were struggling for their lives in the water.

Although the brig still required pumping twice in every watch, the weather was now very fine, and for days and days she continued her course without lifting tack or sheet, for she was now in the very heart of the steady S.E. trades, and, after leaving the Paumotu Group, spun steadily along over a smooth sea, till the lonely but beautiful Suwarrow's Lagoon was sighted. Here Kingston tried to induce Rowley to enter the lagoon, and endeavour to get at the leak or leaks, for the place was uninhabited, and afforded good



A LONG SPELL OF HEAVY WESTERLY WEATHER.

natural facilities for beaching the vessel. He had twice visited the atoll years before, and on one occasion the ship to which he belonged had remained there for two or three weeks, wooding, watering, and refreshing the crew.

But Rowley would not be tempted; he was too anxious to push on, and unless the ship made more water he would not, he said, bother about the leak, and put up with a delay that might mean their losing the south-east trades. There certainly was some force in his contention, so Kingston again let the matter drop.

He and Worcester were careful not to be seen talking to each other except on matters concerning the ship, but nevertheless they did sometimes contrive to whisper a few hurried words to each other, and on one of these occasions the negro told Kingston that he believed the young Peruvian steward, José Pimental, could be gained over, as he had told him (Worcester) that his mind was much disturbed at the part he had taken in the seizure of the brig, and the murder of the captain, mate, steward, and carpenter.

"He been told me, sah," whispered the boatswain, "dat he can't sleep at night fo' thinking dat he boun' to go to hell if any of de bullets he fired dat night when Rowley came on board hit and killed one ob dose sailor men. He says dat all de money he will get will go in masses for dere souls an' his own, an' I'se been encouragin' him to think dat he did kill one ob 'em, sure 'nuff."

"That is good news, bos'un, and we must try and sound him some time. I, too, have noticed that at times he seems very despondent, and scarcely speaks all day."

The south-east trades carried the *Jalasco* to within a hundred miles of the north of Samoa, and then followed a long spell of heavy westerly weather, and Rowley, ever impatient, in trying to thrash the brig to windward, succeeded in so straining her that the pumps had to be attended to more frequently than ever. Several sails were lost, and the crew began to show signs of discontent. Kingston suggested the advisability of putting into Samoa, where the natives were friendly, and where the ship could be repaired, but Rowley, though he was himself now anxious about the brig's condition, made first one and then another excuse, and both Kingston and Worcester now felt certain that he would not put into any port in the South Seas where there was a probability of meeting other European vessels.

And they were right in their conclusions—the man was afraid of running up against the American frigate *Vincennes* or one of her consorts then in the South Pacific on an exploring cruise; both he and Merrill had heard in Callao that the Commodore intended to make a detailed survey of the Samoan Group, and would probably remain there some months. So, much to the disappointment of the second officer and his ally, Rowley continued to fight stubbornly against the head wind, but announced his willingness to put into any one of the Ellice Island lagoons which Kingston might suggest, and there repair the ship.

"We must be patient," said Kingston to the negro one day when the two were in the hold together overhauling some stores, "but had we put into Samoa we should have been sure to have met with at least a whaleship or two, or a trading vessel. And then the thing would be easy enough—with the help of half-a-dozen armed men, we could capture the whole bag of the villains." Then he went on to say that he had in readiness a letter, detailing the whole

story of the *Jalasco*, which he intended to send on board to the captain of the first ship they met, providing he could get the opportunity.

At last the wind hauled round to the south-east again, and kept there, and although the crew were almost constantly at the pumps, their discontent vanished somewhat with the fine weather, for the vessel was put under every stitch of canvas she could set, and Rowley had told them that in a few days he would put into a lagoon known to the second mate, where, after the ship had been repaired, they should have a week's liberty on shore.

This lagoon, of which the captain had spoken, was one of the Ellice Group of atolls, called "De Peyster's Island" on the poor chart on board the *Jalasco*, but known to Kingston and other men who had sailed among the South Pacific islands by its native name of Nukufetau. He had once before visited it, and knew enough of the inhabitants to justify him in telling Rowley that they would render such assistance as he might ask for.

The *Jalasco* was spinning along one night at ten knots over a gently heaving sea, when Kingston, after telling the mate that Puka Puka (Danger Island) ought to be sighted soon after daylight, went below. Merrill he knew would see that a good look-out was kept, so there would be no danger of running ashore on some unknown reef or island. For an hour or so he did not turn in, employing himself in preparing some lines which he intended to use in the morning for bonito fishing.

From the opposite side of the cabin he could hear Rowley's deep, heavy breathing, and overhead the light but steady footfall of the mate as he paced to and fro on his watch. At the foot of the companion lay the young Peruvian steward, Pimental, wrapped up in his coarse Chilian poncho. This man slept in a berth off the pantry, but he never turned in until after ten o'clock, for at that time it was always the practice to serve the officer of the watch—and anyone else aft who desired it—with coffee, and Kingston, though it was a novel custom to him, thought it a very good one, and on this particular night decided not to turn in till after José had brought the coffee and the French biscuits served with it.

As he finished seizing on the last hook to the three lines he had prepared, he stepped out into the main cabin, and glanced at the clock to see the time. The steward heard his step, roused himself, and went on deck to the galley, and just then Merrill entered the cabin and went to his room. He reappeared in a moment with a piece of wire in his hand, stood under the swinging lamp, and began to prod the stem of his pipe, which he always smoked at night instead of cigars, and which was evidently stopped up. Kingston could not help thinking to himself that Mr. Merrill's ideas of discipline were pretty elastic, when he could thus coolly come below during his watch on deck to clean his pipe.

"Well, she's ripping gaily along to-night," he said, holding the unscrewed stem of his pipe up to the light so as to see if it was clear.

"Yes," replied the second officer, "we ought to see Danger Island at daylight, and then we can keep her W. by N. for De Peyster's Lagoon."

"What's the distance?" asked Merrill, who seemed inclined to be talkative, for he sat down and leisurely began cutting a pipeful of tobacco.

"Just two hundred miles; if this breeze holds good, we ought to be inside the lagoon in eighteen or twenty hours after we pass Danger Island."

"Well, I reckon I'll be glad enough to see those pumps quiet again. We've had enough——"

"*Man overboard!*"

The cry rang out so shrill, sharp, and weirdly, that Kingston caught his breath. But for an instant only, for ere the cry was repeated, he and Merrill together sprang on deck, and the latter leapt to the wheel. As he brought the brig to the wind, he gave his orders in loud, clear tones, and so quickly were they executed that in less than five minutes the starboard quarter boat was in the water, with Kingston and four hands in her.

"He can't be far astern," cried Merrill, as the boat veered astern, and a blue light was lit by one of the hands and held over the rail; "keep hailing, Mr. Kingston, and I'll run a light up to the gaff."

"Aye, aye," replied Kingston, who, as his crew bent to their oars, heard the captain's voice ordering away a second boat.

The night was luckily fairly clear, and the sea was smooth, so there was every chance of the man being saved, especially considering the expeditious manner in which the boat was lowered, and if he was at all able to swim. Heading the boat for the spot where the man would probably be found, and hailing every minute, he scanned the starlit surface of the ocean everywhere around. Then for the first time he asked his crew who it was, and, to his intense sorrow, was told that it was the boatswain.

"The last I saw of him," said one of the men in a low voice, "was when he was standing on the topgallant foc'sc'le. He must have tripped over one of the sheets and fallen overboard."

"Stop pulling," said the officer, "and let us hail together."

No response came to their united call, and again they bent to their oars, making a circuit and listening carefully.

Rowley's boat had hoisted a lantern on an oar, and the ship continued to burn blue lights; she stood out so clearly that had the unfortunate man been alive, and anywhere within two miles, he could not have failed to have seen her. Every now and then both boats would cease pulling, hail together, and listen, but no answering cry came back.

For a full hour the boats continued their search, and then Rowley hailed Kingston.

"I fear the poor fellow has gone," he said.

"I fear so too; but he is a great swimmer, and may perhaps be half stunned, and unable to call out. For heaven's sake don't give up all hope of finding him for another hour."

"No, indeed, I won't, not for two hours or more," answered the captain with such undoubted sincerity in his tones that a dark and growing suspicion of foul play which had taken possession of Kingston, died away as far as Rowley was concerned.

And for two hours more both brig and boats kept up the search, till Kingston himself knew that all hope was gone—the poor negro, he knew, had been called before his Maker. Silently he turned the boat's head, and the crew pulled up to Rowley, and together they returned to the brig. Then the boats were hoisted up, and the vessel was put upon her course again.

By this time it was Kingston's watch on deck, but before relieving the mate he went below to change his thin clothes for warmer garments, as the night air was beginning to feel chilly. Rowley was seated at the cabin table, his chin in his hands, looking worried and depressed. He nodded to Kingston without speaking, and pointed to a decanter of brandy and glasses. His own glass was before him, as yet untouched.

"Mr. Kingston," he said at last, in a curious, shaky voice, "I would give a thousand pounds to see that man here before me. Once, in a moment of passion, I drew a pistol on him, but heaven knows I was sorry enough for it afterwards, and——"

Suddenly, from somewhere in the main cabin, there came the sound of a heavy, anguished sob.

"Who is that?" cried Rowley, starting to his feet.

A low, half-suppressed cry, as of someone in mortal terror, answered him, and then José, the steward, appeared at the door of his cabin. His figure was trembling from head to foot, and his eyes had the look of one who had suddenly awakened in the midst of some terrible dream.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Rowley, "have you seen a ghost?"

His question recalled the man to his senses. He came forward to the table, and although Kingston could see that he was terribly agitated, he spoke sensibly and clearly enough.

"Si, señor capitan," he answered in Spanish, "I have seen ghosts in my dreams for many nights past, and now——"

"Go back to your bunk, you drivelling lunatic," cried Rowley with sudden fury, and he advanced threateningly towards the Peruvian.

"You may kill me if you like, señor," replied the man unwaveringly, "a man can die but once"; he paused a moment, "and I would rather die now and be judged for my sins than suffer as I do day and night." He ceased, then looking fixedly, first at Rowley, and then at Kingston, he said quietly to the latter:

"Señor, the poor negro was murdered. I did not see it done, but I have proof."

"Ha!" and Kingston turned quickly and sternly to the captain, whose florid face blanched, "I thought as much. Speak out, man! Tell me what you know. What did you see?"

"Aye, tell us," said Rowley, steadying his voice, as he went and closed the cabin door, and then returned to the head of the table, "tell us all you know, for I call heaven to witness that if what you say is true, I am guiltless of any part in it," and as he spoke his eyes met those of Kingston without flinching.

"Let the man speak," said Kingston sternly.

"Señor, I will tell you all, but first look at this."

He stepped swiftly to his pantry, and brought back a hat, which he placed on the table. It was of a dark grey felt with a wide brim, and both Rowley and Kingston at once recognised it as the boatswain's, and they both started when they saw that it was splashed with blood.

"Look," he said in low, distinct tones, "I picked that up under the break of the foc'sc'le; it was lying on the water ways, where it had fallen."

"Go on," said Kingston, with blazing eyes, "when was this?"

"After the boats had left, señor; I brought it to the cabin. I would have thrown it overboard, but now thank the Holy Virgin that I had not the courage to do so, for then should I be helping to conceal murder."

Then in a few further words he told the rest of his story. When he went to the galley, he had seen the boatswain standing on the topgallant forecastle, smoking. Two of the crew were

also there—one of them, Antonio, was on the look-out, the other, who was a man named Texeira, and not in the mate's watch, was sitting down on the starboard side, singing; the rest of the watch below were under the topgallant forecastle playing cards. After he had made the coffee, he put it aside for a few minutes to settle, and, happening to look out of the galley door, was somewhat surprised to see that the men who were playing cards had put out their light, and that there was an unusual silence. Quite ten minutes passed before he took up the coffee to carry it aft, during which time he heard nothing but the noise of the brig as she cut through the water, and he was half-way along the deck when he heard the cry of "Man overboard!"

The captain and Kingston heard him in silence. Then the latter rose, and pointed to the bloodstained hat.

"Captain Rowley, there was no need for us to lower a boat; the poor man has been foully murdered. Call the men aft and question them, or, by heaven, I will go for'ard and myself shoot the man whom I firmly believe is the murderer—that sneaking cut-throat Antonio."

"No, no — do nothing hastily," said Rowley in a husky voice, "I am with you in this. I swear to you that neither I nor Merrill——"

"Ha!" and Kingston struck his clenched hand fiercely on the table, and bent his deep-set eyes on the captain, "now I begin to doubt you both. What brought Mr. Merrill down here talking to me when it was his watch on deck. I believe you both to have been party to this cowardly murder! *I know who and what you are.* I know how I have been deceived and ensnared by your lying tongue into sailing with pirates and murderers!"

The fatal words were no sooner spoken than he inwardly cursed his folly, for now he had shown his hand, and his life perhaps would be the penalty. He sprang to his cabin, seized his pistols, which he had always kept loaded, and then stepped out and faced Rowley.

HE SPRANG TO HIS CABIN AND SEIZED HIS PISTOLS.

"Put down your arms, man," said the captain, who spoke calmly and quietly, "your life is in no danger from me. Some one has betrayed us, I can see. But I never meant any harm to you. I had to lie pretty hard to you in Arica, I admit. Desperate men have to do desperate things. I suppose you know that this brig is not the *Blossom?*"

"I know the whole story."

"Then the less said about it the better.

I mean to stick to my bargain with you——"

"And I refuse to do duty with pirates and murderers."

"Steady, steady. Let us talk. And put away those pistols. I swear to you that, though I have deceived you in the past, I will not do so again; but the crew would murder you in five minutes if they thought it was necessary for their safety. That they have murdered that poor nigger I don't doubt, but whether you believe me or not I solemnly declare that neither I nor the mate had anything to do with it, directly or indirectly." He stopped and then addressed the Peruvian.

"Go on deck, you, and tell Mr. Merrill to come

JOSÉ PIMENTAL WAS PULLED ASHORE.

down here quietly. Sit down, please, Mr. Kingston. I am not the cold-blooded scoundrel you judge me to be."

In spite of himself, Kingston believed the man, and already he had decided on the course that was best for him to follow. He put his pistols back into his bunk, and then quietly seated himself opposite the captain. Merrill entered.

"Tom," said Rowley, "the game is up as far as Mr. Kingston is concerned. He knows the whole story."

The American took the news very coolly.

"Thought it would come out somehow."

"How he got to know it does not matter. He does know it, and that's the long and short of it. But he thinks that as you and I are responsible for the deaths of the captain, mate, and other men who were on board this ship, that we also are concerned in the death of the bos'un." Then he repeated the Peruvian steward's story to the mate, who listened without interruption, even when Rowley told him Kingston's suspicions of himself for coming down below when it was his watch on deck.

A deep flush tinged the American's impassive face for a moment or two as he raised his eyes to Kingston, and in a few but passionate words he disclaimed absolutely any knowledge of the negro's mishap.

"I came down below because my pipe was stopped up," he added, "and if the man was knocked on the head and thrown overboard—as there seems to be no doubt of—it was done while I was here in the cabin. I would have defended his life with my own before I would have been a party to such a crime."

There was a brief silence, and then Rowley looked first at Merrill and then at Kingston Then he said with foolish haste:

"Will you come in with us, Kingston? We will deal fair and square with you. Will you take ten thousand dollars?"

"I will take none of your blood-stained money. I have always been an honest man and will die one. And I tell you frankly that while I will stand by the agreement you induced me to sign to navigate the brig to Macao, and will do duty as second mate, I will promise no more. You understand what I mean."

"I do," said Rowley, who, unscrupulous and hardened as he was, could yet admire courage. And then he was in hopes that in time he could induce Kingston to change his mind.

At daylight next morning, Danger Island was in sight, and Kingston came to the captain.

"The steward tells me that he fears—and he has reason to fear—he will be put away by those cut-throats for'ard if he remains on board, and has begged me to ask you to let him go ashore at this island. The people there will treat him well, and he can leave by the first whaleship that calls. For heaven's sake let him go. We have had enough bloodshed already."

Rowley did not hesitate. The brig was hove-to, a boat was lowered, and José Pimental, with his chest, and a present of a hundred dollars from Kingston—he absolutely refused to take any money from Rowley—stepped into the boat and was pulled ashore.

Before he left the brig Kingston shook hands with him in the cabin, and contrived to tell him that he hoped to recapture the *Jalasco* ere long, and if successful would come back to Danger Island and pick him up. And the Peruvian, taking the officer's hand in his own, kissed it in silent gratitude.

CHAPTER IX

A BOLD GAME

LET us now return to the quiet waters of Nukufetau Lagoon

Soon after sunrise on the morning following the arrival of the brig, and whilst only the usual armed anchor watch of two men — one aft and one for'ard — were on deck, a swarm of canoes put off from the village and surrounded the ship.

The captain and officers at once made their appearance, and Fonu, who commanded the flotilla, came on board and informed the captain that Potiri, the head priest, having consulted the oracles of the gods concerning the treatment of Rowley and his ship's company, and received a favourable reply commanding the people to render them assistance, he, Fonu, with a hundred strong men, now awaited his instructions.

KINGSTON SUPERVISED THE WORK OF GETTING THE GUNS RAFTED ASHORE

Rowley at once gave orders to get the guns rafted ashore This work, which was supervised by the second officer, was

Google

soon accomplished, a number of canoes, lashed together and loosely decked with flat pieces of light but strong timber, making an excellent raft capable of sustaining the weight of the brig's armament of ten guns.

Kingston, whose mind was as actively employed as he was physically, was especially energetic and cheerful, and encouraged the natives by voice and gesture in their operations. He was particularly anxious to get into conversation with Fonu, which he soon accomplished, and the young chief was delighted when, after the guns had been safely landed on the shore of the little island abreast of the *Jalasco*, Kingston told him that he had previously visited Nukufetau, and named the ship, which Fonu remembered.

Rowley, and Merrill as well, could not but feel pleased that day at the change in the demeanour of the second mate. Twice during the forenoon he had accepted Rowley's invitation to drink with him in the cabin, and even Merrill, who was an unusually astute personage, was deceived, and began to believe that, after all, Kingston was "coming round," and might eventually yield to the tempting bribe offered him, and cast in his lot with theirs.

Kingston had made up his mind to play a desperate game. Rowley had deceived him cruelly, and now he would cast aside all his former scruples and resort to dissimulation to gain his ends, which were simply all that he held dear in life—the re-establishment of his own reputation with Captain Forestier by the recapture of the brig, and the regaining of the affection of the woman he loved, for how could he, he thought, expect her to regard him now with aught but aversion?

During his many years' wanderings among the islands of the South and North Pacific, he had acquired a fair knowledge of many of the Polynesian dialects, for nearly every whaleship and trading vessel carried then, as they do at this present time, a number of natives among their crews. This knowledge he now proceeded to put to use by conversing with the islanders who were working at lightening the brig, and in particular he devoted his attention to Fonu, paying him many compliments upon his great stature and strength, and insinuating that he (Kingston) very much desired him to be his *soa* or friend. Fonu was of course highly flattered, and very quickly responded to the advances made by the white man

The work of lightening the ship went on so expeditiously that on the third day she was floated up over the flat patch of rock, and as soon as the tide fell an examination was made of her bottom. The damage she had sustained proved to be much more serious than was imagined—half-a-dozen of her planks on the starboard side between keel and bilge were so badly injured that it would be absolutely necessary to replace them by new ones, which would have to be sawn from some of the spare spars carried on deck. Kingston was secretly pleased, for although he was apparently working very hard in assisting Rowley and Merrill to get the ship ready for sea again, he really wanted to delay her until he had completed the plans he had in view.

Before four days had passed, he had made the acquaintance of the old head priest Potiri, whose ruling passion was avarice, to which Kingston duly, but secretly, ministered by presenting him with several pounds of powder, and a few hundred musket balls, which he surreptitiously abstracted from the magazine and sent ashore one night by one of Potiri's sons. This present he supplemented on another occasion by a couple of bottles of fiery "Pisco," for which the priest had an intense liking, and there was soon established between the two a tacit, but unspoken, understanding, the white man throwing out mysterious hints that he would confer great future benefits on him if he, Potiri, would meet certain wishes of his which would be made known to him at some other time.

Before a week had passed, Rowley and Merrill noticed that the second mate, usually a very abstemious man, now changed his habits, and never refused to join when asked to drink with them in the cabin; indeed, he occasionally ordered the steward to bring him liquor to his berth,

For he was now playing his part determinedly, and, to further his plans, was very kind and gracious to Vailavea, a handsome girl who was betrothed to Fonu. It would be of great help to him, he knew, if he could make this woman his friend, as well as the young chief whose wife she was to be. He made her a present of a necklace of silver beads and a gaily coloured rebozo, which he had bought in Arica months before. The young lady was, of course, intensely pleased with these marks of his favour, and assumed a haughtiness of demeanour to her girlish companions that was highly amusing to her patron.

In the lower hold of the brig, when she was seized by Rowley, were two thousand hides, which represented at least four or five thousand dollars. The lower layers of these had become so soaked with salt water, owing to the brig leaking after running ashore, that the captain, when the vessel was being lightened, had intended either throwing them overboard or giving them to the natives, but Kingston, who now seemed very solicitous about everything connected with the brig, urged him not to throw away such valuable property, when the hides

could easily be carried ashore, dried, and restowed.

"They are worth four or five thousand dollars in New York or Boston," he said casually, "and ought to be worth as much or more to us in any China port, so it would be folly to throw them away."

Rowley was quick to note the "us" in what was apparently a casual remark, and concluded that Kingston had quite "come round."

The little island on which the hides were being dried was called Teafuana, and the beach on which they lay was in full view from the deck of the *Jalasco*. Further back from the beach, and situated among a grove of breadfruit trees, were two or three houses, only the roofs of which were visible from the brig. Kingston had working for him about a dozen natives—men and women—and it was his practice to start off immediately after breakfast and superintend the cleaning, drying and re-folding of the hides. A narrow path which traversed the centre of the islet from end to end communicated with the village on the main island, except, of course, where a narrow strip of fordable water divided the two. Encompassed as it was on both sides by countless coco-palms growing very thickly together, this path could not be discerned from any point seaward, and except Kingston no one on board the brig knew of its existence. Yet for some days past he had used it frequently at least once a day, to visit the old priest Potiri; and Potiri, in his turn, had several times come to the little islet, and conversed with him in one of the houses in the breadfruit grove.

THIS PATH COULD NOT BE DISCERNED FROM ANY POINT SEAWARD.

By this time Kingston had to a certain extent taken both Fonu and the girl Vailaven into his confidence. The latter, when Kingston was either visiting or being visited by Potiri, always remained on the beach with the rest of the islanders who were employed with the hides, and when either Rowley or Morrill did come ashore, which was infrequent, to see how Kingston was getting on, the girl, as soon as she saw the boat put off from the ship, at once slipped away and gave the alarm, so that the second officer always had time to meet them when they landed.

It had now become an open secret with the natives that the *sui ākii elua* (the second mate) was an especial favourite of the head priest, and that he was to be treated with every respect and consideration. And Potiri himself had judiciously put it abroad that the captain had not, and would not, treat them as generously as he should do for their services, but that he, Potiri, was guarding their interests, and would instruct them how to act later on—after he had consulted the gods as usual.

One bright, cool morning, Rowley, at the breakfast table, told Merrill and Kingston that he had heard there were a great number of pigeons on an island on the weather side of the lagoon called Sakuru, and that he intended going there with a boat's crew for a day's sport.

"I would not take too many of the men away, if I were you," said Kingston.

"Why, you don't think the natives would be up to any mischief, do you?" asked Rowley, in sudden alarm.

"No, I have no reason to think that," replied Kingston, "but at the same time it's no good putting a blind trust in them because they are so friendly with us. There is no knowing what might happen if you were away with half of the hands, and two or three hundred of them came on board, and perhaps tried to steal; a row might start at any moment, and they are a very easily excited lot. The *Romany Lass*, sandalwooder, was cut-off in this very group, just through sheer carelessness—the captain gave the natives a keg of rum, and the result was that they became maddened with drink, killed him and all his crew, and plundered and burnt the ship. So we might as well be careful."

Rowley was again secretly delighted at Kingston's interest in their common safety, and threw a gratified wink at Merrill. But he said he didn't think there was any danger, and, after breakfast, started off with only two hands and a native guide, leaving Merrill in charge of the brig, and Kingston to attend to the hides.

This was just what the latter wanted, for that morning he was to meet Potiri, Fonu, and the head chief in secret conference, and openly lay his plans before them. And he now felt sure

that neither Rowley nor Merrill had any suspicions about him.

CHAPTER X.

KINGSTON COMPLETES HIS PLANS.

AS soon as Kingston landed, he sent the boat back to the ship, and walked quietly up through the natives who were working at the hides, to the house where he knew Potiri and the others were awaiting him. There was no fear of his being disturbed by anyone from the brig, for Merrill had some of the hands employed in making ready the lower hold floor for the hides, and others in caulking the decks. The *Jalasco* had been thoroughly and effectively repaired, and was to be floated on the following evening at high water. The guns and heavy stores were to be rafted off early on the succeeding day.

The beautiful Vailavea met him with a smiling face at the door of the house. In her hand she carried a cocoanut shell filled with fresh, sweet toddy, which she always brought to him every time he came ashore.

"'Tis not so cool as it should be," she said, timidly, as she watched him raise the shell to his lips and drink, "but the night was very hot and close, for there was no wind."

"'Tis cool enough, Vailavea. And if it were not, dost think I should grumble?"

Then he touched her cheek gently with his hand and passed into the house.

The dwelling, though it contained but one room, was large, and displayed in the interior great skill and care in its construction and furnishing. The floor—if it could be so called—was formed of a thick layer of small, round, and snow-white coral pebbles worn perfectly smooth by attrition on the beach. In the centre it was uncovered, but all round the sides of the apartment were layers of soft and highly ornamented mats. As the house was under the care of Potiri and his fellow priests, it could not be used or even entered by women, and consequently there was an entire absence of any articles devoted to domestic purposes, such as cooking utensils, sleeping mats, etc. In place of these were numbers of elaborately carved clubs, hideous wooden masks, and huge double-edged wooden swords, ten to fifteen feet long and edged with large sharks' teeth. These weapons, though not now used in warfare as frequently as in times gone by, were highly treasured, each one possessing some particular *mana* or sanctity, and all being especially devoted to the god Erikobai. All round the beautifully thatched walls were numbers of skulls, all highly polished and set side by side on a shelf which ran round the entire room. These grim objects were the treasured relics of noted men, and were treated with the utmost respect and reverence.

On the matted floor of the house were seated five natives—old Potiri, clothed in his wild and fanciful costume of head priest, two other priests, Fonu, and the head chief. Kingston greeted them all in turn, and then sat down to join in a preliminary smoke. No sound from without disturbed the silence, except now and then the faint murmur of voices from the beach beyond the grove of broad-leaved trees which surrounded the house, and, further away to the westward, the ever restless beat of the surf upon the outer reef.

At a sign from old Potiri one of the younger priests rose, stepped outside, and, putting a small conch-shell to his lips, blew a faint note, hardly louder than the cry of a sea-bird. Then came footsteps, as thirty or forty stalwart natives filed into the house one by one, and sat down in silence.

"Now," said old Potiri, first bending his keen black eyes upon the assemblage, and then turning to Fonu, "let the white man tell us all that which he hath told thee and me."

"Nay," said Kingston in the native dialect, "I am well content to let Fonu speak, for he knoweth my story, and I have but scant knowledge of the tongue of this land to tell so long a tale."

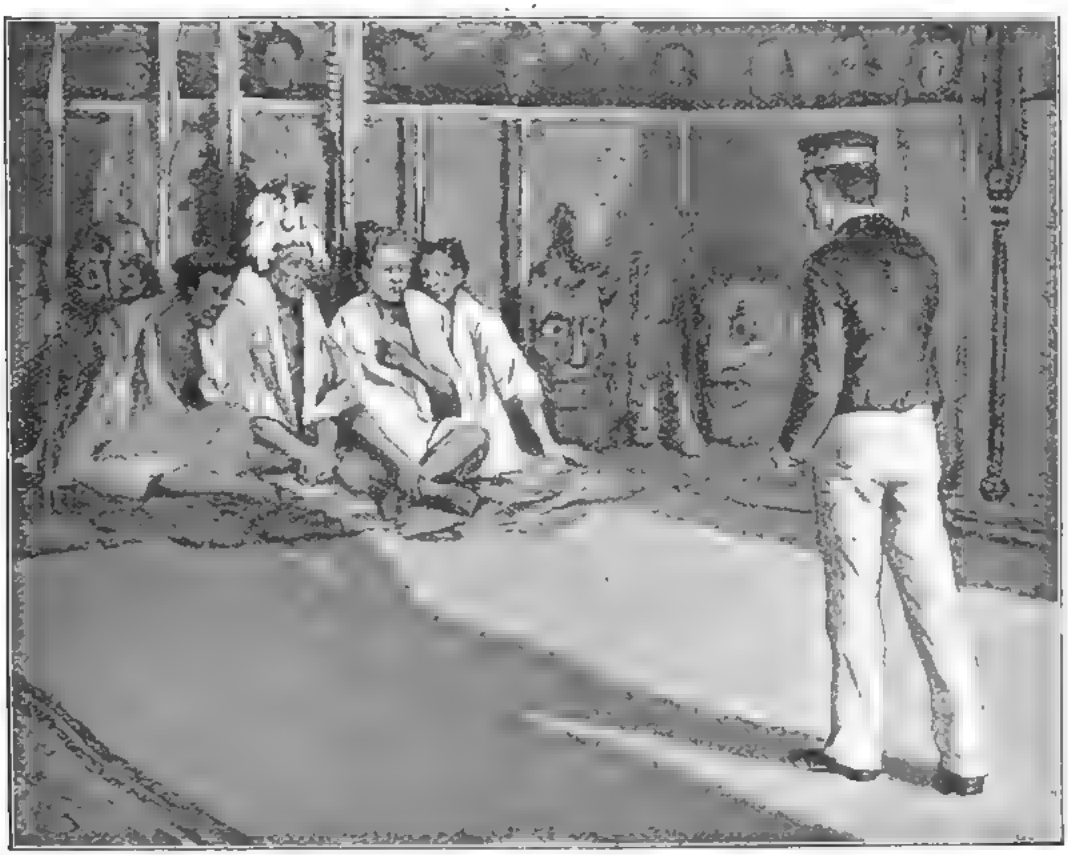
So Fonu, to whom Kingston had told the true story of the *Jalasco* in detail, from the time he met Rowley at Arica to the day she entered the lagoon, retold it to the assembled people, who listened with the most intense interest.

"All this is true," said Potiri, when Fonu had ceased, "I knew it even before the white man told of it" (Kingston stroked his face to conceal a smile), "I knew it when the big, red-faced captain first came and lied to us, for the gods had spoken to me. Now this man who hath just spoken is a good man, and hath come to me for help, and help he shall have. It is his desire to take back this ship which hath been stolen, and restore it to the rightful owner. And because of the help that we shall give him to seize and bind the captain and those with him, he will reward us well, for he is a man of a very generous and great heart—so great that it filleth his body from his loins upward. Let him now tell us of the things that shall be ours when once we have bound these men on the ship."

Kingston had already promised the cunning old rascal some especial gifts for himself, and he (Potiri) had given him strict instructions not to make any mention of these when describing the presents he intended to make to the people generally.

So once more Fonu interpreted for Kingston, and said:

"These are the things, O Potiri, voice of the god Erikobai and the lesser gods, that the white man will give to us: Ten muskets, new and unsoiled; two kegs of bullets and two bags of bullets, and many caps; two large and two small kegs of powder; ten swords such as



KINGSTON GREETED THEM ALL IN TURN.

the sailors carry at their waists; ten pistols, each with much powder, bullets and caps; a cask of grog, which shall be half a *gafa* (half a fathom) high, thick in the belly and strong to the taste and smell" (this evoked a murmur of applause); "two thousand sticks of good tobacco, which is in a great round box like unto a cask; twenty short Spanish axes; a hundred fathoms of blue cloth" (navy blue calico); "two casks in each of which are more than five hundred ship biscuits."

A murmured *s-s-s-s* of delight broke from the listening men, but Fonu was not yet finished.

"And of the eight great looking glasses" (mirror panels) "which are set in the cabin, two shall be cut out from the wood in which they are set, and one shall be for Potiri to set in the temple of Erikobai, and the other for our chief, so that all the people may look into it at any time."

These mirrors, with which the main cabin of the *Jalasco* was ornamented, were the wonder and delight of the natives, none of whom, except perhaps Fonu, had seen anything so magnificent, and so, when Fonu had suggested to Kingston that he should present one or two of them to the people, the latter at once acquiesced. As a matter of fact, he was prepared if necessary to give away all the internal decorations of the brig if the greedy old Potiri wanted them. As it was, the total value of all the articles he was giving away would be under three hundred pounds in English money—and what was three hundred or five hundred, or even a thousand pounds, when compared with the value of the brig herself and her cargo, quite apart from the specie she carried?

However, the announcement of the intended presentation of the two "looking glasses"—each over six feet in length and eighteen inches

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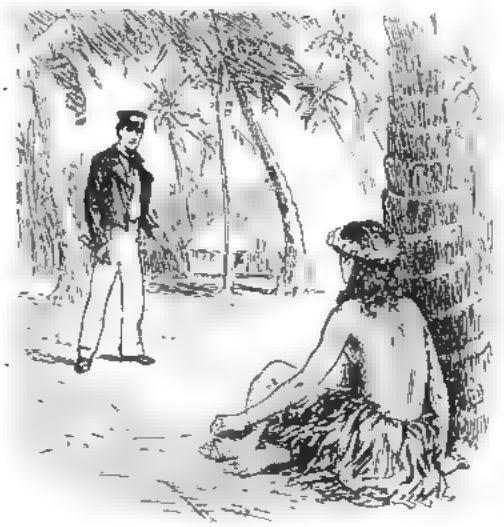
in width, whereby they would be able to regard their all but naked and stalwart figures at full length, brought the natives to such a pitch of excitement that for some minutes Fonu was unable to make himself heard. When silence was established again, he resumed :

"All these things shall be given to us by this our friend, for whom I speak. They shall be put out upon the deck of the ship on the day that we, the men of Nukufetau, make prisoners the captain and the second captain" (the mate) "and the sailor men. And beyond and above these things he will yet let us keep all that which was promised to us by the captain for the work which we have done. This white man is a just man, and will deny us nothing of the price of our labour. That is all."

Kingston looked anxiously at him, fearing that he had forgotten a very important matter, but Fonu only smiled and began again :

"That is all of that matter, but there is yet more to be spoken of. When this our friend hath made himself master of the ship, he will yet be but one man And how can one man sail the ship back to the country from which she was stolen? Now these are his words—'Let six, or if not six, five, or even four men come with and help me to work the ship. To each man I shall give a great reward, and pledge my word that he shall come safely back to Nukufetau, though not for many months. If I bring them not back myself, then shall they return in one of the many *vaka is manu* (whaleships) which, before they sail to these islands, come to Valparaiso. The man in America to whom the ship belongeth is a just and a generous man.'"



THE FAITHFUL VAILAVEA WAS KEEPING WATCH UNDER A PANDANUS TREE.

In an instant ten or a dozen young men eagerly volunteered. Three of them had been to sea before, and Kingston saw that he would have no difficulty in obtaining a full crew to work the brig to Valparaiso. Fonu had, the day before, expressed his wish to come with him, and his example alone was sufficient to make the others eager, especially as the wily old Potiri vouched for their safe return, and the protection of the gods during their absence.

"It is well," said Kingston, who had come prepared with pen, ink, and paper, "now shall I write down here on this paper the names of those men who sail with me. For, as I have told Fonu, it may be that ere many months have passed, there will come here two or three fighting ships (men-of-war) belonging to America. They do but come here to see these islands, and learn how ye of Nukufetau live, and ye may show this paper to the chief of the fighting ships and tell him all these things which have happened. And so that my *tuhi* (writing) shall confirm to him all that thou tellest, I shall, when the ship is recovered again, give thee a letter for him in which is written down the evil deeds of these men who have murdered and robbed, and how I besought thy help. This will please the chief of the fighting ships, and he will commend thee abroad as true men, and many ships will come to this land for food and water—ships that before would have feared to anchor here lest the people should have proved treacherous, and killed the men upon them, as hath been done many times in these islands."

This was a particularly pleasing announcement to his audience, for although the people of Nukufetau had once cut off a whaleship in their haste, they had repented at their leisure, for the bad reputation they then acquired had prevented many vessels from touching at the island, and they were now eager to show their friendliness and goodwill towards white people.

The letter to "the chief of the fighting ships" to which he had alluded, Kingston had already written, and it was at that moment sewn up in the lining of his coat. It was addressed "To the Commodore of the United States Exploring Expedition," which was certain to visit the Ellice group, and set forth in detail the particulars of the piracy of the *Jalasco*, and the action he was taking in recapturing her. Then, too, he thought, luck might go against him; the *Jalasco* might be fated never to reach Valparaiso, and it would be well for him if, were he destined to perish, he could leave some written record that

would, perhaps long after, clear his memory before Captain Forestier and his daughter.

Then the principal matter of all was entered upon—the actual planning of how Rowley, Merrill, and the crew were to be seized, Kingston earnestly impressing upon his native associates his desire that no blood should be shed. As regarded the disposal of his prisoners, that he had already decided upon.

After a brief but animated discussion it was decided to effect their capture by a ruse which could be put into effect the day before the ship was ready to sail, when Rowley was to come ashore to attend a feast to be given in his honour, and to be preceded by his payment of the natives for the assistance they had rendered. Old Potiri, whose hawk-like eyes were shining with excitement in anticipation of the rich reward he would receive for his treachery to Rowley, would not have objected to have had everyone on board ruthlessly slaughtered had Kingston suggested it; but he promised faithfully that no unnecessary violence should be used.

Then one by one, as they had entered, the natives filed out of the house and returned to the principal village, leaving Kingston to walk down to the beach by himself.

In order to warn him in case any of the brig's crew approached, the faithful Vailavea was keeping watch under a pandanus tree.

"All is safe," she cried, as, rising to her feet, she made a graceful gesture of farewell and disappeared.

(To be concluded.)

PLAYS AND BOOKS.—A Comparison.

INDIVIDUAL taste and temperament must ever determine which exerts the more powerful, lasting and beneficial influence upon the mind—a story read, or a story acted.

For my own part, I prefer the literary version; it appeals to me more earnestly, impresses me more deeply. Whether it is a peculiarity of my constitution, or whether others are similarly affected, I do not know, but it requires a most consummate piece of acting to stir my deeper emotions, whereas almost any passage in a book having pretensions to pathos is sufficient to bring moisture to my eyes.

The explanation is simple. When witnessing a play I can never rid myself of the sense of its unreality. My appreciation of it is marred by the all-pervading "painted ship upon a painted ocean" element.

It seems to me that a play should appeal more forcibly to the unimaginative man, he who is content to accept the interpretations of others, to be led, as it were, by the nose into realms of thought and feeling which he would be incapable of entering by his own volition.

I take up a book, and, as I peruse its pages, my mind is free to conjure up its own scenes, to draw its own conception of the characters, and my conscience to interpret as it will. The result may be vastly inferior to that produced in the mind of my dramatiser, for instance, but it possesses the ineffable charm of being my own. Is not the lowly effort of the humble artist's hand dearer to him than the acknowledged masterpieces of the world?

I abhor limitation, restriction, or anything of a stereotyped nature. A book, in all probability, appeals to no two men alike. A play, by its very nature, is calculated to set vibrating similar chords in the hearts of all who see it, the difference being largely one of degree.

I have spoken of my inability to banish the sense of unreality when witnessing a play. I think this is largely due to the fact that the actor's *personality* is a quantity I cannot avoid reckoning with.

My literary acquaintances are immaterial, abstract; they are what they are—themselves, and therefore perfectly admirable or thoroughly contemptible as the case may be. On the stage Hamlet is to a certain extent Sir Henry Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry.

I could no more appreciate the personification of a good man on the stage by one whom I knew to be of opposite character, than I could thoroughly despise a stage villain if I knew the actor to be a good fellow in himself.

A last comparison between plays and books is this The former are only able, essentially, to present the salient, outstanding features of a story; in books one obtains the detail. The finer, secret workings of the characters' minds and souls, upon which their actions are consequent, are revealed to us. In a play "the play's the thing"; the action is of paramount importance. A book, therefore, is preferable on account of its greater completeness.

HARRY PAYNE.

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Wesley College, Sheffield.

Cowbridge Grammar School.

Marlborough College.

Friars' School, Bangor.

St Dunstan's College, Catford, S E.

From photos by Captain [illegible]

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY C. B. FRY

PECULIARITIES OF SOME COUNTY CRACKS.

I PROPOSE to mention some of the chief county cricketers, together with some of the notable points in their cricket. I find that in casting my mind's eye over the county teams there are certain of the players that have for various reasons made useful impressions on my mind. Space forbids exhaustive treatment, but I think some of my observations may be instructive. So let us visit some of the counties and select some of their cracks for inspection.

Of the Surrey eleven, for instance, I would select none other than Robert Abel as the most important subject of study. I dare say you will expect to hear that his chief peculiarity is just the wonderful number of runs he collects in the course of a season. Quite so; but the interesting question is: what is there in his batting that brings all these runs to him? Well, I have observed Bobby for many hours on end many a time; I have watched him stroll out from the pavilion at the Oval with his chocolate Surrey cap cocked a trifle over his left eye, and with a touch of nautical roll in his gait; watched him enjoy our bowling all day long; watched him retire not out at close of play—and I have arrived at this about him. First of all, though he is short in stature, a fact which is often emphasised in contrast to the length of his innings, there is nothing in his physique to prevent him from being a fine batsman. I remember once remarking about him, in the "Book of Cricket," I think, that he has long arms and legs. Someone afterwards interviewed Bobby on this point, and he denied this peculiarity; so I must not again attribute it to him. But he is decidedly not stumpy or short of limb; and his legs and arms are certainly nice and loose; he can take a long stride and an easy, whether in playing forward or in running, and he can swing his bat with length and freedom. There are some batsmen whose shortness takes the form of roundness and rigidity; their bodies seem to get in the way of their limbs. Not so Bobby Abel; his trunk acts in unison with his limbs and aids their efficiency. Looseness of the shoulders and arms is very necessary to a batsman, and should as far as possible be cultivated. The best strokes at cricket are made,

ROBERT ABEL, WHO "ALWAYS WATCHES THE BALL."
From "The Book of Cricket."

not by a heavy straining use of the muscles, but by quick free swing. I have no doubt that one of the chief reasons why Abel tires so very slightly in the course of his big innings is that his nice easy loose swing of the

arms produces all the power required with the least possible expenditure of effort. Abel learnt long ago what we all learn in time, that the hardness of a hit depends upon quickness, free swing, and accurate timing, much more than on brute strength. Now I dare say you think Abel does not hit hard. Well, he does not in the same sense that G. L. Jessop and S. M. J. Woods hit hard. But then, Abel plays quite a different game: he does not go in for high soaring drives. He prefers to cut, to glance the ball, and to play the

W. G. QUAIFE, "THE LITTLE WARWICKSHIRE CRACK."
From "The Book of Cricket."

forward "push" stroke; only occasionally dancing out half a step and driving along the ground. But the ball travels very smartly from his bat, as you soon find out if you field extra-cover, third-man, or short-leg. He tries to score boundaries more by clever placing than by sheer strength, but you find you have to move pretty sharp in order to intercept the ball. But he lifts his bat well back before making his strokes, and puts a deal of wrist into the finish, so there is plenty of life in his strokes. You see many batsmen who scarcely lift their bats back at all, and in consequence jab at the ball instead of swinging at it.

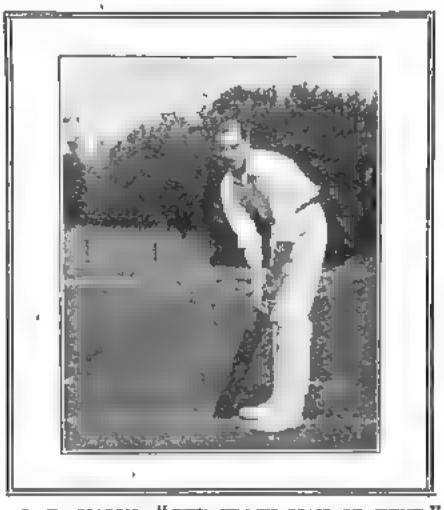
Then, Bobby always watches the ball—always, from start to finish. And this is a very great virtue. It sounds rather absurd to propose as a distinguishing quality of a great batsman, that he watches the ball. But surely every batsman watches the ball, you will say. They do; but there is watching and watching. It is no exaggeration to state that the large majority of players only half watch the ball. They eye it carefully from the time it leaves the bowler's hand till it is well on its flight towards them, then they simply leave off looking at it, and carry out the stroke they have decided upon, trusting to having already correctly anticipated the line and pitch of the ball. They do not glue their eyes to the ball right up to the bat: from the bowler's hand to the pitch, and from the pitch on to the bat. That is real watching. That is Bobby Abel's watching. And I cannot allow the occasion to pass without thumping down that this full and complete watching of the ball is the foundation secret of Abel's success, and of all great success in batting. Until you have tried what can be done by keeping the eyes on the ball right to the finish, you do not know your possibilities as a cricketer. I can safely assert that there is no lesson in batting so valuable as to learn to watch, really watch, the ball.

Abel's patience and perseverance are notorious. These qualities enabled him to master by practice the art of batting; and they enable him to use his art to the best advantage in actual matches. He is a study in patience; no bowler can hurry him or bluff him out of his methods. But the moment a bad ball comes, no one is quicker than Abel in cracking it to the boundary.

Passing from Surrey to Warwickshire, I should like to say a thing or two about W. G. Quaife. The little Warwickshire crack is well known as the leading exponent of the ultra-careful, ultra-scientific style, and he has the reputation of being rather tedious to watch. But, none the less, there are several points in his play which deserve notice; especially by anyone who would improve his own style by copying good models. I do not suggest that you ought to imitate W. G. Quaife *in toto*. That is not at all the way to copy a

model. When you observe or have it pointed out to you that a batsman's excellence depends on some particular characteristic in his play, you should endeavour to see whether you cannot improve your own style by incorporating into your own methods that particular characteristic. Now, if you go and watch Quaife play, you will see a neat little man who stops many balls without any attempt to make runs off them, but stops them very neatly and safely; and who, when he does make a run-getting stroke, makes it very smartly and safely, chiefly behind the wicket. He does not make the bowling look easy to hit, but he makes it look very easy to play. Now the reason his style is so neat and safe, and the reason he makes the bowling look easy to stop, is one and the same: he is an absolute master of the use of the feet in batting, especially in cutting, glancing to leg, and back play. In these respects there is no better model. When Quaife sees that the ball is suitable for cutting he makes a smart decided step with his right foot towards the off-stump, and this so that the step brings him neither too near nor too far from the line of the ball. As he makes the step he transfers his weight on to the right foot and stands his full height, his bat lifted well back with his wrists; then when the ball is almost past him down comes his bat upon it so neatly and surely that you see no difficulty in the stroke. Yet the safety and accuracy of Quaife's cut is due chiefly to the exact precision of that step across with the right foot, done exactly at the right time, and in the right way to bring him into the best possible position for making the stroke. If you would become a good cutter, I recommend you to note how Quaife moves into position, how he shapes at the ball, and how he uses his wrists. Note that the stroke is done with the wrists, not with the arms or the shoulders; and that the bat comes down on the ball from above. Quaife's peculiar neatness of foot is very marked also in his back play. When he decides to play back you see his right foot move back towards his wicket, and his left follow it smartly, so that his feet are close together and his body faces the bowler nearly square. You do not see him shuffle his feet about and get himself off his balance. His movement is smart and decided, and he is in position before the ball comes to him —he is not moving at the time the bat meets the ball. By moving back he makes the ball shorter and therefore easier; and by being in good time he is free to watch the ball closely and to put his bat to it without hurry. Similarly in playing to leg, he moves his feet into position correctly and smartly and is ready in the correct pose to play the ball. This neat, correct foot work looks easy when you see it done, but it needs a great deal of patient, intelligent practice. Quaife's mastery of it is what makes him such a great run-getter. What would have been a difficult ball had he not moved, or moved incorrectly, becomes easy to him simply because he makes it so by using his feet.

The crack man of Kent undoubtedly is J. R. Mason, the only rival of Hirst for the title of best all-round cricketer of the day. Mason's batting methods are not easy to analyse for purposes of instruction; he is before all else a natural batsman with a style of his own. A peculiarity I have noticed in his play is that when he first comes in and is not quite settled down, he holds his bat with both hands low down on the handle; then as he gains more confidence and feels more at home he gradually shifts his hold



J. R. MASON, "THE CRACK MAN OF KENT."
Photo by A. L. Money.

higher up, till when he has made about 50 runs both hands are near the top of the handle. This is rather curious—few batsmen vary their hold of the bat, except that some always shift their right hand down to the bottom of the handle when they play back. W. G. mentions in his book that holding the bat low on the handle is usually the sign of a careful player, whereas holding it near the top is the sign of a free hitter. W. G. himself holds his bat about the middle of the handle, and does not shift. Mason's variation of hold bears out W. G.'s idea, for the

former's play increases in freedom as his hands shift upwards. One point in J. R. Mason's play is well worth noting. He is one of the very few batsmen that can with any success play forward at a breaking ball on a sticky wicket. The reason he can do so is that he does not feel vaguely out towards the pitch of the ball, but watches it off the pitch, sees the break, and plays not at where the ball may be, but where it actually is. Another point is that he hits very hard with hardly any effort, because he times the ball accurately and puts his weight behind his bat; he gets his weight on not by any exaggerated effort, but simply by transferring it from his back foot to his front foot, just as the bat meets the ball. You might make a note of that for personal use. The Kentish captain's bowling has several virtues; it is fastish, of a good length, and breaks nastily from the off sometimes. But its chief peculiarity is that the batsman cannot readily judge the exact length of it, and is consequently liable to be caught in two minds whether to play forward or back. This peculiar virtue is due, I think, to Mason's high overhead action. He is one of the few outright overarm bowlers; his hand is as high as possible when he delivers the ball. Most bowlers are something between round-arm and over-arm. Anyway, it is worth considering that as a rule the higher a bowler's arm, the more difficult it is to judge his length

On the Yorkshire side, they are all cracks, and they can all teach us something. Perhaps, however, Rhodes is the outstanding figure. Hirst, with his swerve in the air, can boast the most distinct peculiarity, but one that is too peculiar for my purpose. I cannot suggest any means whereby you may imitate that swerve; it is beyond me. But Rhodes teaches several useful tips. No bowler can go on taking the wickets he does without solid merit. Like most medium-pace left-handers, he has a natural break from leg to off to a right-hand batsman. This comes from the way he flips his finger across the ball, with a touch of under-cut, from left to right (his) as he lets it go. But he is too knowing to allow this to happen every time. Now and then when you do not expect it he holds the ball loose in his hand so that the flip does not operate: then the ball comes straight along after pitching. Sometimes he even gives the ball a turn over with his fingers in the opposite direction to his natural break: the ball twists in from the off. It would be well enough could one spot what he was up to every time; but no, he conceals what he is doing and one has to keep a sharp look-out. Rhodes's bowling nips very sharply from the pitch because his quick, lively action imparts plenty of spin. He takes a shortish run and bowls the next ball very quickly after the last, so unless on the *qui vive* one may be taken unawares, not so unready as to let the ball go, yet not quite ready enough for safety. This is, of course, not an intentional device on his part. What he does do on purpose is to vary the pace of his bowling without altering his action: an old dodge, but not often so artistically compassed as by Rhodes. Many of us find ourselves playing too soon at that slow-dropping, held-back ball of his. And all the time he keeps such a good length that there is difficulty enough on this account alone. Besides, he bowls as though he really means to get you out, which is disconcerting. Batsmen prefer a more friendly bowler.

Lancashire's great man is A. C. McLaren. At the present moment I do not know whether he is going to play for Lancashire or Hampshire; but that is immaterial. As a batsman he combines so many excellencies that he is reckoned among the greatest England has yet produced. He is as watchful as Abel, and as neat-footed as Quaife, yet he is decidedly an aggressive player. He can make fine free strokes off the best balls bowled. One very strong point in his play is that even when playing right back at a difficult ball he puts his bat hard against the ball; he does not merely stop the ball—he swings his bat at it with force enough to punch it past the in-fields, and perhaps to the boundary. Batsmen who can score boundaries by back play are very rare indeed. Another charming trait of his play is that every stroke is a stroke, and no doubt about it. Having once decided what to do he does it thoroughly and whole-heartedly, he never quibbles or bargains with the bowler, but states his terms frankly and once for all each time he plays at the ball. This complete freedom from hesitancy is at once attractive and effective. But to examine McLaren's batting thoroughly would mean an exposition of the whole science and art of that branch of the game, which would take too long.

He is, besides, accepted as *the* captain. It would pay you to go and see his side play just for the purpose of observing his mastery of field tactics. You would note how brisk and wide-awake he keeps his fielders, and how well he places them, altering them to suit each batsman and each bowler, yet without any fuss or fidget. He is a bit of a nuisance

to play against, because he gives one no rest; somehow he manages to prevent settling down even after 50 runs or so. The fact is he treats one and inspires his bowlers and fieldsmen to treat one not as a person come to stay, but as a person to be got out. In fact, does not allow one to do what one likes. Other captains please copy.

Essex has two cricketers that always impress me whenever I play against them—P. Perrin, the batsman, and Walter Mead, the bowler. Perrin is a most difficult batsman to get out. He has a way of making the bowling look very easy. Very deliberate and unhurried, he is nevertheless always in time with his facile, powerful bat. He watches the ball all the way, and plays with a fascinating suppleness of wrist. It might be dangerous to imitate the unconcerned ease of his style, which is natural to him. But I have often noted for use that it is possible to play with that unflurried ease and yet be on top of the bowling all the while. I always feel inclined to have a go at that style whenever I see Perrin play. One point in his play worth remembering is the way he fetches the ball round to the on side on slow wickets by the simple expedient of turning on his feet so as to face in that direction, and coming down on the ball with a sweeping easy swing of the wrists; most of us use a horizontal bat, and pull at the ball for this stroke; Perrin keeps his bat upright and merely taps the ball hard.

Walter Mead is an instructive bowler, not easy to play on the best of wickets, and very difficult on bad ones. He manages to keep that nasty length that tempts one to reach forward although one cannot quite arrive at the pitch of the ball. Every time he persuades a batsman to feel out at him in this uncertain style he has scored, for the chances are against the batsman; the ball may break and beat the bat, or it may just touch the edge of the bat and afford a catch in the slips, or at the wicket. Anyway, the batsman does not quite know what is going to happen after the ball pitches, so Mead has him at a disadvantage. Mead breaks from the leg as well as from the off, but if one watches his hand one can generally see what he is up to; he makes tremendous play with his fingers, twisting them right round the ball one way or the other, not but what he is deceptive enough. A young bowler could not select a better model for length; Mead puts the ball just short enough for the batsman to find it difficult to play forward or hit, yet not short enough to be easily played back. Why cannot we all find that length? It is worth working for.

Speaking of models, perhaps Somersetshire possesses in L. C. H. Palairet the model batsman *par excellence*. In the matter of graceful, forcible forward play he has no equal.

A. C. McLAREN, WHO IS ACCEPTED AS *the* CRICKET CAPTAIN.
From "The Book of Cricket."

Latterly this classic style of forward play has somewhat gone out of fashion, but its merits are patent enough if you meet Palairet on a good, fast wicket at Taunton. Of course, much of Palairet's grace and ease belong to the man. He is gracefully built, with a natural faculty for graceful movements. But

the perfection of his style is largely due to the careful education he received. He was never allowed to contract bad habits. He was taught correct methods as soon as he could wield the smallest sized bat. Certainly his cricket is a triumph of early coaching, an example of the results to be achieved by good coaching in correct methods. He is a natural cricketer, and would have been a good bat even if left to his own devices. But some, at any rate, of his exquisite polish is due to a good education. It is marvellous how terrifically hard he plays the ball without any apparent effort, all because the poise of his body, the placing of his feet, and the swing of his arms are so perfectly adjusted to the end in view. His peculiarity is really the absence of all peculiarity, unless one can call peculiar the wonderful range of his forward strokes. With one and the same elegant lunge he can send the ball in any direction from cover-point round to forward mid-on; the difference of direction is due merely to where he puts his front foot, the stroke itself is the same. In playing forward he always has his front leg very close to the line of the ball, and therefore plays the ball very close to his leg. This has two advantages: it leaves no room for the ball to pass inside his bat, and it enables him to play dead straight without a semblance of pull in his stroke. You may not be able to imitate his elegance, but you may fruitfully study his methods.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. Duff.—Your contribution has been handed over to me for inspection. You certainly make out rather a good case for your contention that young fellows of 17 and 18 ought not to pass straight away from school into heavy men's teams. But, of course, it depends a good deal on the man. If he is lightly built and rather fragile, I agree with you that it is wiser for him to postpone his entry into heavy football for a couple of years or so. But, on the other hand, there are fellows who, at 19 or 20, and even younger, are fully developed physically, and quite able to stand the stress of any football that is played.

J. A. Kinloch.—In the Shetland Isles there are lochs and streams innumerable, and as the fresh-water fishing is almost neglected by the inhabitants, the angler may make certain in many of them of good sport. In some parts the sea-trout fishing in the sea is excellent. Then, of course, there is ample scope for fly-fishing for brown trout. You have to rough it away from the vicinity of Lerwick, but there the accommodation is good. I should advise you to write for information on all points to Mr. Weber, Queen's Hotel, Lerwick. You might also write for information to the Editor of the *Field*. I do not know much about the caves in the Shetlands. The islands present an irregular rocky surface, generally rising into hills of considerable elevation. By the action of the waves, the rocks have been worn into numerous fantastic shapes, and the coast line is deeply indented with bays and sea-lochs, caused partly by glacial action. The caves are innumerable and remarkable. The geological formation belongs principally to the lower Old Red Sandstone But the metamorphic rocks crop to the surface in the greater part of the Shetland group. The latter are very rich in beautiful minerals, such as felsite, epidote, actinolite, serpentine, anthophyllite, fluor-spar, steatite, magnetite, and cyanite. There are large deposits of peat.

R. V. B.—According to the law, if the referee penalises a trip within the 12 yards' line at all, he must give a penalty kick. I do not like this law, because I think there are unintentional trips of a sort that ought to be penalised by a free-kick. At present a trip is not to be penalised unless intentional.

Sprinter.—Your physical measurements seem all right. But, from your build, I should doubt whether sprinting is your forte. Have you tried any longer distances? Your time for 100 yards, 11¼ sec., is rather slow—if the track was good. Still, people improve wonderfully in sprinting, and, in any case, sprinting does one much good, and no harm whatever distance one is training for.

St. Mungo.—(1) How much dumb-bell exercise do you mean? That is the point. If you intend doing a heavy course every morning before breakfast you will be wise to take a biscuit and a cup of milk or cocoa before starting your exercise. But you can safely manage a few light exercises upon an empty stomach. Far better not attempt heavy exercise before breakfast, if you can find time later in the day; about mid-day, between two meals, is the best time. Nevertheless, before breakfast is, I think, better than immediately after a meal. (2) No; it will not hurt you to walk two miles to business immediately after breakfast, provided you allow yourself enough time to walk leisurely. (3) I should say that bed about ten and up between 6.30 and 7.30 would be best for you. But people differ in what suits them.

Golden Eagle.—If you send your book, together with a stamped receptacle wherein it may be returned, to me, c/o THE CAPTAIN, I will put my name in it with pleasure. I generally do this for members of THE CAPTAIN Club if I am asked nicely. Yes; I think cricket on suitable lines, and with suitable gear, is a splendid game for girls. It is not a game that needs much strength; nor is a cricket ball hard on the hands if the hands are skilfully used. It is a pity your cricket is knocked on the head; perhaps it will recover consciousness later on. The sort of spirit in which girls should set about cricket is well illustrated in a letter from "Bingo Mam" to us, published last February.

A Lover of Rugger.—As far as I know, the very fact of no-charge being given would entitle the kick at goal to be taken all over again, whatever happened to the ball while the half-back was placing it. But my "Rugger" is a trifle rusty.

D. Frew says he is a slow runner, and would like to know if there is any way in which he can become fast. Is there any way, he asks, of building up speed? Now a naturally slow runner very rarely makes himself fast; but everyone, by practising short sprints of about 40 yards three or four times a day, two or three days a week, can make himself faster than he is to begin with. And it is preferable to have a mate to run with; in fact, to race with. Competition helps one to excel oneself.

J. Metherell.—For a boy of thirteen, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, I should say dumb-bells of 1 lb. each are quite heavy enough

N.D.G. (INDIA).—I am very glad to hear that you found my advice useful in making your plans for training, and that you were so successful in

your races. I can quite understand that heat in India makes it very difficult to train. Thank you very much for your interesting letter.

J. A. Kendricks.—My best long jump was 23ft. 6½ins. I cannot say that it felt like flying exactly; but it was a pleasant sensation. Let me assure you that 21ft. ought not to be an out of the way jump for a boy. The reason school jumps are usually so small is that the boys do not practise jumping high; they are too much inclined to skim the ground. My best jump equalled the world's record at that time; but it has since been several times surpassed. My best high jump was 5ft. 9½ins., but I never won that event against Cambridge. I think, on the whole, I like cricket better than football. But the games are so different you cannot really compare them.

A.J.W.—Duke and Son, the well-known makers, supply, I think, a bat of the sort you require Duke's works are, I fancy, at Penshurst. Why not write to them? Some people find, as you do, that India-rubber handles blister the hands. Duke's cricket balls are used by many of the County Clubs, so you may be sure that they are good.

A. Whithead.—I am very much obliged to you for recommending the book on "Physiology of Bodily Exercise." I shall get it, and no doubt it will be useful to me.

R. B. McIntyre.—Very pleased to hear from far-off King William's Town, where I remember spending several pleasant days at one time. The details of the matches you describe are very interesting I wish I had space to record them in full. It is very kind of you to express your appreciation of my articles. I have no doubt you could get a bat exactly to suit you either from Gradidge or Surridge. If you write for one to either of these makers (you can find their addresses in the advertisements of THE CAPTAIN) be sure and describe exactly the sort of bat you want. Then you are nearly sure to get it.

W. B. Hayward sends some information which may be interesting to those who wish to grow—a numerous class. He writes: "I once came across a young fellow over 20, who had been rejected by the Civil Service authorities as too short. He took to gymnastics, particularly, I think, horizontal bar exercises, and put on from 1½ to 2½ins. in a very few months." Naturally, I suppose, the man had stretched by reason of his own weight, even while merely hanging from a bar, so there is hope for some of us yet.

C. E. W. Bean.—I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I do not think we are publishing any results of School Sports this month.

R. Duff.—C. E. Lord's system of physical culture is excellent, thoroughly practical and free from all fanciful adjuncts. I can confidently recommend it.

Born Tired.—It is not possible always to tell how a bat will turn out merely by inspecting the grain. Generally, wide grained bats are tougher and harder than close grained. Many bats should turn out well in spite of an unprepossessing appearance. I have had several good ones that scarcely had any grain at all to speak of. I use bats of various makers. You can get a good one from any of the makers who advertise in THE CAPTAIN. Whether an outside left ought to centre the ball or to go through himself with it depends entirely on which of the two gives the best chance of a goal. The forward must judge for himself. Of course, it is a great mistake to pass merely for the sake of passing when you yourself have a clear opening in front of you.

A. K. Chaytor.—Your intention of taking in THE CAPTAIN for ever is admirable. You will have no cause to regret it. I hope by the time you see this you will have won some of your events at the sports.

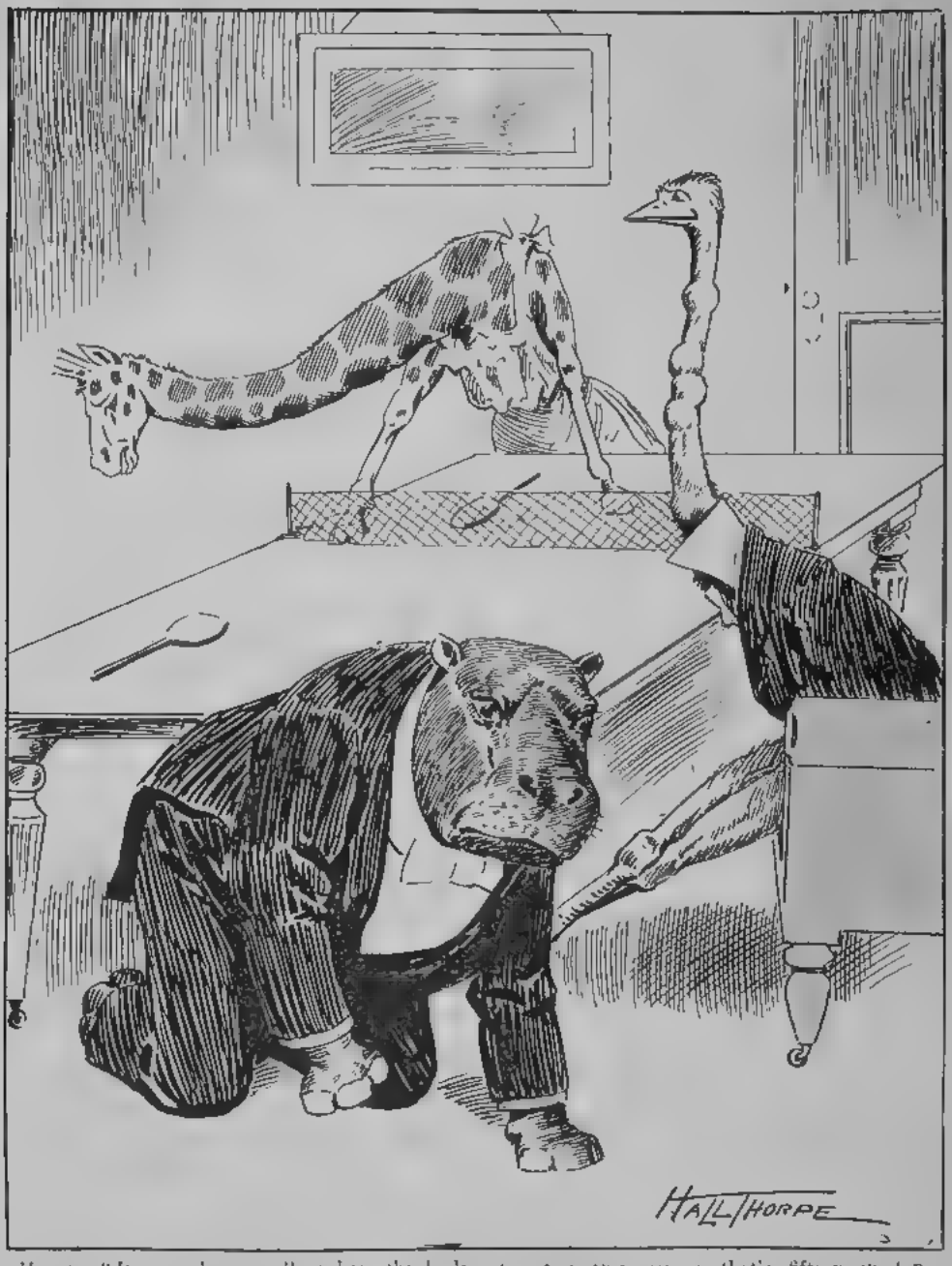
H. Stoddart.—The best way to train for a quarter-mile flat race is this. Sometimes run three or four quite short bursts, of about 40 yards, in order to work up your pace. Sometimes run longer distances, varying from 150 to 300 yards. But do not do these longer distances until you are fairly fit. It is better not to run every day. On the days when you do not run you should take fast walks of about five miles. You must not be in too much of a hurry, but train gradually.

A. Albrow.—You can find the County Cricket tables for the seasons from 1896 to 1901 in Wisden's Almanacs for those years. Two good cricket books are "W. G.'s Reminiscences" and G. Giffen's "With Bat and Ball." But I expect you have these. Any bookseller will get them for you if you have not.

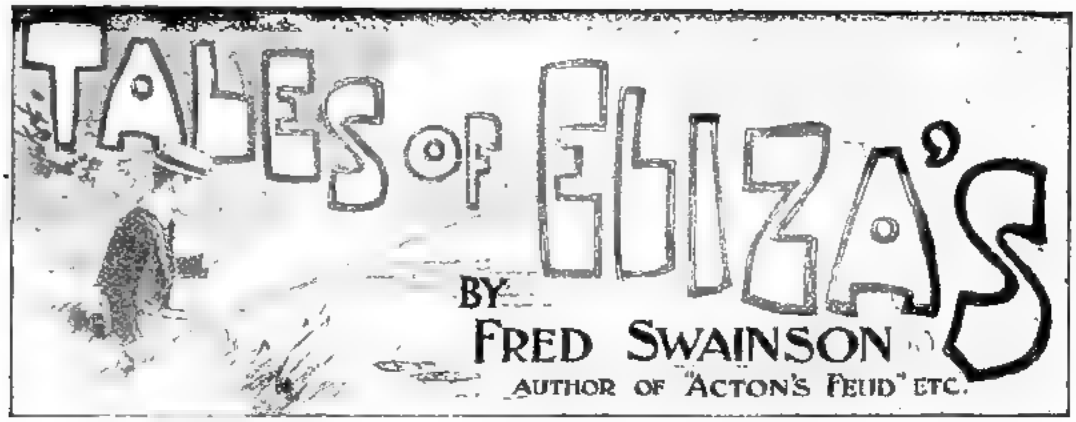
Fallen Angel.—I must apologise to you for being unable to read your signature. I see and recognise Kumar, but the rest I cannot decipher. The best weekly paper on Sport is "The Field," which costs sixpence a week. The best illustrated paper is "Country Life," which costs the same, but that is chiefly concerned with country pursuits. The "Athletic News," which costs one penny a week, is good for football and athletics. You might try that.

C. B. Fry

PING-PONG.



Hippo. "It's simply marvellous how the balls get over at this game: that's fifteen in ten minutes."



No. III.—BIGNELL'S MISTAKE.

I.

THIS is a plain matter-of-fact tale of two fellows, both of whom I knew: of John Bignell, whom I liked, of Joseph Workington, whom I respected. I shall try to do justice to each, and will, as some great one has it, "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice" of either.

Bignell and I came to Eliza's together; we were fags together, and we belonged to the same house, Bultitude's. His brothers had been at Eliza's before him; two had been captain; his father, his grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather had been Elizabethans; in fact, Bignells never seemed to have ever gone anywhere else to get their Latin, Greek and prizes. A Bignell had lifted a cricket ball out of the ground into the duck pool—150 yards dead measurement; there was a Bignell oak with a curious legend, there was Bignell's corner, where Jack's grandfather had triumphed after a fifty round mill, and there were two Bignell tablets in the chapel, and a little stained glass window which told of a Bignell slain by Afridis. When Jack came to Eliza's at first, he entered, as it were, into his own kingdom; the masters were his very good friends, and he was bid for eagerly by fagless seniors—a rare thing. He was, like every Bignell I've ever seen, slim and tall, and he had the light hair and dark eyes of his breed.

Workington came into Eliza's on the foundation. Those entrance scholarships have been responsible for some of the weirdest Elizabethans I've known, but never one made the school gasp as he. Usually the fellows who pull them off are parsons' kids or schoolmasters' hopefuls, more or less of our run, but, of course, never very flush of cash, and generally (I think) a trifle "pi." And it was as plain as daylight that the luck of those scholarships had sent to us a curiosity in Workington.

Workington made his *début* amongst us by shouldering his portmanteau from the station and enquiring of sundry which was Bultitude's. Even green Elizabethans don't shoulder their goods to their houses as a usual thing, and I've never heard even the callowest pronounce Bultitude's name as Workington did. He made it commence like "cool." He was dressed in a solemn, black broad cloth—the material seemed to have shrunk at the ankles and overflowed at the wrists; the cut was of the antediluvian period and very bad at that. His neck rose out of a reckless waste of material, taking with it a collar, and you couldn't help being blinded by a tie—Cambridge blue—which was hitched under a red coral stud, behind. Now you might watch every Elizabethan file through the High *seriatim*, and I'll guarantee you wouldn't see any back collar studs, not if you waited and looked for an age. This will partly explain Bignell's mistake. Again, we are not strong on nails in Eliza's, but I should fancy from the armour plating, etc., of his boots that Workington had gone in for fortification regardless of expense. The boots sounded well on the pavements, though, in un-Elizabethan cadences.

For the rest, Workington was a sturdy built youngster with a rather good face, healthily tanned to the mellow saddle colour, and on his broad shoulders the portmanteau did not seem a burden.

The first fellow Workington was fated to meet was young Bignell.

"Do you know where Mr. Bultitude lives?"

Bignell stared at the questioner, who had

swung his burden to the ground and stood civilly waiting for a reply. The odd accent amused Bignell, who, after taking a rapid survey of Workington, including collar, ankles, and boots, rejoined: "H'm, no. Haven't heard that name here. Fellow coming down the road—see him?"

"Yes."

"He'll know; try him."

Workington moved on and met young Drysdale. "Bultitude's? Straight on, first green gate you see. That's Bultitude's." Now Drysdale has a knack of not noticing things unless they concern him, and, as he was off on some butterfly shooting expedition already, he never gave a second look at Workington, and so Bignell's little joke went a-begging. He trotted on, and the newcomer went to find the green gate.

I met Bignell, and he said, bubbling with He wants Booltiunearthed a real green clodhopper from somewhere. Boot-boy or window cleaner, or something, I should fancy, but, anyway, he's got a twang you could cut with a knife. He wants Booltitude's, so he does. I passed him on to Drysdale, but Dry didn't seem to see the joke or twig the lingo."

"I saw him," said I. "Fresh coloured, and hauled a portmanteau."

"That's the fellow," said Jack.

Two hours afterwards Bignell came into my den as I was writing home. "I say, Cove, I've put my foot into it finely," he said.

"Why, what's up?" I asked.

"I was an ass," he said, throwing himself into my armchair. "Never such an aboriginal came to Eliza's before."

"What *are* you driving at?" said I.

"Why, that portmanteau-hauler is one of us."

"Rot!"

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE MR. BULTITUDE LIVES?"

"No rot at all about it, Cove. Saw Bultitude explaining schools to him, and our green clodhopper's one of the scholarship crew. And, here's the cream of it—he's got the next den to mine."

"It's rather rough on him," said I. I liked to chaff Jack; but all the while, like Bignell, I could hardly believe the news.

"Anyhow, he's got a good face, and I don't expect he'll bring it too often between the wind and thy nobility, Jack."

"Oh, cork those beastly quotes, Frank, do, and talk sense. The fellow's a cad."

"That's stupid, Jack," I said. "Safe rule never to call a fellow that until he's done the impossible things. You haven't anything against him, man."

"Haven't I?" said Jack morosely. "I don't fancy apologising to him."

Then I saw what was bothering Bignell. He felt he ought to apologise to Workington for fooling, and couldn't quite make up his mind to do it.

"I took him to be just what you did, Jack," said I, "and, 'pon honour, he did not seem quite our sort. But I think half of it is the lingo and the other half the coat."

"Well, he'll slough the one to-morrow, but the other is the priceless treasure of Bultitude's for ages, I expect. Can't you fancy young Arding conversing with him about the weather, and then all the Smithers will scent sport and enquire where Giles is, whenever they spot one of us. Clover!" said Bignell, smacking his tongue against his palate with anything but joy.

"Shall we go and see what the others make of it?" said I, sticking down my envelope.

The other juniors of Bultitude's were grouped around the common room, and it was plain to Bignell and me that Workington had been the subject of their conversation. Bernard sat astride a chair and nasally chanted that choice 'Varsity verse:—

"There was a young man of Jesus,
Whose looks were sufficient to freeze us;
In his boots he wore nails,
And his home was in Wales,
And he grew fat on . . . . . ."

"Does he come from Wales?" asked Bignell, catching the drift of Bernard's rhyme instanter.

"Dunno," said Bernard, "but the nails are all right."

"Is he really a fixture here?" asked Harper.

"No less; until the unforeseen occurs. Seen him?"

"Rather. Scholarship, ain't he?"

"Oh, he's the first of the tribe."

"What's to be done? We can't chum up to a fellow of his cut."

Drysdale, who, by the way, is almost mad, said bluntly: "Don't think he'd die, Harper, if *you* didn't chum with him. Leave him alone, can't you? If he's civil, we can be the same. Strikes me you're all talking rot, and are just about developing into bigger bounders than the fellow you're slanging ever will be. Anyhow, I'm——"

Workington came in whilst Drysdale was championing him, and there came upon the room the silence that can be felt. Decidedly Workington had the mania for enquiring. He stared solemnly round and asked if any of us could show him where the post office was.

The odd way he clipped his "the" and spun out the "post" made us smile, even to Drysdale, and Harper was ass enough to snigger. Now, I freely admit, Harper's little sneering laugh would have made a saint's back hair curl, and Workington was—well, no saint. He turned round quickly and angrily, and looked to see who was jeering him. As ill luck would have it, Bignell was standing by Harper, and we could see in a moment that Workington blamed Jack. He said, the hot flush of anger staining his face, "Oh, *you!* Why did you lie, when I asked you a civil question an hour ago? Why, you live here!"

Bignell stepped forward hastily. "Look here, you must take *that* back. I don't tell lies."

"That makes two," said Workington, coolly but bitterly.

"You asked me the way to this place, and I said I hadn't heard that name; nor had I, as you pronounced it. And you must take your word back—now."

"I take nothing back," said the newcomer. "You must just swallow it as best you can." He turned to Drysdale. "Do you mind pointing out the post?"

Drysdale turned away. "Come on, I'm your man."

But Bignell, white with rage, blocked the door. "Look here, my name's Bignell. If you won't withdraw, you'll fight."

Workington eyed Jack up and down with angry scorn. "My name's Wor-r-r-kington, and I won't withdr-r-r-raw, though maybe I'll fight. We'll have my letter posted first, though."

There was a wonderful contrast between Workington and Bignell as they stood snarling at each other, the one tall, slim and handsome, "good form" every inch of him, and the other tall enough and well made, but dressed in that awful array of toggery which seemed to cry aloud of turnips and the furrows. But still, rustic though he looked, he was not without a quiet dignity as he took Jack's challenge in cool disdain.

Bignell fell away from the door and said, "Thanks. Then the matter's settled. Bring

him to the 'Corner,' Dry, as soon as you're ready."

"Well, Jack, I'm not going to say that our new friend's exactly the perfect Bult," observed Bernard, after a long embarrassed pause," but he does not seem to have brought any white feathers with him from Wales or elsewhere, and if Arding—or any Smither—think they'll get any change out of him they'll be woefully mistaken. Eh, Cove?"

"Rather," said I with conviction.

We moved in a body to the "Corner." We took all the precautions, but they weren't needed, for whoever suspected a fight the first evening? This, I'm bound to say: when Workington got out of his coat, and that awful tie was buried under it, he did not look nearly so handicapped as he had when he puffed along the road with a portmanteau perched upon his shoulders.

Why describe the fight.

Drysdale looked after Workington, and Bernard attended to Jack. Bignell made a neat little speech before the fun began, saying that he had been in the wrong in not answering Workington sensibly, and if Workington would withdraw the "lie" part all would be well. Workington said coolly, "I would, but there's the difficulty that I'm still of the same opinion." After that there was, of course, no more to be said.

At the end of half an hour, Workington had received the best thrashing he'd ever had in his life. The way Bignell used his left was a dream. Mind, defeated but not disgraced. For when Drysdale wouldn't hear of any more, Workington, as he sluiced out his mouth, said quietly, "Better luck next time."

And Drysdale, looking at his principal's mottled face, murmured: "George! I hope so."

* * * *

Workington, as you see, provided Bultitude's house—the junior portion of it, at any rate—with a rare fillip to commence term with. On the morrow he "sloughed" the garments of the outer world, and dropped into Elizabethan garb, which doesn't admit of Cambridge blue ties, nor of glimpses of collar studs behind. So when at 7 a.m. Workington attended his first first-school he only seemed like one amongst many, save that he had a very damaged face. We kept all about the fight very much to ourselves, you may believe, and Workington was the most silent of the house. He gave us a wee taste of his quality when Smith took the Latin; he had evidently never heard of the valley of dry Bohns. The fellows already respected him for the way he took his hiding, and, when old Smith murmured approval of a Workingtonian version, they had already placed him somewhere among the band of Bignells and Bernards—coming men.

Workington's first day at Eliza's regularly sickened him of us all. He kept himself to himself, made no chums, barely spoke to anyone bar Drysdale, did his duty nobly as fag to Gates—Gates was happy when he thought of him—and did his duty to himself as nobly. No one in Bultitude's or elsewhere tackled him. There was something in his clear, grey eye and firm square chin that gave pause to impertinent questions. And, day by day, imperceptibly but surely, like sun shadows stealing on the wall, his accent and the rest fell from him, and at the year's end he emerged in outward seeming and bearing the ordinary good form Elizabethan. And, Jupiter! he *was* a favourite of each and every beak!

Workington cut a very decent figure in the games on the Junior side; played half-back at footer rather well, and was a fine field at cover, saving as many runs as most chaps make. Had he liked he could have done really well at games, but because he had been "savaged" first go off he would not put in more than the compulsory time. He simply would have no more to do with us than he was compelled to have.

Between him and Jack there was a deep and sullen dislike. Jack would have stretched out to him the right hand of fellowship after the mill, but Workington would have none of it, and pretty soon Jack left him alone in his glory. Workington's aloofness worried Jack, however, more than a little.

"Why can't the fellow forget that rotten mistake?" he said to me in a paddy.

"Forgiveness to the wronged does belong, but they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

"You've always got some filthy quote to shy at a fellow's head. Cove, I tell you I'd be friends with him now, if he would."

"Those Northerners are a dour lot, Jack."

"Is that the word? He's put up a stern chase after Frankie and me, anyhow. I'm hanged if he hasn't ousted Bernard from the second place, and he's clinging on to my skirts like grim death."

"Look out he doesn't oust you, old cock. He works while you play."

"No," said Jack confidently. "I know I have the pull over him, though he *does work*.

But I'm going to go out top of the Fourth into the Lower Fifth or die. Nothing else would do."

The long and the short was that Workington did beat Jack and went into the Fifth, first. Then began the duel between the pair that lasted for three long years. They ran neck and neck, but it always happened that, in the final removes, Workington got the verdict. They went into the Sixth as they had gone into the Fifth—Workington one, Bignell two. And the funny part was that Bignell had the better head of the two. Every beak knew in reality that Bignell was the top sawyer, but each knew also that Workington made good by real hard work the difference, and always the little over which lifted him above his rival. When Workington passed out of the Junior school, now that neither cricket nor football was compulsory, he cut both. Bignell, of course, would sooner have thought of cutting the horns off the moon. Rather indeed did he welcome his entry into higher circles, because he could migrate to the Fifth nets and get real bowling and a friendly hint from Lurgan. And all in good time Bignell became one of the footer eleven, and also went to Lord's as a Bignell should. The rivals became monitors together, the one for his books, the other for all that makes the name of Bignell great in Eliza's.

For the rest, all that I knew about Workington was that his home was up in Cumberland, somewhere near Carlisle, where his father and his father's father, and so on *ad infinitum*, had farmed their own land for ages. He knew the business himself, could ride any horse he could get across, could tumble over any rabbit that he could sight, and knew how to snare a hare with any poacher living, and how to fill his creel in that darkening half-hour when the trout rise like fury. Drysdale from the beginning respected him as he respected no other Elizabethan, and in the early days would listen by the hour while his friend yarned him poachers' tales, or spoke of the brown birds which harboured in the heaths and heather. I can see even now Drysdale prancing about like a dancing Dervish, holding up a *white* mole which Workington had captured on the ancestral farm. And I can imagine the loving care with which he'd skin the beauty, and the subsequent—ahem! "linked sweetness long drawn out."

II.

A WHOLE crowd of Bultitude fellows went into the Sixth together—Bignell, Workington, Bernard, Ford and myself among them—and generally it was recognised that Bultitude's were about as strong a house, either on the fields or in the schools, as Eliza's possessed. We had an idea—now don't howl at us as conceited prigs—that some of the other masters really envied old Bultitude his array of monitors, eleven-men, and Sixth, and in the event it proved we were right. The first time I had any certain idea of it was when Bultitude asked me if I had any objections to migrate into Worsfold's. I told him I had an awful lot.

Worsfold's was a shocking house. He had a cohort of lounging, lubberly Fifth as his top-dressing, and from them the crowd tapered down to the usual rowdy, squeaky herd of juniors. The gods had not blessed him with any Sixth; his Fifth were very poor average, without a cap among them; and, in addition, he had one or two of that unholy crew which will rot a house from top to bottom. Swain was one, a fellow without an honest deed to his name, or a firm muscle in his fat carcase; one who loafed from term to term's end with hands in pockets among his coin—he had oceans of that; who spent his afternoons leering at the women in the shops, and who, in that evil, sly way which such are sure to have, sneered at the fellow who wanted to live a clean and decent life. And there was another beauty—Hart; more fool than knave; a fellow like Swain, primed with coin to the gullet, curled and scented to the last inch of him, promenading his waistcoats, his ties, his boots and his pasty self for the admiration of fellows of his own kidney. Leave Bultitude's, where we slept with our windows open, and every fellow you knocked against was more or less a man, for Worsfold's sty! I said "No" without sleeping on the matter. Not after being a Bult all those years.

I expect Carver had been saying something about it to him, but, anyhow, Worsfold's idea was plain. He was on the look-out for some fellow who could take his gentle crowd out and give them an airing. Worsfold, good man, would have given a trifle to have kidnapped Bignell, but Bultitude would not hear of old Jack going to make men of mud; so he tried us *seriatim*, and, by process of exhaustion, he arrived at Workington. Now Workington was not precisely what Worsfold required; the distracted beak wanted someone who could kick, drag or lead his house to the

river and the cricket field, or trot them out in the November drizzle to kick a football. Now Workington was no athlete; he had been, as I said before, too occupied in keeping ahead at books to have time for games, but he fulfilled half of what Worsfold—and Carver—wanted. His form was just the thing to leaven a dead mass like Worsfold's, inside. His cool, steady, intense way of going about his business, his absolute freedom from shyness or push, would make all, save utter fools, think a trifle. I don't think in Bultitude's there was above one fellow who liked him—Drysdale—but there wasn't one, from Bignell down to the newest and rawest fag, who did not respect him. He tried no nonsense and equally would stand none. When Worsfold and Bultitude proposed a change to him, he considered it in all its bearings, made some terms with the worried beak, and moved, as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

We saw him go without any pangs, that is, we seniors; the fags, I believe, rejoiced greatly; they felt there was one tyrant less. He didn't impress them as Bignell did, for when all is said and done there's nothing really touches the average youngster like a fellow who can do something in the field or on the river; mere learning leaves them cold.

So one Easter Workington migrated to Worsfold's to put into them a little law and order; Worsfold promised him unlimited backing up, and Carver delivered himself of a little oration.

From time to time legends of Workington's struggles reached us, and we smiled grimly. He tackled Swain first, we heard, *àpropos* of that beauty's cigar-cum-cigarette-cum-coffee adventures, plus a little card playing thrown in, a reprehensible way the gentleman had of spending wet afternoons. It was generally a party of four; Swain and a friend, and two toadies. Workington ran the quartette to earth—fruiterer's shop—cleared them out, and then dressed down Swain—oh, so cleanly—in the presence of an interested and astonished Worsfoldian audience. "And you're the fellow who's rotting the house?"

Swain edged in a covert sneer.

"Man," said Workington, running his hand heavily up and down the shrinking lout, "you'd better put a little muscle into that fat arm of yours before you indulge in cheap wit."

"What the——"

Workington promptly laid Swain on the floor, and—and—well, he collapsed like a flour bag, and blubbed bitterly. Now, even black sheep and toadies are not impressed when their master lies in the dust, and makes no attempt to wipe out the insult except with tears, and thenceforth Swain's influence became beautifully less. No more symposia, no more little quiet parties at the orange man's! I could conjure up to myself that scene in the Worsfold common room: Workington grim and dour, and Swain with the sawdust running out.

Hart ran the gauntlet of the dire newcomer's sarcasm for exactly one week. Workington expatiated on the advantage of having the windows open when a perambulating perfumer's shop came along, and when Hart took up the challenge Workington dropped him out of the open window.

Then *we* noticed how those sunset effects which usually graced Hart's meagre bosom became more subdued, and when we could walk behind him on the same side of the street without discomfort, we could almost hear the Workingtonian leaven working. Worsfold's house hardly knew what to make of all this for the first month or so, for Workington so arranged that each of his little private incursions seemed mere private matters, but one fine day one or two of the average fellows saw what he was after, and joined forces with the reformer, and then the tide began to flow in the right direction. Workington carried out all things himself; like a wise man he did not bring Worsfold into matters at all, for had there been any strong suspicion that he had been drafted into the house to dragoon it to decency, the game of law and order would have been up. Workington stuck to his task like grim death, keeping a keen, truculent eye on Hart, Swain and Co., and their doings, and within a month Worsfold would not have bartered Workington for his weight of gold.

I think I said that Workington made his own terms before he migrated, and one of the stipulations was that he should have full liberty to stew for the Oriel Exhibition, and should not be expected to give his house a lead in the fields. This latter duty was passed to Hartington, a fellow worthy of a better house.

How Workington slogged to be sure! Rain or shine, bar an hour or so breather after dinner, did he shut himself into his den and follow a time table. Think of what that must have meant on a sunny day, when the river almost cried to you to come out, and the click of the cricket bat in the meadows just tapped at your windows to bring you forth. Who but a fellow of blood and iron could sit mewed up with dead

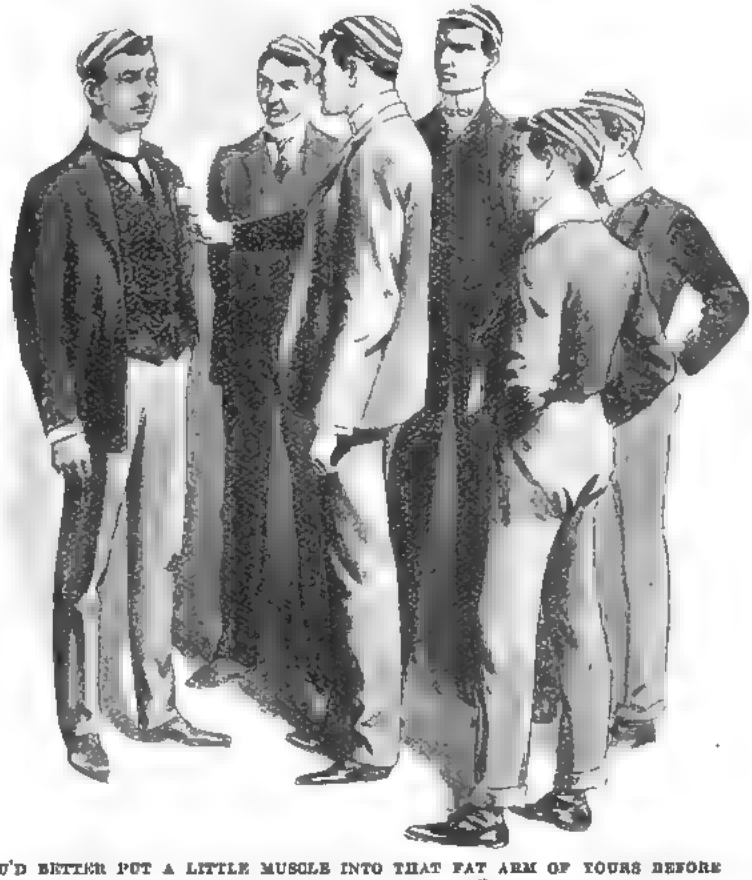
Greeks and Romans, absorbing to the last sigh the woes of Prometheus or attending to Tibullus and his golden age, when there were sunshine on the sward and quiet shady seats under the elm?

And compare the joys of a clean, soundless header into the cold waters of the Lodden with the dreary tracking of some of those old, hoary lies to their lair—Caesar's unicorns as an instance.

But Workington was adamant, and it sounds almost superfluous to say that he got his Oriel Exhibition. The second fellow wasn't within miles of him. This made his stay at Eliza's absolutely certain for another year, and then all at once I saw that this great success would almost infallibly land him at the top of the school.

The captain, Roberts, would be leaving at Christmas, and it was a foregone conclusion that Bignell would take his place. He was undoubtedly by far the best all-round man at Eliza's; loads better than anyone in the field, and quite the equal of Workington in the schools. For Jack's sake I was glad that Workington was no athlete. This was the state of things when we adjourned for the summer holidays.

Many curious things have appeared at Eliza's in my time, but none quite so curious as the doings of that Michaelmas term. In the first place Workington blossomed out as captain of Worsfold's footer eleven, and—he seemed fated always to surprise us—proved a marvel. He played centre half. Where he had picked up his knowledge of the game baffled us, for he hadn't played with us since he went into the Fifth. Drysdale supplied me with the key to the mystery. Workington had practised with one of the Scotch teams over the border for the best part of eight weeks, to the end that when he took hold of Worsfold's team he might know something of the game. Imagine football—ding-dong matches in August's blue! Workington picked up the professional half-back game pretty well, and when he first appeared for his house he opened our eyes. A fortnight after, Roberts installed him centre half against the Old Elizabethans, and there never was any idea of replacing him.



"YOU'D BETTER PUT A LITTLE MUSCLE INTO THAT FAT ARM OF YOURS BEFORE YOU INDULGE IN CHEAP WIT."

And then for the first time Workington became more than a name to Elizabethans; he became a personality. The absolute surprise which he provided for us probably enhanced our opinion of his game, good though that really was, and when I heard shouts of

"Played Jo-o-o-e" booming from the touch-line, I rubbed myself to see if I was awake. Not one Elizabethan out of twenty knew that his name was Joseph a month ago! Was I not right when I said, "Mere learning leaves us cold"?

As for Worsfold's, why they took heart of grace: they were sweated abominably by Hartington and their "Joe," and, as a reward, they fairly trounced Smithers in the first round of the Housers. They progressed merrily after this until they met us, when we laid them low.

I don't wish ever to see a better match. There was the genuine feeling of antagonism between the two houses—the real West Bromwich v. Aston Villa fever—for was not Worsfold's shining light a deserter from our fold! A year ago we'd have walked over Worsfold's rabble and hardly have known it, but now we did not expect a walk-over, and certainly did not get it. Jack Bignell fairly met his match that day. Workington never left him; he held him up, bottled him up, divined by intuition his passes, in a word, drew his sting. It was a duello the school had not enjoyed for ages. Worsfold's retired beaten by a solitary goal, but they made a reputation which keeps them going still.

One man, the man who really matters in Eliza's, had been taking notes busily for the last six months. Carver had seen plainly what the influence of Workington had been on a decadent house outside and inside, and there was something in Workington's character which appealed strongly to him. His hard, unflinching dour devotion to duty, his utter contempt for what people thought about him, and his good, sound scholarship, awoke echoes in our old stern man.

Knowing what Carver is we should not have been so taken aback at what Roberts told us, but the thing came upon us like a bolt from the blue. Briefly, but it was this: Roberts was going away at Christmas, and there would be an election for another captain before we separated for the holidays. And Carver's man was Workington.

This made us, the seniors of Bultitude's, gasp. All eyes turned to Bignell, and if ever Jack had to struggle to say the right thing, it was then. He said it. "Well, Workington's a good man."

"There's something wrong, Roberts," said I. "Why, Carver might have known that Eliza's monitors would elect Jack."

"I told him so," said Roberts.

"And then?"

"He pointed out what Workington had done—Oriel, Worsfold's, and his footer. Workington was a credit to Eliza's, so he was, and anyway he'd consider his views."

We knew Carver's way of "considering" his views. It really amounted to this, that we should have to reconsider ours. The old man had evidently made up his mind, and, willy-nilly, Jack would miss his captaincy. We of Bultitude's naturally loathed the idea, but, also naturally, the other houses were not quite so keen. Jack was popular, but decidedly Workington was not unpopular. Heavens, how his half-back game did weigh! I sounded each monitor anxiously, and it came to this. They preferred Bignell, heaps, and it was jolly hard lines if he missed the captaincy; but Workington was not an undecent sort, and, finally, what could they do if Workington was Carver's man!

Was Carver keen on it? Workington alone knew. He had received a word that he was to go and see the head, and the Worsfold senior heard a lot in a short time. "I'm satisfied with what you've done since you came to Elizabeth's, Workington, especially since you left Mr. Bultitude, and I think I'll put your name before the other monitors for captain. Have you any objections?"

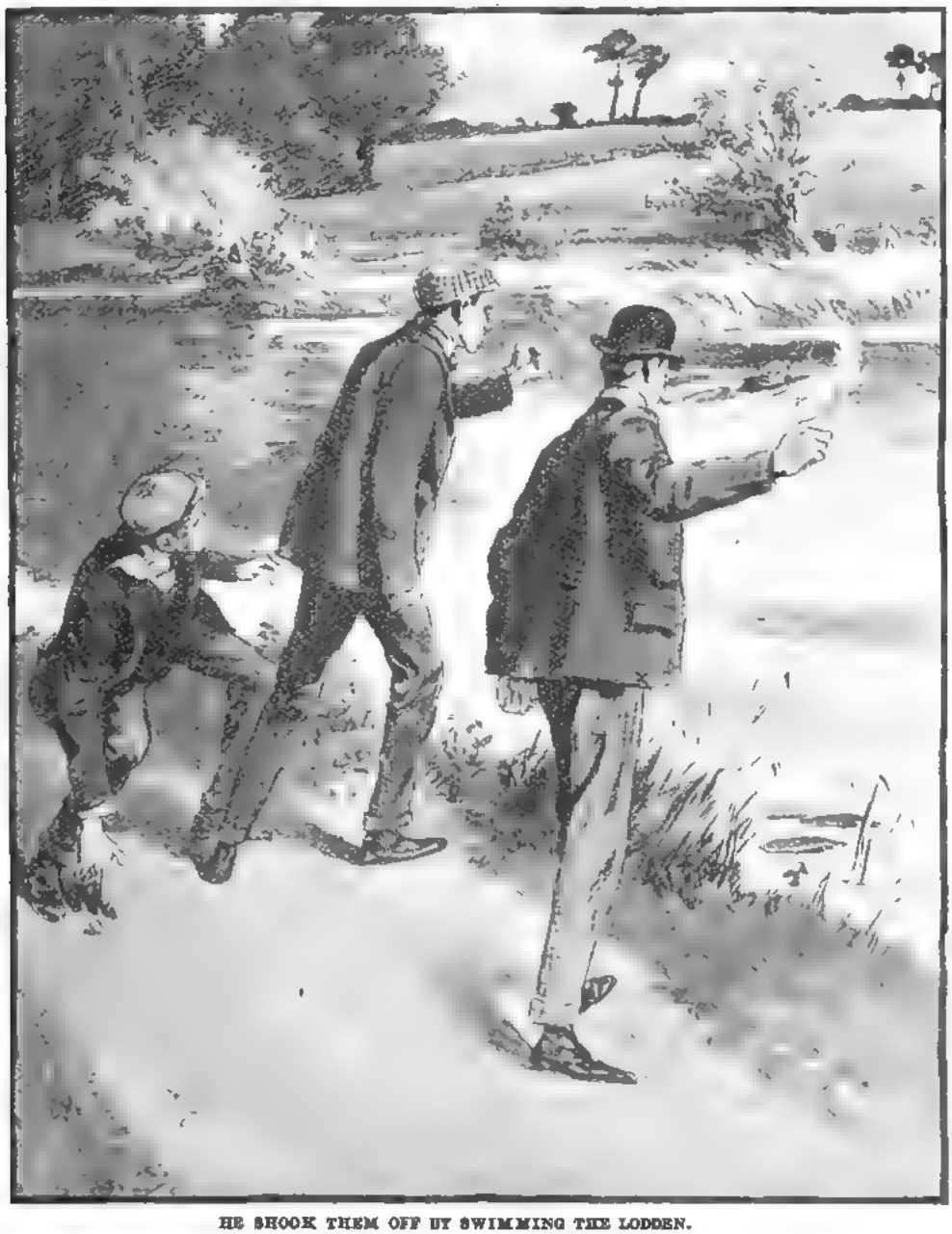
Workington had no objection. Thus the fellow who had come to Eliza's and been mistaken for a boot-black years ago, was to take away the darling honour from the fellow who, deceived by outward seeming, had so mistaken him. It was a pretty revenge.

Carver's message had called Workington away just as he was on the point of setting out for Hurlstone, the village—or small town—just beyond the lock gates up the Lodden. There was to be a little rabbit coursing in a field behind the "Dog and Duck," and, through some oversight, one or two of the houses had forgotten to notify to the fellows that this was out of bounds. No decent fellow of course thirsted to go there and watch the mangling of some wretched rabbits by mongrels, but there are always idiots in every establishment, and, worse luck, always a few beasts. Bultitude had suggested to Bignell that he had better run down and head off any of ours whom he might spot Hurlstone way, and Jack had asked me to go with him.

Bultitude had bethought himself of the "sport" rather late in the afternoon, and it would be well after three o'clock when we trotted into Hurlstone. We found the field, and had the privilege of running an eye over as unsavoury a crowd as it had ever been my luck to meet. We heard—we were too sick to look—the yelping of the dogs, and every

now and then the screams of a wretched rabbit, and always to follow that horrible squeal a burst of joyous laughter or foul-mouthed howling. It was the "sportsmen" signifying

retreating out at the bottom of the field, thankful to be away from the inferno, we came across Workington fighting for dear life. Half a dozen roughs were battering the life



HE SHOOK THEM OFF BY SWIMMING THE LODDEN.

that they had won or lost on that "course." We threaded rapidly in and out the vile crowd, thanking our stars that we had not espied an Elizabethan, when, as we were

out of him. Even as we looked he went down.

"They're killing him. Run for your life, Cove."

We ran in together.

Workington had gone to Hurlstone for the same purpose as we, and the first person he had come across was Swain. That beauty was half drunk or half drugged, and attended to by a knot of unsavoury birds. His pockets were inside out, his usual heavy watch chain was gone, and he had evidently been down in the mud. He was leering stupidly at the man who had him by the arm. The appearance of Workington partly sobered the fool, and he blurted out: "Havin' a fine time, Work——"

"Come along home," said Workington, clutching his arm. "Where's your watch?"

That was the unluckiest thing that Workington could have said.

Swain stopped dead, felt stupidly in his pocket, and then, clutching by the throat the man who held him, said in drunken fury. "Give me my watch—I saw you with it."

For reply the fellow dealt Swain a fearful blow on the face. The fool staggered back, half his senses beaten out of him by the blow, and then he lurched away moaning.

The crew of roughs then turned on the other Elizabethan, and—well, there is no good speculating what would have happened if we had not arrived in the nick of time.

Certes! There was no fancy fighting that day. I clenched my fist, and, putting all I could into it, I caught the brute nearest me with a long, drawing, upward cut, and he went down as clean as a whistle. He hadn't the option. Bignell floored his man, and was slashing into another, before the crew had time to grasp what had happened. "Get Workington out," shouted Jack to me. "I'll keep them off."

I pulled Workington to his feet; he seemed dazed as though waking from sleep.

Bignell saw in a twinkling what was the matter. "Take him out of the field, for heaven's sake!"

"I'm not going to leave you."

"Go, man, go. It's his only chance."

When Bignell speaks in a certain tone you have to do it. I piloted Workington, and once out we were comparatively safe. As I turned, I caught a glimpse of Bignell, fighting like a Viking, his light poll well back, swinging from his hips as though they were steel, keeping off with blows that stung three men who fought like savage beasts.

I hurried Workington into the streets of Hurlstone and then—oh, what a journey it was!—down the towing path to Eliza's.

Bignell arrived about six o'clock. He thinks he fought the three for five minutes, backing all the time, and then, when he judged that we were safe, cut and run. They hunted him a mile to the river, and he shook them off by swimming the Lodden.

He was a weird sight. One eye was like a damson, his mouth hardly seemed to belong to him, and there was a savage-looking cut on the back of the head which Bignell accounts for as the receipt of a stone when he was in the water.

Workington was a far worse case. He had been kicked savagely when he was down, and he was in bed a week. When he crawled out, the first thing he did was to go to Carver's, and Carver heard a few things which astonished him. "*Not* going to stand for captaincy! Why?"

"There's an Elizabethan, sir, with a better right to that than mine. Bignell is the better man. Whatever I have done since I came here has been, more or less, done for myself. I have used the school, as I shall use Oxford, as a stepping-stone to higher things; and now my opinion is that we fellows who make this use of St. Elizabeth's don't deserve all the honours too."

"You didn't think this a week ago," observed Carver, drily.

"No, sir, but I've been thinking it over for a week; Bignell is a scholar, an eleven's man twice over, popular as he ought to be, good form every inch of him; if he had had the same views on school life as I have had, should I have taken the Oriel? No. Personal ambition has not counted with him. It has with me."

"Very well," said Carver slowly, "I believe you're not altogether wrong."

Workington came to Bultitude's purposely to see Jack. He looked worn and pale, but he thanked Jack and me for turning up so *àpropos* at the "Dog and Duck" more warmly than I thought was in his nature. "And, Bignell, do you know, I want you to let me propose you on Saturday for captain."

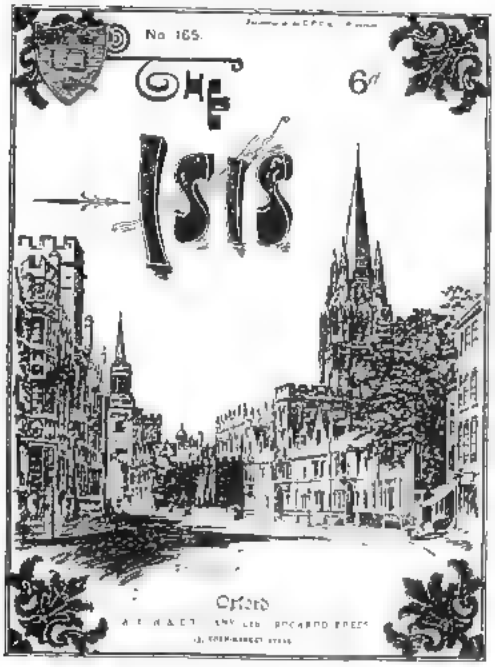
Jack stared, and I saw a slight blush mantle on his damaged face. "But, Workington, you're Carver's man."

"Not now. I am not standing"

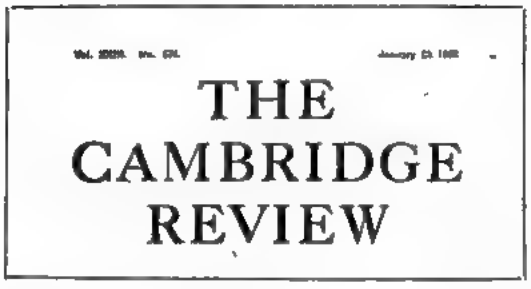
Jack did not speak for a long time. At last he said, "I would rather be captain of Eliza's than anything I could name at present; and you are awfully good to propose me. I should be delighted if you would. Seems odd, on the face of it, that you should propose me, Workington. We haven't been good friends so far."

"Worse luck," said Workington, "so we'll make a start right away."

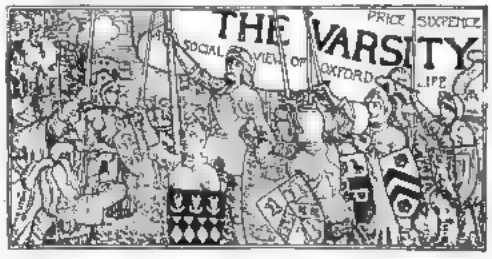
'VARSITY LITERATURE.



SO many public-school boys acquire a taste for literary pursuits, while yet *in statu pupillari*, either in their school papers or in some more private capacity, that it may be of some use to intending undergraduates to learn how these tastes may be developed and fostered on


THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

their coming into residence at one of the great Universities. Undergraduate literature, from a writer's point of view, is divided into two classes, official and unofficial. The official class contains most of their more serious work, the essays and so forth, which form a part of their tuition, and all writing which is not intended for publication in journalistic form. In this class may be placed the attempts, successful or otherwise, of aspirants to literary prizes. These are fairly numerous, being



mostly awarded for essays on given subjects, and for poems in English verse. At Oxford the prize poem, which is known as the Newdigate, is restricted to a metre of heroic couplets. Moreover, with all these various competitions definite regulations are laid down

as to form and length. It is, however, with unofficial literature that the average school scribbler will probably feel himself most in sympathy.

At either University certain undergraduate papers thrive and continue, and seem to defy all comers. These may be taken to be, at Oxford, "The Isis" and "The Oxford University Magazine," and at Cambridge, "The Granta" and "The Cambridge Review." Other papers spring into existence and flourish for a time, but surely and certainly a few years sees their decease, and their readers flock back to the more solid enterprises. "The Magazine" at Oxford corresponds in many respects to "The Review" at Cambridge. Both are more staid and respectable than the rest of their contemporaries, and both bear a semi-official character. Through their medium even dons are unafraid to voice their views. Their contents are for the most part records of University events, rowing notes, reports of Union debates, and the thousand and one things which make up the undergraduate's life. Frequently they come out strong in humorous verse. The wit is usually of that peculiarly academical flavour with which Calverley knew so well how to divert his readers. Other well-known initials which have footed these poems are

A. G., Q., and J. K. S., which, as many will recognise, stand for Mr. Godley, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and the late Mr. Stephens. This style of verse indeed forms a very favourite outlet for undergraduate literary enthusiasm. The other journals, among which "The Isis" and "Granta" take place of honour, are a strange blend of wit, satire, personal notes and general news. They are the outlet of much harmless fun, and most of their contents are the overflowings of high spirits, which lack the keener satire of more mature minds. There are in these humorous dialogues, sketches of University life, caricatures, sarcastic and combative paragraphs, and

above all and through all the endless jokes afforded by such fair game as the Freshman, the Proctor, and the "scout."

The literary aspirant from a public school will find little difficulty in finding a home for his effusions in these pages of the unofficial press. Any work which is stamped with the hall-mark of good humour and modesty, will be snapped up by the undergraduate editor. Indeed, with literary undergraduates the difficulty frequently is, not where to "place" his contributions, but how to refrain from those writings which, as surely as they find a ready home, with equal certainty waste the valuable time which looming examinations claim as their due.

H. M. R.

PAT AND THE COLONEL

BY May Cross

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

"I AM afraid the boy will be an unmitigated nuisance," said the Colonel, as he sat smoking in the bungalow garden, with his chum; "according to the letters his mother receives from England, he's always getting into rows at school and running away from his uncle's in the holidays. Well, I must do my duty by him," and the Colonel groaned.

"If that means licking the young cub into shape, it is to be hoped you will," replied his friend, "but if it means worrying your life out with your confounded conscientiousness——" He paused expressively, and viciously knocked out the ashes from his pipe. "For my part I think it's a great deal better to have loved and lost and never to have met again, than to tumble across your old flame in a hill station and find her a widow with such an encumbrance—that is, if you mean to marry her."

"Of course I mean to marry her," replied the Colonel, "I proposed just as promptly as I knew how, which is just what I didn't do in our youth, and so we made a mess of it; she didn't know how much I cared, and she married the other fellow. Old man, she has been my idol for years!"

His friend grunted. He didn't like the widow and would have disliked her more had he known that she had really given the Colonel the go-by, in far back days, for a rich Calcutta stockbroker.

When Pat heard about the Colonel he said, "Hang the old beast! What does he want to marry my mother for? As if there weren't plenty of other fellows' mothers for him to marry!"

He stood with the Indian mail letter in his hand, surrounded by a group of schoolfellows. They all knew about Pat's mother. He was always talking about her and exhibiting various photographs of a very pretty woman, as "My mater."

"It's a beastly chouse!" said Parsons minor sympathetically, and there was a chorus of assent to this expression of sentiment. Pat was popular.

"If she had come home to England when the pater died," continued Pat, "instead of going to that beastly hill station, it wouldn't have happened. She said she must wait till the English winter was over. I don't believe the cold would have hurt her. At any rate, she wouldn't have wanted to marry this old brute!"

"Perhaps he isn't a brute," squeaked little Smith Tertius, seized with what he deemed a brilliant inspiration.

"Do you want your head smacked, young Smith?" demanded Pat. "Of course he's a brute. In the first place he's an Indian colonel, and that alone is enough. They all have livers and shy things at you, and swear hard every five minutes." (Pat was a great reader.) "He'll be either yellow and wizened or fat and bloated. And have you *ever* heard of a stepfather who wasn't a brute?"

Pat looked so ferocious, that little Smith hastened to admit, in a bleat, that he never had. The evidence was not conclusive, as he had never known any stepfathers in either fact or fiction. But Pat was satisfied.

"Of course you never have," said Pat, "nor anybody else. Look at Murdstone in 'David Copperfield'! There was a cold-blooded brute for you."

"Well," suggested Parsons minor, "if

your stepfather licks you, you'd better bite him, like David did Murdstone."

"No-o," said Pat, "that would be playing it too low down. Of course David was only a little fellow—but perhaps" (meditatively) "I might try kicking his shins."

This debatable point respecting gentlemanly conduct was settled immediately and unanimously in the affirmative.

"You see, he's sure to try licking me," said Pat. "Mother has the cheek to say she's delegated her authority to him, and is glad I shall have a firm hand over me. There's a page or two of that sort of rot. I don't mean to stick it. I shall fight—but I'll fight like a gentleman, whatever sort of an old beast *he* is."

Now Pat was a gentleman, and English to the core, but it is often the unexpected that happens, and he had not been an hour in the Colonel's house before he forgot his principles and perpetrated a deed that would have filled him with honest indignation had it been suggested to him.

The Colonel and Mrs. Murray had arrived in England towards the close of the summer term, and had gone down to the Colonel's place in Dorset, where Pat was bidden to join them when his holidays began. It was a great grievance that he had not been allowed to escape what he called "the beastly fag of the exams." Of course he put that down to the Colonel, and resented it accordingly. He was therefore the more wrathful, when, on arrival at the station for his new home, there was no mother to greet him. Doubtless this was also the Colonel's doing. He disdained to question the groom, and they drove for three miles along the white road, winding through the overlapping hills, with their quaint ridges. They drove up to an old-fashioned manor-house, standing in a park. A severe looking butler opened the door. Not to have seen your mother since you were six, and to be welcomed by a butler! Pat was in a rage.

The butler informed him that his mother and the Colonel had gone to a garden-party, and that tea would be served to him in the billiard room.

This room was not used for billiards, but as a comfortable sitting-room. There were arm-chairs and lounges. Papers and magazines were strewn about the tables. The Colonel's pipe-rack hung on the wall, and a half-finished piece of fancy work testified to a lady's recent presence. Some heavy curtains hung across the lower end of the room, and when he had finished his tea Pat went to see what was behind them. Garden-chairs, a croquet box, racquets, and various lumber were concealed by them, amongst which stood a man's bicycle.

To this day Pat can hardly account for his action, but in a sudden access of spite, he took a pin and deliberately punctured the tyre of the Colonel's bicycle.

At that moment the hall door-bell clanged and Pat ran out in time to see a pretty lady, beautifully dressed, stepping from a carriage. Pat rushed up to his mother and threw his arms round her neck.

"Take care! Take care," cried the pretty lady, "you are ruining my chiffon!"

Pat drew back chilled.

"There, child, kiss me, but don't hug me like a young bear!"

Behind the lady stood a tall, soldierly-looking man. The Colonel wasn't either yellow and wizened or fat and bloated. He looked at Pat with a pair of keen but kindly blue eyes. Pat confessed afterwards that he never felt quite the same towards the Colonel after even that first glance.

The Colonel, on his part, was surprised that Pat did not look mulish or sullen, after all he had heard of his obstinacy. Pat looked up with frank hazel eyes and held out his hand.

"How do you do, sir?" he said politely.

"You must say 'father,'" said his mother, with a little simper.

Then Pat's expression changed. Determination was expressed in every line of his face, from the square chin to the level brows.

"I *shan't* call you father, sir," said Pat with an odd mixture of defiance and respect. (The Colonel was so different from what he had expected.)

"Why should you?" said the Colonel quietly. "I am not your father, and you are not my son."

(Was it possible that the Colonel was not anxious to claim that honour?)

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Murray, peevishly, as she sank on the sofa in the drawing-room. "Of course he must call you father, or pater, or papa, or by some title of respect."

"'Sir' *is* a title of respect," said the Colonel, smiling.

"Just like the servants!" exclaimed his wife.

"My officers call me 'sir,' and they are my social equals," replied the Colonel. "Boys address their tutors as 'sir'; not so long ago, they even call their fathers 'sir,'" and the Colonel looked whimsically at his wife.

But she was not to be appeased. She was remarkable for her persistency in trifles, as the Colonel had already found to his cost. She proceeded to hold forth on the subject at length, scolding her husband and scolding Pat; they both stood silently listening, the one patiently, and the other in a dumb amaze. Finally she swept from the room, having concluded by telling Pat that he was a rude, disobedient boy, but that the Colonel had her full authority to deal with him, and she hoped he would break his wicked, obstinate spirit.

Poor Pat! his breast heaved, and his eyes blazed wrathfully, as he faced the Colonel.

"I *hate* you!" he said, clenching his hands. "You've come between my mother and me and spoilt everything. But you can thrash me and bully me as much as you like! I'll never obey you, never!"

"Don't be a fool!" said the Colonel calmly. "Sit down and talk sense. Which do you like best, cricket or footer?"

Pat stared. Then he turned red with indignation. Then he met the Colonel's clear, blue eyes, felt a little ashamed of his outburst, and finally answered sulkily,

"Footer."

But "footer" was one of Pat's enthusiasms, and the Colonel, satisfied with this admission, skilfully drew him out. By the time Pat discovered that the Colonel had also played half-back and preferred "Rugger" to "Socker" his conversational barque was launched on a full tide, which hardly ebbed throughout the evening.

Pat went to bed in a thoughtful mood.

"He'd be very decent if he wasn't a stepfather," said Pat, "I'll mend that tyre first chance I get."

But the next morning the Colonel found the flattened tyre and mended the puncture himself.

"I am going out for the day," said the Colonel at breakfast, "you two shall have it all to yourselves," and he looked smilingly at Pat, who got very red. He was thinking of the bicycle.

His day with his mother was not a success. Never had a day of his dragged more heavily. She dawdled it away on her sofa, keeping Pat chained to her side or waiting upon her hand and foot. Not that he would have minded this, but their conversational field became so circumscribed that Pat actually found himself looking forward to the Colonel's return. He *did* understand what a fellow was talking about.

The next day the Colonel said suddenly,

"Pat, I am going to buy you a pony and teach you to ride."

"I'd rather you didn't sir," said Pat, flushing.

"Funk it?" said the Colonel, surprised.

Pat looked so indignant that the Colonel apologised.

"What is your reason then?" he said smiling.

Pat was silent. It is difficult to explain that you feel too much of a skunk.

"You must give me some good reason," continued the Colonel, "or I shall certainly buy it for you. Is it because you would rather have something else?"

"It's because I don't want anything from you," muttered Pat at last.

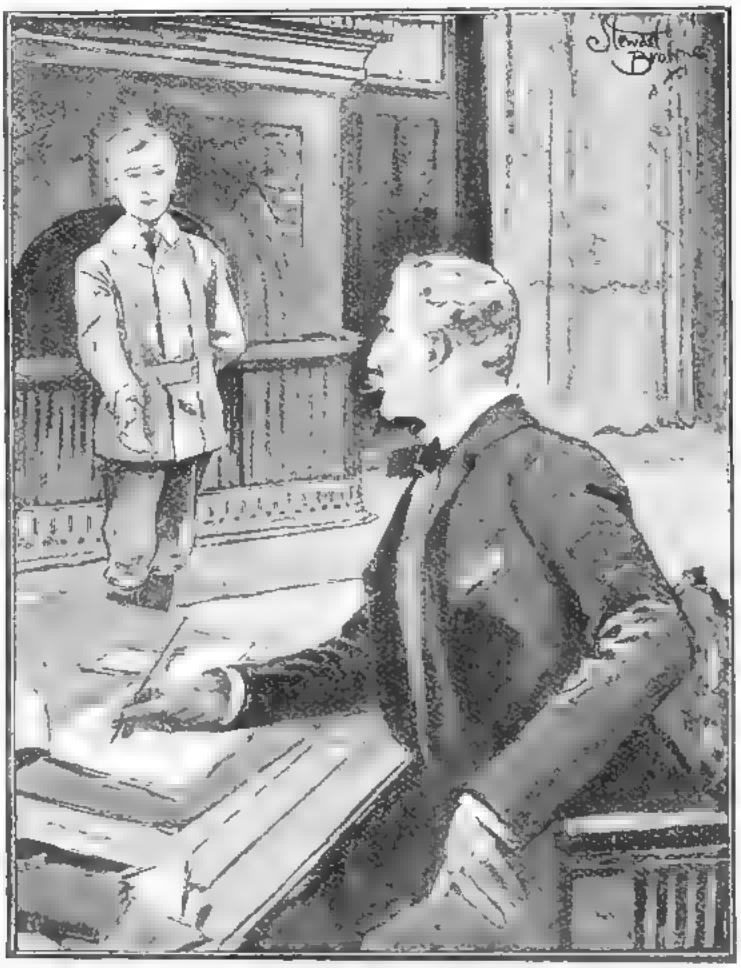
The Colonel stood before the fireplace, with

HE DELIBERATELY PUNCTURED THE TYRE.

his hands in his pockets. He looked very steadily at Pat.

"Very well, Pat," said he, after a somewhat tense pause, "if you want to fight, we'll fight, but no hitting below the belt, old man."

Pat got as far as the door, then he came back. He was very red and his eyes did not raise themselves from the carpet.



"WON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS, SIR?"

"I have been hitting below the belt, already," stammered Pat.

"What *are* you two talking about?" said his mother from her armchair.

"Well?" asked the Colonel.

"I punctured your tyre—with a pin—on purpose—out of spite."

"That *was* hitting below the belt, indeed," said the Colonel. "Do you think you deserve to be punished?"

"Yes, sir," said Pat, with his eyes still cast down.

"And you didn't think when you confessed that you'd get off?"

Pat looked up at him.

"No, sir," he said, sturdily. "I didn't think anything about it; I only wanted you to know."

"Very well," said the Colonel, who all the time was regarding Pat with a steady gaze. "I have an engagement now, but come to the library at twelve."

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife, in alarm, as Pat left the room.

"Give him a few cuts with a stick. It will restore his self-respect. He feels mean now. I like your boy, Molly."

"But he'll run away!" cried she. "He ran away from his uncle's last holidays, and they had quite a bother to find him."

"Did he run away from the cane?" said the Colonel.

"Oh, no, his uncle doesn't believe in corporal punishment. He ran away for much less. He had a fight with a French boy staying there, and as a punishment his uncle tied him in a chair with a rope, and made him have his dinner by being fed in spoonfuls by the French boy."

"I don't wonder he ran away," said the Colonel in disgust. "I should have run away myself. Don't worry, my dear, I think Pat and I understand one another," and the Colonel took up his hat and walked out.

But when twelve o'clock came and there was no Pat, he began to wonder if he had misread the boy. The minutes went, but, at ten past, the door was burst open and in tumbled Pat, hot and panting.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Pat. "I've run all the way from the village. My watch had stopped and I didn't know it—though I

don't suppose you'll believe me," he added, dejectedly.

"Certainly, I believe you," said the Colonel, "we're both *gentlemen*."

Pat flashed him a look that said "thank you" more plainly than words. Then he set his teeth for execution.

"I am sorry to have had to punish you," said the Colonel, throwing down the cane, "I couldn't overlook a trick of that sort, but I respect you for owning up like a man and taking your punishment like a man. You can go."

But Pat didn't go. He stood for a minute, gulping back a tear, and then said,

"I'm sorry I was such a cad, sir, and I'm *jolly glad you licked me*."

"Well, now we're quits, Pat, and can start fair for our next round."

The Colonel went back to his desk and began writing. Pat lingered. He stood first on one leg and then on the other. At last the Colonel looked up and met the hazel eyes regarding him almost wistfully.

"Won't you—won't you shake hands, sir?" said Pat.

"Of course I will, if you will," said the Colonel heartily, and he jumped up and extended his hand. "Which is it to be, Pat, a truce or a permanent treaty?"

"Total surrender, sir," responded Pat. "You're not a bit what I expected—you're a proper sort of boss."

Pat's mother thought it most extraordinary that from the day the Colonel caned Pat they became the greatest friends.

When Pat got back to school, he was besieged with questions about "the old beast."

"Look here," said Pat, "anyone who reminds me again that I ever called the governor an old beast will get his head smacked."

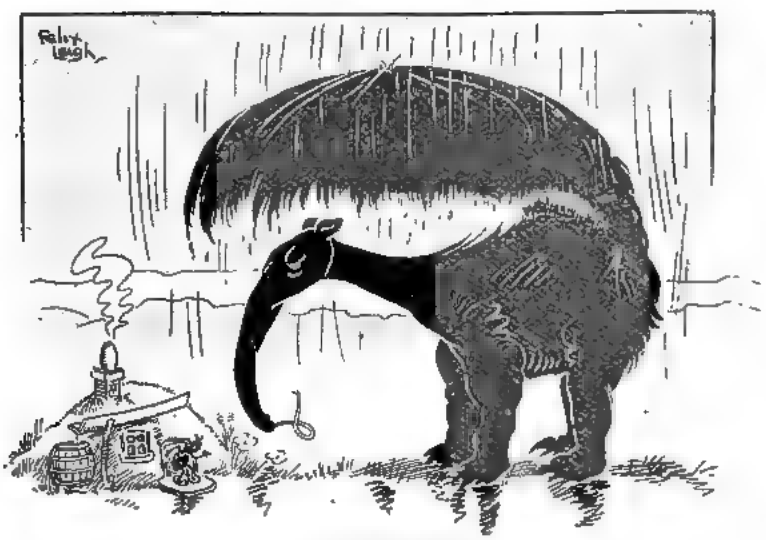
That Pat kept his word is shown by the following letter received by the Colonel a few days later:—

MY DEAR FATHER,—

Parsons minor said I called you a beast yesterday. So I did, but it was before I knew you. I smacked his head, and old Chief caned me. He doesn't sting up as much as you do. I wish you hadn't put me on my honour about cribs. It's such a beastly grind, but I did a proper construe to-day, and if old Chief had been in a good temper, he'd have said it was the best bit of work he'd ever had from me. Love to the mater.

Your affectionate son,
PAT.

P.S.—Did *you* ever call *me* any names?



A SUGGESTION.

THE EATER: "Look here, I'm hard up for a meal."
THE ANT: "Then why don't you pawn your umbrella?"

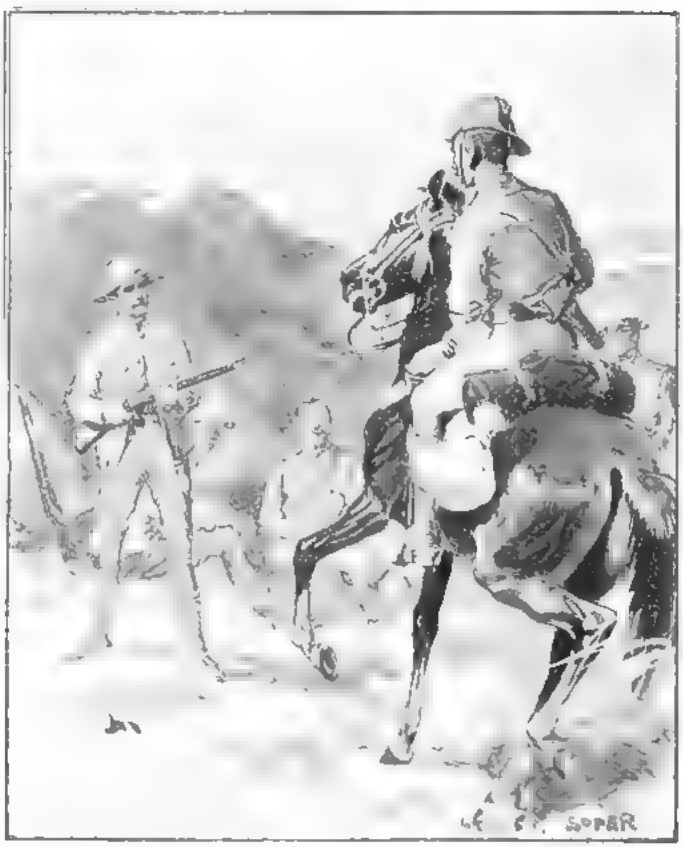
THE PICTURESQUE STRANGER.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

By John Mackie. Illustrated by George Soper.

OUR squadron was out reconnoitring, and Reynolds' Company had drawn together for a rest between two small kopjes, the huge boulders effectually screening men and horses. We were just about to discuss dinner, having been unusually lucky in the foraging line that morning, when there was a clatter of hoofs among the rocks, and in another moment a strange horseman rounded the shoulder of the ridge and almost rode into us.

That he came upon us unexpectedly I would have sworn, for a swift glance of enquiry and something like alarm shot from his truculent dark eyes as he pulled up. In a moment, however, a dare-devil self-assurance sat easily on him, and he smiled as if delighted to see us. His dark moustaches pointed upwards, and his personal appearance savoured of a well-known swashbuckling character in modern drama—no less a character, indeed, than "Von Tarlenheim."



"WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DO YOU TAKE ME FOR DE WET?"

He was, in fact, the embodiment of the arch-villain of Zenda fame, albeit he was in his shirt-sleeves, which showed his sinewy, hairy arms, and he wore an officer's khaki riding-breeches and puttees. A jaunty felt-hat caught up at one side and banded with a strip of tiger-skin gave him a decidedly rakish appearance.

The usually undemonstrative Macpherson in a moment covered him with his Lee-Metford. The stranger grinned insolently and asked—

"Well, what's the matter with you? Do you take me for De Wet?"

"You're much the same sort o' pairson," began the Scotsman. "How did you——"

"Hold hard, Macpherson," interrupted Reynolds, "and put down your shooting-stick. Can't you see he's one of Rimington's officers?"

Macpherson did as he was told, but I saw an ugly glint in the Celt's eye. Reynolds continued——

"Won't you jump down, sir? You've come over from Clements' column—been on the same errand as ourselves, I suppose?"

"If it's to choose a suitable camping ground for to-night's advance, you're right," replied the picturesque rider, whom for lack of more specific information we shall call Von Tarlenheim. "But I don't know that you're to advance to-night. Since you

left your column this morning, Rundle has heliographed over to Clements that you're to reconnoitre the long ridge to the north-east. I was sent out to meet and tell you."

"But how the dickens did you get here unannounced?" laughed Reynolds. "Sergeant Macnamara, go and see what's the matter with those men we threw out to keep their eyes about them. The long ridge can wait until after we've grubbed I suppose you can do a drink of tea?"

"Two drinks if you've got them," laughed Rupert, jumping off his horse. "No thanks, I'll just give him a feed,"—this to a trooper who came forward and offered to take his horse—"I've taught him to wait about handy without being tied—just like a Boer's pony, you know."

He took a regulation nose-bag from the saddle and put it on the horse's head.

"You've got an I.Y. horse," remarked the observant Macpherson. "I'm thinking that horse cost a guid penny to fetch over here."

"You're right, my friend," said Rupert, "but I notice there are one or two I.Y. horses in your lot. It's a case of who loses, seeks; who finds, keeps, these days."

"Mebbe so," agreed Macpherson, "and more seeking than finding, I'm thinking."

"Come, sit down," remarked Reynolds, "you must be hungry. Here's some bully, a bit of cold goose, and some capital biltong we managed to get this morning. And here is some bread; we don't often have such a spread."

"By George, you chaps are in clover!" remarked the stranger.

So without further ado he squatted on the grass between the Long 'Un and Macpherson, and straightway attacked the eatables. He proved himself a right brave trencherman and a pleasant guest, for he talked, laughed, and ate all at the same time, giving his hosts the impression that they were excellent entertainers. He was apt at repartee, with a vein of cynical, almost sardonic, humour running through his conversation. But still no one could say he was unduly familiar, or could take offence, for he said his sharpest things with the most charming of smiles upon his not unhandsome face, and invariably laughed the loudest when the laugh was against himself. That he was a born adventurer who all his life had been pitting his wits against those of other adventurers, was obvious, that he was satisfied with the result was also plain. He had been everywhere and seen everything. He had brains, youth, good looks and strength on his side, and yet he lacked something that, despite the charm of his manner, instinctively filled one with vague distrust. As the astute Scot afterwards defined it, he had a moral squint—a trick of seeing a substance and a shadow, and of preferring the shadow out of sheer perversity, only the shadow in his case was the carrion of the distempered dog. There was a hint of cold-bloodedness about the man that chilled one's humanity.

"You don't seem to mind riding alone in these parts," remarked Reynolds. "It's dangerous country to scout in; there's too many little hills and valleys about for my fancy."

"Bah!" laughed Von Tarlenheim, showing his regular white teeth; "it's safer to go alone. Now, I saw you chaps with my Zeiss glasses stringing all over the country like a flock of geese, miles away. One or two men can shove along and escape observation where a number would be sure to be seen."

"That's true, we certainly failed to see you approach."

"You see, I was alone and could choose my own ground. When a man is riding in extended order with others, he can't, and has no time to take stock properly. Bah! you Britishers have funny ideas about scouting—you simply blunder on until you draw the enemy's fire, and then——"

"But aren't you a Britisher yourself?" broke in Reynolds somewhat shortly. Like most Britishers who are fairly well satisfied with themselves, he did not like unpleasant truths.

Von Tarlenheim helped himself to another piece of bread, and smiled until the tips of his moustache curled inwards in a truly grotesque fashion.

"I am not—properly speaking," he replied, with engaging candour. "My mother was a German, but though I serve the Queen like yourself, I don't see why that should prevent me from expressing an honest opinion. You're lucky chaps to have such bread. I didn't know Rundle believed in sparing his men's teeth. I thought a biscuit and a half per day was about his size."

"You're right there," broke in Devine, who had parted with a shaky tooth only that morning; "but you see we bought the flour and got a Dutchwoman to bake for us at Hammonia. How does Clements treat his men? I heard yesterday we were going to leave Rundle and join his Division. I'm jolly glad of it, for I heard that, unlike Rundle, Clements knows how to treat Colonials. I was told, on the side, from the adjutant's orderly, that we were going to make a pounce on Bethlehem."

Von Tarlenheim seemed immensely interested in the bone he was gnawing, but he turned two bright dark eyes on the youth that seemed to express approval, and, in a voice that flattered

because of its implied recognition of equality as between men of the world, he remarked :—

"Yes, I fancy you've heard to some purpose. Do you know if they intend bringing up the guns to-night?"

But the clumsy Scotsman just at that moment upset Devine's pannikin while stretching over for the tin of bully beef, and was so profuse in his apologies that, by the time he had finished, the question that Von Tarlenheim had asked was quite driven out of the Kid's head.

When at last he looked up smilingly into the scout's face he was met by a bold but inscrutable look. Each realised that the other had taken a sudden and instinctive dislike to him, but why, it would have been a difficult matter to explain. This, however, did not prevent the unmannerly Scotsman asking their guest seemingly irrelevant questions. Questions that the Long 'Un and Reynolds had more than once to interrupt, as they considered them not only unduly inquisitive, but out of place. They wondered what had come over their usually reticent and circumspect comrade. Yet he seemed in the best of spirits, and the scout and he evidently understood each other. They chaffed and sparred with words in a way that only men who had themselves well in hand could do.

In the meantime the men in various little groups were disposing of their dinners, and some whose appetites at an earlier hour had not permitted them to conserve their scanty government rations, were lying on their backs smoking, trying to make themselves believe they were better employed. Those on the look-out were lazily scanning the gray ocean-like expanse of scarped, wave-like ridges and lurking hollows with the unsatisfactory consciousness that a large army of men could, by judiciously distributing themselves, easily crawl up within striking distance. When Macnamara told them that one of Rimington's scouts had joined their party under their very noses without being seen, they felt uncomfortable, but not incredulous. When Mac got back to the main body the picturesque stranger was seated on a boulder smoking a cigarette, and the little group around him was laughing uproariously. What gave the story its peculiar piquancy seemed to be the fact that it was told against himself with the most delightful air of candour in the world. As Devine watched the brilliant stranger he was filled with envy, and hoped that when he grew older he would be able to play the rôle of man of the world with the same fascinating abandon.

When he had finished, Macpherson asked him about the troop of yeomanry, belonging to Clements' Division, that had been ambushed and captured without firing a shot in the previous week.

"Yes, they were a set of mugs," explained Von Tarlenheim, "to walk right into the enemy's lines as they did. Besides, it was a mere handful of men that took them, but, of course, they didn't know that. Under the circumstances I think they showed their good sense in keeping quiet and accepting the inevitable. What's the use of getting potted for the mere sake of showing off? The beggars saved their hides, anyhow."

Devine stared at his hero in some surprise. Leaving outside a certain inconsistency in his speech, his were hardly the sentiments he would have expected such a cavalier-like personage to display. He would have expected him to have advocated charging against tremendous odds, and preferring death to surrender. It was unpleasant to have one's illusions disturbed in such a way. To his surprise Macpherson, of whose prowess he had more than once had proof, seemed to agree with the stranger's views on the subject. He wondered if the level-headed Scot were also succumbing to the fascinating visitor.

"I'll no say but what ye're richt," he said, "but what on earth was their officer or non-com. thinkin' about tae ha'e them all bunched up thegither in country that a fule micht ha'e kent wanted riding ower in extended order! But didna' they say there was somethin' crooked about the non-com.?—it was a non-com., and his name was Schmidt, noo I come tae think o't."

"Yes, now you mention it, I did hear that," said the cavalier readily, blowing smoke rings into the air, "and that, of course, explains why the poor duffers were wandering about the country like a flock of sheep—of course, their non-com. was in it. I heard he was a Boer spy who enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry in London. If every spy can land a company of men, besides giving valuable information, it is money well invested. Don't you think so?"

"I do," replied Macpherson thoughtfully; "the Uitlanders were taxed to fill oor ranks wi' spies, but it's occasionally an awkward game to play."

"I agree with you, but I should say it's a deuced exciting one."

"It's a necessary evil, maybe, but death should be the penalty."

"It generally is," grinned Von Tarlenheim, "and I suppose that's what gives zest to it. It also prevents it from becoming too common —too many mugs only spoil the game."

Macpherson agreed to this also; he seemed to have quite got over his dislike for the stranger

and to have fallen into his way of thinking. Of course, in the regular army such a conversation carried on between officers and men would hardly have been possible, but with irregulars, where the discipline for all practical purposes is every whit as efficacious, it is different. There the men in the ranks are as often as not the social superiors of the officers, and with a little discrimination nothing need be risked in the way of discipline, and much may be gained by a mutual exchange of opinions.

The men had finished their smokes, and the horses stood by disconsolately, because there were no more oats. It was time to be moving along. Reynolds unslung his glasses and turned to the Rimington officer.

"Let's have a look at this ridge you spoke about," he said. "Of course, you've got the order in writing from the General."

"By Jove, I'd nearly forgotten that order!" remarked Tarlenheim, simply, as if he had just remembered it. "I daresay it may be as well for you to keep it."

He handed the order written in pencil to Reynolds. The latter saw that it was after the usual kind and duly numbered and signed.

With Von Tarlenheim, Macnamara and the Long 'Un he ascended a little rise that commanded a good view of the country.

"Where is this ridge?" he asked.

Von Tarlenheim pointed it out.

"By Jove! it's farther off than Rundle expects to go," remarked Reynolds, "but certainly where we are now is no place to take up a new position."

"You'll find one over there, then," said the stranger. "There's a capital place for a great camp, and the ridge commands miles of the enemy's country, as you will find out for yourself. You can go, of course, and look at it—just as you please."

"I can't understand why the enemy doesn't hold that ridge," remarked the Long 'Un, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Shure, an' I wouldn't like to swear that the inimy doesn't hould it," observed Sergeant Macnamara

"Well, I wouldn't like to swear to it either," seconded Von Tarlenheim. "It's an hour-and-a-half ago since I left it."

"Then it's all right if you were there," said Reynolds. "But I must see it for myself. Extend the men, Macnamara, and tell them to keep a good look-out. Hillos, Macpherson, what's the matter?"

"I'd like you to come and look at Oxenham's horse, sir; it's going lame, I'm thinkin'."

"Then tell Oxenham to go back to camp. He knows the way, and he'll be quite safe. We've no time to look at sick horses just now. We must push on. About eighty yards apart there. Which way do you intend going, Mr. ——?"

"Johnson," said the scout. "I'll have to get back to the column, but if I go by the ridge it will cut off a big corner. I'll be glad of your company so far.

"The idea of asking you to waste time looking at sick horses!" he added, as he rode off with the lieutenant. "Those Scotsmen are so painfully in earnest about the merest trifles."

"I wish there were more like him," said Reynolds, cutting him short. "That's the sort of man I like to have with me in a tight corner."

"He's big and ugly enough," laughed Tarlenheim, good-naturedly, "and such men are generally most estimable individuals. It's only in fiction that the heroes are good-looking."

The Celt overheard these last words, but his expression was as inscrutable as that of the sphinx. He had tried to catch his lieutenant's eye, but the General's order was in the latter's pocket, and he did not understand Macpherson's importunity. He, however, passed the word along the extended line to keep an extra good look-out.

Miles away to the right and left of them on the tops of the distant hills they could see the heliographs flashing like great diamonds, and they knew that the cordon of British Generals were sending messages to one another, and that the great half-circle was gradually closing in upon Prinsloo and De Wet, and the several thousand Boers who were with them—pressing them back against the Caledon river and the mighty Drakensberg Mountains in Basutoland, whose heavenward soaring peaks gleamed white with virgin snows—a strange contrast truly to the sad-hued, sun-dried, rolling veldt where the heated air-waves danced.

Johnson of Rimington's—whom we shall still call Tarlenheim—rode alongside Reynolds, and his conversation was, if anything, more entertaining than ever. There might have been no lurking enemy within a hundred miles, judging by their light-hearted laughter. Half-an-hour, and they came to the ridge, but not a sign of a Boer had they seen. At one place, and dividing it, a high narrow kopje arose; to the east its sides were almost precipitous, and round its base were strewn great square cubes of rock as if some Titanic hand had been playing with monster dice and set them down carelessly. It was a commanding position, but the ground they had passed over, like the country in front of them,

was terribly broken. It was a labyrinth of ridges and dongas. A whole Army Corps might have camped unseen within five hundred yards of them.

"Where is the camping-ground you spoke about?" asked Reynolds, turning, nonplussed, to his companion. "This is surely not the place you meant?"

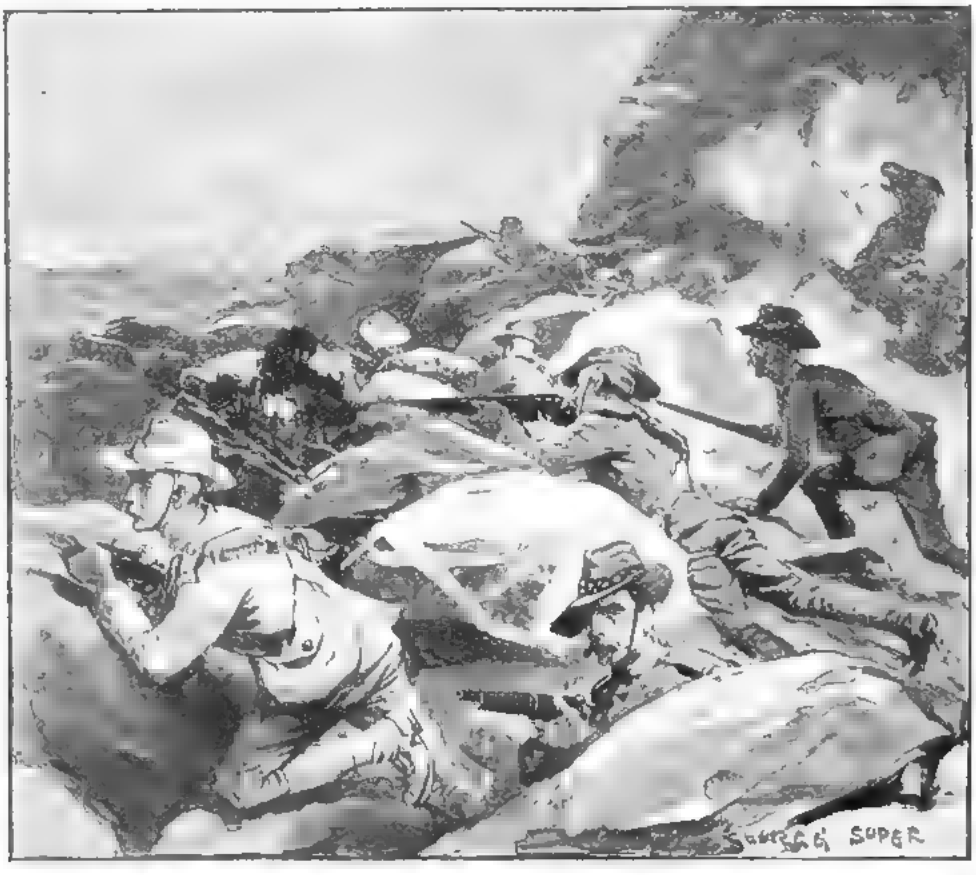
But his companion was riding on in advance, and would not or did not hear.

Before Reynolds could catch up to him the *tick-tock* of a Mauser rang out on the extreme

"Close in on the kopje," yelled Reynolds, "and cover among the rocks."

He followed these words with a loud shrill upon the whistle he always carried. The long straggling line as one man turned towards the centre and closed at full gallop, the horseless men getting up behind comrades. In a couple of minutes they were comparatively safe behind the great rocks. At the same time it was painfully obvious that they were completely surrounded.

While this was going on the man who had led them there was hastening away, when, to his un-



A MURDEROUS HAIL OF LEAD, MOSTLY OF THE EXPLOSIVE OR EXPANSIVE KIND, CRACKLED AND SPUTTERED ON THREE SIDES OF THEM.

right, and the crack of a Lee-Metford replied. Then two or three more shots broke in crisply upon the retentive ear of the noiseless wilderness. Then a brisk crackle of musketry from unseen cover of rock and heath burst out in front of them. It spread from right to left; from front to flank, and from flank to rear. A couple of horses staggered and dropped. The bullets were whizzing past like a ghostly flight of bees.

speakable disgust, he felt his horse shrink beneath him, and realised that it was shot. He slipped quickly to the ground, and found Reynolds standing close to him.

"Here, catch hold of this stirrup-leather, quick!" cried Reynolds. "We've no time to lose—the beggars are all round us!"

For a moment the discomfited hero hesitated; his hand, as if accidentally, stole down to his

side, and he looked at the lieutenant as a tiger might do at its prey just before the psychological moment when it springs.

But in another moment the grinning face of Macpherson, with an unholy light in his eyes, rose up before him. The Scot rode right up to him and pushed a stirrup-leather into his hand.

"Confound you!" he exclaimed, "d'ye want to get kilt? You've got to come wi' us."

Macpherson's hand, like a band of iron, actually closed on his as they rode towards the shelter of the rocks.

Von Tarlenheim swore audibly. These serious-minded eaters of oat-meal were as uncompromising as they were ugly.

The twenty-five men distributed themselves among the rocks that strewed the base of the precipitous kopje. A murderous hail of lead, mostly of the explosive or expansive kind, crackled and sputtered on three sides of them. The Boers began to show themselves, and promptly the troopers opened fire. They were all good shots, and the enemy realised they had not the sixty-rounds-per-year men to deal with.

Von Tarlenheim stood by silently with a peculiar set grin upon his face. There was an expression on it that suggested something to Reynolds, but the bare idea was too horrible and preposterous. He must banish it from his mind. Still, there was something that had to be explained. He must out with it.

"I can't understand," he said, "why you told us there was an open flat here that would make a good camp. It's just about the last place in the world that a General would think of coming to."

"I didn't say this was the ridge—it's the one beyond," explained Von Tarlenheim. "I'm afraid the Boers are here in full force—you'll never be able to hold out."

"Won't we? You'll see," shortly rejoined Reynolds.

"I can see them bringing up a machine gun," quietly observed Macpherson. "You'll hae tae look out, lads—there'll be some stour fleeing presently."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the hoarse, lustful bark of a pom-pom broke out on the right front. There was a deafening clatter and an acrid, sulphurous odour in the air as the shells struck and exploded on the rocks. A horse had moved from a sheltering boulder, and a shell, striking it fairly on the forehead, blew its head to atoms.

Within a few yards of it a trooper dropped his rifle and fell forward on what was left of his face—the section of a shell had done that. Another man was shot in the side, and a dark ominous stain about the size of a walnut immediately showed over the spot. A comrade pillowed the head of the dying man upon his knees, and bent over him to catch the words the white lips tried to frame. At last they came—"So long!"—and nothing more. And while as yet that comrade held his head a bullet sputtered on a rock hard by, and he too fell—the dying on the dead. There where they fell, they lay; and while the rifles rang the ghastly shambles grew.

But still that little band of heroes held their own; only the strange officer with the inscrutable grin upon his face, peering eastward from behind a jutting rock, seemed to consider the situation hopeless.

"You'll have to chuck it, you fellows," he said, coolly enough; "better to hoist the white flag than to get wiped out altogether."

As he spoke the Boer firing ceased as if at a given signal.

"There! Now's your chance," he said to Reynolds; "they're stopping to give you an opportunity of surrendering."

The lieutenant, with a white, set face, turned on him fiercely.

"Oh, confound you and your white flags!" he cried. "You seem fond of them—you brought us here—you lied to us! I believe—yes, I'll swear you were trying to escape when your horse was shot."

"You are mad! You lie!" and Von Tarlenheim sprang to his feet.

But Macpherson had crept up, and at that moment levelled a revolver at his head.

"You hound!" he cried. "I thocht as much at first, but now I'm sure! You are Schmidt the Boer spy who sold the Yeomanry last week, but you'll never——"

"You fool!" With a sudden movement the traitor struck the pistol upwards, and felled the Scotsman to the ground with his clenched fist. In another moment he had leapt amongst the scattered boulders, and, before a shot could reach him, was scuttling and doubling amongst them like a lizard.

But vengeance was at his heels in the shape of the Scotsman, who, bleeding from a cut on the forehead, snatched up a bayonet and made after him. It was a chase which those watching are never likely to forget. And while it lasted there was a lull in the hostilities, for the Boers were sending in a messenger to demand a surrender.

Up the steep side of the kopje sprang the traitor, and, at his heels, his face streaming with blood, followed the Highlander, the fire of grim determination in his eyes, and the lust of

vengeance in his heart. Von Tarlenheim was lithe and nimble as a deer, but the rush of the Celt was like that of an angry tiger. Up, up the narrow pathway sped the two, keeping their footing like wild goats on giddy ledges that overhung the chaos of cruel rocks beneath Up, up, over the bald forehead of the kopje overlooking the precipitous western face, and in and out amongst the jagged stones and the wild-aloe stumps. They were now nearly at the summit and something had to happen. Space yawned on their right, and a final ledge threatened their further progress. Von Tarlenheim turned on his pursuer, and, snatching a revolver from his belt, levelled it full at Macpherson's head. An exultant light lit up his eyes, and his lips were drawn back like those of a snarling cur's, showing the gleaming teeth beneath.

As he drew the trigger a smart upward stroke of the sword bayonet sent the pistol flying into the air; and then the Celt caught him by the throat with his left hand, and ran him through the body with his right. The dying eyes of Tarlenheim resembled those of a snake when it lies with its back broken—they blazed with blind, impotent rage, and, more terrible still, with the realisation of his fatal folly

So miserably perished he who in self-conceit pitted his puny brains against God's immutable laws.

As Macpherson withdrew the bayonet he detected a circular outline upon the dead man's tunic. He ripped it open, and, to his intense satisfaction, found two small mirrors such as are used for heliographing purposes. He himself could work the heliograph with any signaller, and he was quite high enough to signal to headquarters at Hammonia some eight miles distant. To adjust the reflectors was the work of a minute or two. His dots and dashes, like flashes of light from a great diamond, briefly told the straits of the litle force. An answering gleam of light on the high headland above Hammonia said that the message was understood. And then a bullet from a neighbouring kopje smashed the mirrors, and Macpherson descended again to assist his comrades. A regiment with machine guns was already galloping to their relief.

When the Boer messenger came in to demand their surrender, Reynolds handed him the spy's blood-stained hat, and told him to tell the Boer commanders that if they reckoned forgery among their weapons of war they must also recognise its penalties. If they wanted to take them, he added, they had better hurry up.

When the reliefs came, half-an-hour later, Reynolds and his men had more than held their own, as the Boer dead left on the field fully testified.

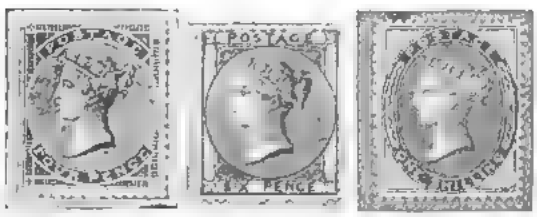
THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

The Stamps of Great Britain.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

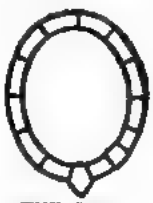
Surface Printed Stamps.

1855-7.—With this series commenced what is termed the surface printing of English postage stamps, which has been continued ever since. Surface printing is done from



steel plates engraved in relief, the portions in relief giving the impression of the design of the stamps.

The series consists of 4d., 6d., and 1s. values, all stamps of new designs. The 4d. stamp was added as the result of a postal treaty with France reducing the single rate to that country from 10d. to 4d. The new 6d. and 1s. superseded the expensively produced embossed stamps of those values. The old 1d. and 2d. stamps remained in use undisturbed. The 4d. is watermarked with a garter, that is, an oval band with a buckle at the foot. Specialists note and collect three sizes of this watermark, which they distinguish as small, medium, and large. The small garter is a small oval in the centre of the stamp, the medium garter is much larger and just clears the edges of the stamp; and the large garter touches the edges—top, bottom and sides. The difference in size between the medium and large garters is so little that it is sometimes difficult to decide between them. The 6d. and 1s. are watermarked with four heraldic emblems, *i.e.*, two roses, a thistle, and a shamrock, as illustrated. The beginner will do well not to trouble himself too early about varieties of watermark, but the more advanced stamp collector will find them an interesting study. It will be noted that there are no letters in the corners of the stamps. The absence of letters in the corners of the stamps is the distinguishing feature of the stamps of this series.



WMK. GARTER.

WMK. EMBLEMS.

PERFORATED. NO LETTERS IN THE CORNERS.

		Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
4d., carmine, wmk. garter ...	...	——		0	2
6d., lilac, wmk. emblems ...	...	20	0	0	2
1s., green, wmk. emblems ...	...	40	0	0	9

1862.—Same design as the last issue, but with the addition of small letters in the four

corners of each stamp, and two new values—a 3d. and 9d. Another slight alteration to be noted is the addition of a hyphen between the words "six" and "pence" in the 6d. The 4d. is watermarked with a garter and the others with emblems.

PERFORATED. SMALL WHITE LETTERS IN THE CORNERS.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
3d., rose, wmk. emblems	12	6	3	6
4d., red, wmk. large garter	10	6	0	2
6d., lilac, wmk. emblems	15	0	0	3
9d., bistre, wmk. emblems	17	6	6	6
1s., green, wmk. emblems	30	0	1	6

1865.—Design as in last issue, but with larger white letters in the corners. The 10d. is a new value. The hyphen is still maintained in the 6d., and the watermarks are unchanged. This series is notable for the addition of plate numbers. Specialists collect the plate numbers of every stamp, but the beginner should not attempt it.

PERFORATED. LARGE WHITE LETTERS IN EACH CORNER.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
3d., rose	10	0	0	6
4d., vermilion	7	6	0	2
6d., lilac	12	0	0	2
9d., straw	40	0	10	0
10d., red brown	25	0	4	0
1s., green	12	6	0	8

1867-9.—Same designs as last issue. The hyphen has been removed from the sixpence, and the 2s. is a new value. This new value

WMK. SPRAY OF ROSE.

was printed first in blue and subsequently changed to brown. The brown 2s. had a very short life, from January to October, 1880, when the value ceased to be issued. It is therefore counted a rarity, as will be seen from the catalogue price quoted below. This issue is distinguished from the last issue by the watermark, a spray of rose, as illustrated, in place of garters and emblems.

PERFORATED. WATERMARK, SPRAY OF ROSE.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
3d., rose	6	0	0	1
6d., lilac	7	6	0	2
9d., straw	15	0	3	6
10d., red brown	20	0	3	0
1s., green	8	0	0	4
2s., blue	50	0	2	0
2s., brown	£7		£5	0

1872-3.—A new design for the 6d. as illustrated. Stamps of this new design were first printed in chestnut brown, then in yellow brown, and then changed to what the cataloguers call a grey. The grey, as will be seen in the pricing, is the commoner colour.

PERFORATED. HEAD IN HEXAGON. LARGE WHITE CORNER LETTERS.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
6d., chestnut	20	0	1	3
6d., grey	15	0	0	6

1867-82.—High values, as illustrated. The large white letters in the corners are repeated,

but the watermarks vary, the first printings being watermarked with a Maltese cross, and

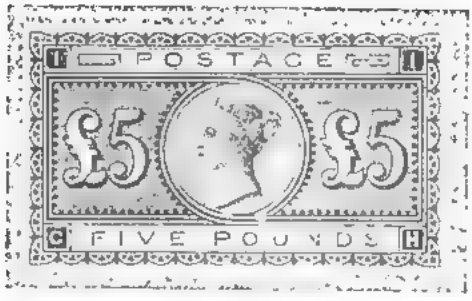
WMK. ANCHOR.

WMK. MALTESE CROSS.

the later with an anchor. Specialists make varieties of blued paper on which all the values are found. The perforations also vary, from 15 in the earlier printings to 14 in the later.

PERFORATED. WATERMARK, MALTESE CROSS.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5s., rose	55 0	3 6
10s., grey green	——	27 6
£1., brown lilac	——	40 0



PERFORATED. WATERMARK, ANCHOR.

	Used.
	s. d.
5s., rose	12 6
10s., grey green	30 0
£1, brown lilac	70 0
£5, orange	85 0

1873-80.—In this series the white corner letters give place to coloured letters. A 2½d. stamp is added for the new foreign rate under the Postal Union, and an 8d. stamp is provided to prepay the rate to Australia, *via* Brindisi.

At first the 2½d. was printed in lilac rose, and watermarked with an anchor,

WMK. ORB.

then the watermark was changed to an orb, and finally the colour of the stamp was changed to blue, the Postal Union colour for the foreign rate. The 4d. was changed from vermilion to sage green, and then to grey brown. In the 6d. the plate numbers were removed from the lower angles to the side angles of the hexagonal frame.

PERFORATED. COLOURED CORNER LETTERS.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2½d., lilac rose, wmk. anchor ...	10 6	0 4
2½d., blue, wmk. orb	5 0	0 2
3d., rose, wmk. spray	5 0	0 1
4d., vermilion, wmk. large garter ...	25 0	2 6
4d., sage green, wmk. large garter...	7 6	2 0
4d., grey green, wmk. large garter...	20 0	8 6
6d., chestnut, wmk. spray	——	——
6d., dark grey, wmk. spray... ...	4 6	0 3
1s., green, wmk. spray	10 0	0 9

CURRENT CANADIAN STAMPS.

I am indebted to Mr. Kenalm S. Ellison, a CAPTAIN reader, for the interesting information contained in the following official letter:

17, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

The following are the denominations and values of the postage stamps of Canada ON SALE at this office:—

The stamps hitherto received from Ottawa are of various issues.

No stamps of any other denomination are offered, and no charge is made above the face value of the stamps if personal application is made for them. If they are required to be forwarded through the post, *stamped addressed envelopes must be supplied for their transmission.* They will be sent at the purchaser's risk unless the registration fee of 2d. is also remitted.

In ordinary circumstances, no larger order than for 5s. of each denomination can be executed at any one time.

No used stamps are on sale.

Canadian Currency.		Sterling Equivalent.
		s. d.
50 cent.	Jubilee	2 1
50 ,,	Ordinary issue...	2 1
20 ,,	Old issues	0 10
20 ,,	New Green	0 10
15 ,,	,, ,, ...	0 7½
10 ,,	Maple Leaf and Numeral Varieties...	0 5
8 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 4
6 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 3
5 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 2½
3 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 1½
2 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 1
1 ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 0½
½ ,,	,, ,, ,, ...	0 0½
10 ,,	Special Delivery	0 5
2 ,,	Maps	0 1
2 ,,	Surcharged Maple Leaf	0 1
2 ,,	Surcharged Numeral	0 1
2 ,,	New Pink	0 1

Notable New Issues.

There is not much to chronicle this month in the way of New Issues, but there are plenty of indications of the flood of King's Heads that are on the way. Already we

have had several of our English stamps with the King's Head, and the full set will no doubt be ready for the Coronation. In the next number of THE CAPTAIN I hope to give an illustration of the complete set, as all have been announced but the 4d., 5d., and 10d. A German paper has seen early specimens of the new King's Heads for the Transvaal. They are described thus:—"In a large upright oval, occupying about half the area of the design, is a bust of King Edward, whilst above the oval is a small crown, and below it 'Transvaal' in small lettering. In each corner is an oval bearing the value, and at either side, in minute capitals, 'Postage' and 'Revenue.'" From this description it will be gathered that the design breaks away from the set type of the Cayman Islands, which is apparently to be the stock design for all Colonies that will accept it. Some changes are announced in the Cook Islands series. The ½d. blue, bird type, is to be changed to green, and the 1d. brown, Makea type, to red, the Postal Union colours. Nothing further has been heard of the overprinting of the Queen Makea stamps with a Crown. I have only seen the 1d. brown so far, and I question very much if we shall hear any more of such an unnecessarily ugly daubing of the face of the ex-Queen of the Cook Islands.

British Guiana.—The 6 cents is chronicled with name and value in ultramarine in place of brown.

British Levant.—Our current King's Head 2½d. stamp has been overprinted "40 paras" for the use of British post offices in the Levant.

Curacao.—I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. for the current 12½ c. of Holland, overprinted "12½ ct. Curaçao."

Gambia.—The 1d. has appeared with the King's Head. The type is the same as the Cayman Islands.

German Empire.—I am indebted to Messrs. Ernest Wood and Co. for specimens of the new German issue. The inscription at the foot of the stamp has been changed from "Reichpost," i.e., Imperial Post, to "Deutsches Post," i.e., German Empire. I understand the colours and values are the same as before.

Roumania.—The inscription of value in the 1 bani has been changed from "bani" to "ban," and Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me a copy of the 15 bani changed in colour from black to lilac.

Spain.—The 15 c. of the current set has been changed from black to mauve. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me a specimen of the new colour.

Uganda.—To provide the new values of ½ anna and 2½ annas, current British East African stamps of those denominations have been overprinted "Uganda."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. W. (WINDSOR).—Your Cape of Good Hope, surcharged with a capital G, is a Griqualand. Its value depends upon its type of G, and may be from 1s. 6d. to 40s. You will find all the different types set out in Gibbons' Catalogue, Part I.

H. S. (PRESTWICH).—Your stamp is a Danish local of no particular value.

W. E. S. (HADLEIGH).—I cannot say anything about the value of Brazilians without seeing them. You will find them priced in the catalogues. 225 is the rarest English 1d. plate number. The other plate numbers are not worth much used. A set of the whole lot, except 77 and 225, can be had for 10s. Some unused old red 1d. English are worth 7s. 6d., and a great deal more. The Salvador overprinted "Franqueo Official" is an official stamp. The Victorian frank is used in Government offices. It is very common.

G. B. (HEREFORD).—See note under "New Issues" about King's Head stamps. Do not believe reports of impending changes in ½d. You should certainly use stamp hinges. Stamp hinges, as now made, will always peel off without injuring the stamp. Stamp paper has to be soaked off. Nothing looks worse than daubs of stamp paper hinges.

George Jordan.—The best way to detect forgeries is to become intimately acquainted with genuine stamps. The forgery is as near an imitation as the forger can make it, and to set out the differences that mark the forgery of each stamp would take a couple of volumes of THE CAPTAIN, and it would be placing my life in jeopardy to ask the "Old Fag" for such an amount of space.

O. H. S.—Inverted watermarks are not worth paying a farthing extra for. The initials "C.A." on English Colonial stamps mean Crown Agents, and "C.C." means Crown Colony.

R. E. (PUTNEY).—There are no 3c. and 6c. values in Trans-Mississippi or Pan American stamps.

H. F. (BRADFORD).—I do not know the number of Niger Coast 1s. C.A. printed. The remarks you refer to apply to the issue watermarked C.A.

S. R. (WIGTON).—South Australian 1867-70, 6d blue; and 1875-93, 3d. sage green. "Specimen" might be worth about 6d. each.

The Emperor and the Waggons

By N. R. Martin.

I OWE everything in life, nay, more than once even my life itself, to my friendship with Joachim Murat. I little thought that when Joachim ran away from our seminary at Toulouse to join a Chasseur regiment that he would become the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever known, and die a king. As little did I think when I was expelled from the same seminary for drawing caricatures of the Principal that I should become Commissary-General Perigueux, and the wealthiest man in France. Yet the fates would have it so, and though Murat died by the hands of his own soldiers, and I, in spite of my wealth, am an exile from France, it is better to have served the great Emperor for twenty years than to have dragged out a monotonous existence in our native province of Languedoc.

When Murat was appointed General in Italy he sent for me. "Perigueux," he said, "you have the head for figures; I have not. If I appoint you Commissary-General to my army, I know, though you will rob, you will not rob your old seminary comrade. It must be share and share alike, as it was when we raided orchards in the old days."

And right well did I serve him. Other generals might complain with cause that their men were robbed of their provisions, but Murat's division were never on short rations. Why, I have known the cavalry division to cheer me as I rode into camp. Cheer a Commissary-General! Such a thing was never known in the Grand Army before. My nickname round the camp fires was "the Marshal of the Soup-kettles," and it did my heart good to hear the men shout it as I passed. Never did Murat regret my appointment. Every sou of profit I made out of the rations or the purchase of booty from the troops I shared with him. Even though he spent his share so prodigally that he never had a franc to spare, whilst I, through careful investment in land, grew richer every day, yet Murat never doubted my honesty and only said: "You have the head for figures, Perigueux; I have not."

It was Murat who secured me my appointment as Commissary-General for the great Austrian campaign of 1805. For the first time I came in direct contact with the great Emperor. Never before had a Commissary-General such opportunities—why, I remitted to France three million francs as my share of the profits of the campaign.

I received orders at the beginning of the campaign to provide provisions for six months. I consulted Murat, and he advised me that four months' provisions would be ample. "Before that time," he said, "we shall be victors, or there will be no one left for you to make your account to, Perigueux." So when the campaign began I started with a comfortable sum of money in hand and a corresponding deficiency in supplies. The delay at the fortress of Ulm rendered me nervous, for I feared that before the end of the campaign my deficiency would be discovered. However, Murat laughed at my fears and I began to be reassured as we made our rapid march on Vienna. But then we delayed at Vienna, and though I spent money out of my own pocket on supplies and took by force all the stores I could lay hands on, yet when the movement which ended at Austerlitz began I was still nervous—any enquiry would show that the supplies were deficient, and the Emperor was a stern man. I shall never forget my first interview with the great Emperor. Murat, Davoust, and Massena were enjoying some fine Hockseimer in my tent on the evening of the last day in November, when the corporal on guard entered, and, saluting, said, "General Duroc with a message from the Emperor." I rose hastily as Duroc entered. He saluted the generals and then said to me, "Perigueux" (no title you observe; Duroc was always uncivil to me), "you are to go at once with your report of the stores to the Emperor." I bowed and was about to leave when Murat drew me to one side.

"Are you short of supplies?" he whispered.

"Frightfully," I answered.

"Then don't tell the Emperor, Perigueux; he might hang you."

I followed Duroc to the Emperor's quarters, and was ushered into the presence of the great man. The Emperor was writing at a table and for a time ignored me. Little did I think as I saw him scribbling his sprawling writing over sheets of paper that he was composing his ever-famous address to the army before Austerlitz. At last he had finished and looked up at me.

"Commissary General Perigueux!" he said.

I saluted.

"And how do the supplies stand, Perigueux?" he continued pleasantly.

"Fourteen days complete rations for all the troops, sire," I answered confidently.

"Good, in case of victory," said the Emperor. "but sadly inadequate in case of defeat."

A sudden inspiration came to me. "Sire," I said, "I have never been used to contemplate the possibility of defeat."

"Ah, Perigueux, if a Commissary-General talks like this, how will my brave soldiers talk?"

If the great Emperor had a fault it was that he was scarcely just to the non-combatant section of his army.

"Fourteen days," said the Emperor, meditatively, "then you will have some four or five hundred waggons." He turned on me with an angry flash. "Perigueux," he said, "I know Commissary-Generals. When the army marches to-morrow all your provision waggons must pass my quarters in the morning. Report to me when you are ready to march them past."

He waved his hand to show that the audience was at an end.

I went back to my tent disconsolate. The others had gone, but Murat had waited for me.

"Well?" he said, as I entered.

"I have told the Emperor that we have fourteen days complete rations for the army."

THE EMPEROR BEGAN TO COUNT THE WAGGONS AS THEY PASSED.

"What have you?" said Murat calmly.

"Barely four days, and I have to march the waggons past him to-morrow"

"It is a bad business," said Murat, "but I think I can see a way out of it. How many waggons of booty have you?"

"About a hundred," I answered.

"Have them well covered with canvas and march them past."

"I thought of that," I said, "but even then I am two hundred waggons short."

Murat laughed and said, "Leave it to me, Perigueux. March your waggons past the Emperor's quarters in the morning. Rely on me; I shan't desert an old friend."

In spite of Murat's promise I passed a sleepless night.

Early in the morning I waited on the Emperor.

"Ah, Perigueux, you are here early. Tell one of the guard to place a seat for me outside, and then let your waggons defile past."

The seat was placed by the roadside and the march past commenced. To my horror, the Emperor began to count the waggons as they rumbled by.

"Some of your waggons are badly packed Perigueux," he said, pointing to one from which the tarpaulin bulged in an unseemly way. I knew that waggon only too well—it was loaded with pictures looted from Austrian castles.

"I will reprimand the waggoners, sire."

"Do so," said the Emperor sharply.

The march past continued till 180 waggons had passed before the Emperor. "There are only about twenty more," I thought, "and then I shall be detected. Had I not better confess to an error of calculation and throw myself on the Emperor's mercy?" Only the thought of my old friend's promise restrained me. At last the two hundredth waggon passed by, and still the procession continued. "Two hundred—two hundred and ten—Murat must have raided the district for miles round—two hundred and twenty—it is a miracle."

Still the waggons defiled past. I thought I was mad or dreaming till the three hundredth waggon passed, and then all at once I comprehended Murat's scheme. Only my dread of the Emperor prevented me from roaring with laughter. At last the four hundredth and last waggon passed and the Emperor rose from his seat.

"Perigueux," he said, "you are some waggons short, but you are a prince of Commissary-Generals. After I have won my next battle I will either decorate you or hang you. It depends how the supplies last."

I went back to Murat in delight.

"Joachim, you rogue," I said, "you have saved me for the present."

Murat laughed loud and answered, "It was good, was it not, to turn the waggons down the side road, march them round the wood, and bring them past the Emperor a second time? Trust an old soldier for stratagems, Perigueux."

"It is good for the time," I said, "but he has promised to hang me if the supplies run short."

"Bah! we fight to-morrow or next day. We shall capture the enemy's supplies."

"But if we are defeated?" I said.

"The Grand Army never is defeated, Perigueux, but if such a miracle should happen it will be your misfortune to report that two hundred waggons have been captured by the enemy."

That night the Emperor's proclamation was read to the soldiers by their camp fires. As I walked through the camp I forgot about the waggons and the deficient rations. The anticipation of victory intoxicated everyone. If I had but one night in my life to live again I would choose the night before Austerlitz. Years afterwards I saw Murat in the midst of his Italian Court. "Fine, is it not?" he said, pointing to the pomp around him, "but I would give all of it to be back in the old army again talking of the victory we had just won, or were just about to win."

Never have I seen sunrise greeted with so much joy as on Austerlitz day. Most of my teamsters left their waggons and joined the fighting ranks. What a sight it was when the Emperor rode through the army before the battle! The old soldiers of Italy and Egypt roared their delight when the "little corporal" passed. Yet Davoust told me that the only thing the Emperor said during that triumphal progress, which Cæsar might have envied, was "that the horses of the First Chasseur Regiment were badly matched." What a man!

Of the battle I need say nothing—it is written in history—but at the end of the afternoon when I saw Murat leading his brigade for the final charge he nodded pleasantly to me, and I knew that all was going well. I went to the cavalry camp and waited. It was nearly midnight when Murat returned.

"Ah! friend Perigueux," he said, "my rogues have captured waggons enough to content you. Be off and get them brought into camp."

Without another word he threw himself on his camp-bed, and ere I left the tent was snoring loudly.

I gathered together my teamsters, and all that night and the next day we were bringing captured stores into camp. I worked for thirty-six hours without resting, but when I fell asleep it was with the comfortable consciousness that the army had a month's provisions in hand. The Emperor was so busy dictating terms of peace to the vanquished Austrians and Russians that he forgot my existence for a week. At last one morning that rascal of a Duroc summoned me. "Perigueux, you are to wait on the Emperor instantly."

I mounted my horse and rode by the rascal a

THE EMPEROR PINNED THE CROSS TO MY UNIFORM.

side. I knew by the way he licked his thin lips that he expected I should get into trouble. Duroc always hated me, and to do me justice I always hated Duroc. When I reached the Emperor's quarters I met Massena at the door.

"The Emperor is just coming out to inspect my brigade," he said. "By the bye," he added, with a wink, "I hear a queer story about you, Perigueux."

We stood on one side and the Emperor came out.

"Ah," he said at once, for nothing escaped his keen eyes, "here is our worthy Commissary-General. How many days rations have you for the army now, Perigueux?"

"Twenty-one, sire," I answered promptly.

"Your supplies are like the widow's cruse. Ten days since you had a fortnight's supplies—now you have three weeks'."

"Some of the supplies were captured from the enemy, sire," I said, modestly.

"Perigueux," said the Emperor, "I promised to hang you or decorate you. I think on the whole I had better do the latter. Lend me your cross, Duroc."

Duroc, a little grudgingly, complied. The Emperor pinned the Cross to my uniform. I saluted and was about to bow myself away when the Emperor took me by the ear.

"You will give a contribution of a million francs to the Invalides," he said, humorously; "don't imagine that you have deceived me, sir."

There was a roar of laughter as I rode away. I heard afterwards that the rogue Duroc had ferreted out the truth about our little contrivance, and had apprised the Emperor. Fortunately the Emperor was in a good humour and laughed so much at the idea of his counting the waggons twice over, that in the end he said, "I cannot possibly hang the rogue after this, so he shall have his decoration, but I will make the scamp pay handsomely for it."

But never again did I dare to impose upon the Emperor. Often when I told him the state of supplies he would say, "You have not counted the waggons twice, Perigueux!"

I knew better. The great Emperor was not a man to deceive twice.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, and subsequently reports Jones's conduct to the Head.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PENALTY.

"'EARD the latest?" said Mr. Atkins.

It was the 'twixt-breakfast-and-school period. Atkins had one half of the morning paper, and Huntingdon had the other half. Atkins was leaning over the fire; Huntingdon was lolling back in an arm-chair, displaying a long reach of shin-bone clothed in gaudy sock. Mr. Huntingdon was smoking a pipe, although he did not enjoy any form of tobacco stronger than a mild cigarette. He imagined, however, that it behoved him as a man, and, moreover, as a Cambridge man, to suck loudly at a huge briar, and keep a pound tin of some strongish mixture near at hand.

As, however, Mr. Huntingdon was not a real smoker, and as Mr. Samuels and Mr. Atkins both preferred cigarettes to pipes (Green es-

chewed the weed entirely), that 1 lb. tin would have taken a long time to diminish had not J. O.—at Huntingdon's instigation—helped himself liberally to the mixture, which he found palatable and quite to his liking. Had not J. O. been there to assist, it is probable that Mr. Huntingdon would have felt himself compelled to *burn* a little of the tin's contents occasionally, by way of making them go.

"Well," said Huntingdon, shortly, "what is the latest?"

"Jones has got the sack."

Green, who was standing by the window, turned towards the speaker with a look of genuine concern on his face.

"What's he been doing?" asked Huntingdon, seizing upon the opportunity to let his pipe go out.

"Been 'ammering Bradwell."

Huntingdon shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and turned to his paper again.

"I'm sorry; 'e's a nice feller," added Atkins.

But he did not look sorry. Both Huntingdon and himself were jealous of the good order Jones invariably kept in his own class-room, in the Long Room, in Hall, and in the dormitories.

Although J. O.—owing to his stern methods—was loathed by his own form, the rest of the school was inclined to tolerate him, and to show him, perhaps, a little respect. Not that he was popular. Adderman's had got into such a rotten state that it was the master who was most lenient—i.e., Mr. Samuels—who was regarded as being the "best sort" in the Common Room. Both Atkins and Huntingdon set an enormous number of impositions, and frequently handed

long lists of offenders' names to the headmaster Jones was compelled, owing to the lack of discipline that had hitherto obtained, to be exceedingly strict, and keep a good many fellows in, but his detention roll was light compared with that of Atkins and Huntingdon.

Jones had strengthened his position in another way. Walking out into the upper field one day, during the "quarter" break in the morning's work, he discovered a crowd of follows, as the term went, "hacking the football." The majority of them were content to feed the members of the Fifteen and watch their mighty kicks. It was a good kick from the railings bordering the playground down to the chestnut tree near the fence which divided the upper field from the lower.

Baron, the school full-back, could drop his ball near the tree five times out of six, and so could Dick Oliphant, the county player. Both were fine kicks. So when Jones appeared, Baron first showed the new master what he could do in the drop-kicking way, and then, with a "Ball, sir?" swung the leather over to Jones with little ceremony. Jones took the ball without agitation, and dropped it neatly *over* the chestnut tree into the field beyond.

He accomplished this amiable little feat just as the bell rang out its harsh warning that the all-too-brief break was over.

Baron looked at Oliphant, and said, "Fluke, wasn't it?" and Oliphant replied that it was good enough for him.

Thereafter Jones joined regularly in the hack-about, and Miss Lucy, viewing the scene from her bedroom window, heard the frequent "Ball, sir?" then a full, fair, and deep *p-r-r-omp*, as J. O.'s right toes met the taut football and sent it sailing like a bird into the lower field or hard about there.

"He's a mighty fine drop-kick," said Oliphant to Baron, one day, "I don't know whether he's any good besides. He looks as if he'd be useful in the pack."

"We don't want any masters," growled Baron, "they're a nuisance," and Bradwell, standing by, chimed in with a similar expression.

So the good-natured, easy-going captain said no more about asking Jones to play, and Jones was not the man to suggest it himself. Besides, it seemed a pity to alter the XV., as Adderman's this season had gone from victory to victory, beating other schools and towns and regiments in the various rounds of the Ardenshire Cup struggle. Singularly enough, Ardenwood itself had been equally successful, and it seemed highly probable that the town and the school, if the luck of each held, might yet have to meet in one of the concluding rounds

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But Mr. Atkins is still full of the news confided to him that morning by the second master.

"The gov'nor," he said, "was inclined to send 'im off at once, but Samuels prevailed on 'im to let Jones stop till the end of term. Jolly good chap, Samuels."

Huntingdon made no rejoinder. He had his own opinion about Mr. Samuels.

"Well, I for one shall be sorry to see Jones's back," said Atkins, determined to keep the subject going, "what do you say, Green?" he added, turning to the junior master with friendly condescension.

"I think," said Green, quietly, "that if Jones goes, Adderman's will lose the best master it ever had—and the finest fellow."

Huntingdon cast a look of undisguised contempt on the youthful speaker, and Atkins demurred to this opinion in his own choice way.

"Oh, come! that's laying it on a bit thick. Jones is all right, we know, but it's a large order to say that he's the best master the school ever 'ad. Why, he's only been 'ere a month, and he's managed to upset the guv'nor twice already."

"You must remember, Green," put in Huntingdon, icily, "that discipline consists of something more than knocking fellows about."

"Jones," said Green, who seemed, for the moment, to have come out of his usual state of quiet submission, "does not knock the fellows about."

"Then why has Adderman sacked him?" retorted Huntingdon.

At that moment Jones, who was on duty, came in from the playground like a big breath of fresh air.

"Sacked whom?" he demanded, as he took his pipe out of the rack. "I'll borrow a bit of your mixture, Huntingdon, if you don't mind," he added.

"Go ahead," said Huntingdon, with alacrity, and J. O. helped himself.

"Well," he repeated, "*who's* got the sack?"

"Why," said Huntingdon, not looking very comfortable, "Atkins there says that—er—well, not to make any bones about it, that *you* have."

"Indeed," returned Jones, placidly, "this is the first I've heard about it."

"Oh, then, it must be a mistake," put in Atkins, hastily, "it was only *'inted* to me——"

"*By whom?*" demanded Jones, wheeling round and gazing at the music-master with steady, truth-demanding eyes.

"Well, if you will 'ave it," said Atkins, uneasily, "it was Samuels."

"Thanks," said Jones.

"'Ope it's all wrong," added Atkins.

"Thanks," said Jones again.

Then J. O. walked to the window and stood

by Green's side gazing out upon the field, where one or two of the XV. were practising place-kicks.

A few minutes later Johnson shuffled into the Common Room.

"Mr. Adderman would like to see Mr. Jones," he announced, and shuffled out again.

Atkins and Huntingdon exchanged glances. Jones put down his pipe and walked out. Not a word was spoken during his absence. Five minutes later he returned, and took up his pipe again.

"Well?" ventured Atkins, whose cockney curiosity could not wait.

"Well," returned Jones, walking to the fireplace, "as you seem to be determined to know what really only concerns myself, Atkins, I may as well inform you that Mr. Adderman has told me that he will not require my services after the end of this term."

"Then Samuels was right?"

"Samuels," said Jones, without a trace of anger in his voice, "was quite right, though I do not think it would have occurred to a gentleman to make public something that had evidently been told to him in confidence."

Then Jones knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, as the bell was ringing for school, collected his books and papers, and went off to his class-room.

CHAPTER XII

THE MAN WHO HAD TO GO.

THE news that Jones had "got the sack" was soon all over the school, thanks to Master Tom Adderman, who had also received information on the point from Mr. Samuels, and proceeded to spread the intelligence with vindictive glee.

Adderman's heard of it with mixed feelings. The Third Form, for instance, held a self-congratulatory meeting, and gave three groans for the Tyrant, the better-disposed fellows being coerced into groaning by those who detested J. O. and his iron rule. Several of the Sixth received the announcement with genuine regret, openly stating it as their opinion that Jones was the only thing in the shape of a real master Adderman's had had for many a long day.

Oliphant, the captain, said, in his easy-going way, that it was hard lines on such a decent chap; on the other hand, Baron, who was unreasonably jealous of Jones's superb drop kicking, inwardly rejoiced that his rival (for as such he had come to regard the new master) would be shortly departing. Bradwell celebrated the occasion by giving a card-party in the box-room to his special cronies, and drinking "death to Jones" in a peculiarly bad brand of whisky.

It was characteristic of Harper that, when he heard the news, he said nothing. But he turned the matter over in his mind a good deal.

Meeting Jones in Ardenwood one afternoon (for it was one of the parlour-boarder's privileges to go into the town as often as he pleased) he raised his hat politely and stopped.

"I wish to tell you, sir," he said, "how sorry I am to hear that you will be leaving us at the end of this term."

"Thank you, Harper," said Jones, "I'm sorry myself."

"Is it irrevocable?" demanded Harper, calmly.

"I fear so," said Jones.

They walked on together, and presently headed back to the school.

"There is no doubt" continued Harper, "that Adderman's is in a shocking state. When my guardian suggested to me that I should go to school for a year or two, I replied that I should be quite willing to fall in with his wishes, if he could find a place where I should not be driven with too tight a rein. You see, I've been used to a free life, and I didn't relish the idea of having to keep within certain bounds, and spend my leisure hours in a class-room with a lot of chattering boys. So my guardian applied to Paine, the scholastic agent, and Paine recommended Adderman's. I do not regret coming here The place is full of interest to a student of human nature."

"I agree with you," said Jones.

"Adderman——" continued the new boy

"Mr. Adderman——" suggested the new master.

"Mr. Adderman," said Harper, "is not a bad sort of man at heart. I have had some pleasant talks with him on commercial matters. Miss Lucy is always charming, and I extract considerable entertainment from other people connected with the establishment. Miss Peters, for example, though she does not know it, amuses me immensely with her grim looks and rasping speeches. Johnson, the manservant, is an interesting, though decayed, specimen of his class; Mr. Atkins is redolent of Camberwell and Peckham——"

"I must remind you that Mr. Atkins is a colleague of mine," said Jones.

"I beg your pardon. I meant no offence. I simply wished to point out to you, sir, that Adderman's, on account of the various personalities that find shelter under its spacious roof, does not bore me."

"Well, Harper," said Jones, as they turned into the drive, "I think you might become an influence for good in the school, if you exert yourself a little. One of the vices of the place is this card-playing which goes on amongst

the older boys. The fellows mortgage their pocket-money for weeks ahead over some stupid game. See what you can do——"

"I will try, sir," said Harper, "but I don't know that I can be of much use. The fellows don't like me."

"They'll like you soon enough if you choose that they shall," said Jones, with conviction; and then the two parted, Jones making his way to the Common Room, to write to Essie, and Harper steering for the drawing-room, where he had an idea that Miss Lucy would be shortly presiding over the tea-table.

As he entered the drawing-room, Lucy Adderman, who was sitting near the fire with a book on her knees, put up a warning finger. Harper then perceived that the headmaster was lying on the sofa, asleep.

Harper approached noiselessly, and seated himself by Lucy.

"I am glad you have come," she whispered, laying her hand on his arm, "I was getting nervous. Papa has been talking so queerly in his sleep."

"Perhaps, then," said Harper, in an equally low tone, and in a serious way that contrasted very strikingly with his usual airy manner, "I had better not stop here. I may overhear things not intended for my ears."

"No, no," she whispered, hurriedly, "do not go. I can trust you."

It was evident to Harper that Lucy was much disturbed. Glancing at her father, he was struck by the change in Mr. Adderman's appearance. The headmaster was dozing feverishly; at times his lips moved slightly—his face was haggard, and there were deep lines under his eyes.

Harper sat quite still, and he saw that the girl was comforted by his presence. There was growing up between these two a brotherly and sisterly bond which both found very pleasant. Harper was the sort of brother Lucy would have liked to have, so very different was he to that graceless cub, Tom Adderman. On his side, Harper discovered in Lucy the qualities he would have preferred in a sister, had he been blessed with one. But he was alone—an orphan—without, indeed, a relative in the world now that his uncle was dead. Adderman's was the only home he knew, beyond his solicitor-guardian's rather formal London residence, and he was concerned to find the school in such a state of misrule—and to find Mr. Adderman himself in such an unsatisfactory condition, mentally and physically.

Lucy was only a few years older than himself. You might almost have said that they were boy and girl comrades. Besides, they had a mutual love for music, always a strong tie and a sweet linking of natures—for is not beautiful music written in moments of heaven-sent inspiration? Yes, this is so, though the makers of it may be godless men, unthinking of the source whence proceed the melodies that flow from their brains to the ruled paper before them!

As Harper and Lucy sat there, the wintry sunshine cast its pallid rays on the sleeper's face, showing up the furrows and crow's-feet left by a life of worry and disquiet. The gentle tick of the clock on the mantelpiece seemed unnecessarily noisy as it fell upon the stillness of the room; this, save for the occasional fall of a cinder on to the fender, was the only sound that disturbed the silence.

Presently the sleeper again spoke, and again Lucy laid her hand on Harper's sleeve.

"No . . . Samuels . . . I won't do that . . . I won't send him away at once . . I am sorry . . . he has disobeyed my orders . .

The headmaster heaved a deep sigh, and, for a few moments, his breathing was very thick and irregular.

"Ought we to stay here?" whispered Harper.

"I do not like to leave him, nor do I like to wake him," replied Lucy, "and I do not want you to go. I can trust you."

Harper took the girl's hand in his, and pressed it gently. His face was very grave and tender.

"It's a pity, Samuels . . . he's a good man . . . I should like to keep him . . . but . . . it won't do . . . the parents . . . the end of the term will do . . . .

Suddenly the headmaster sat up and gazed before him with open, but unseeing, eyes.

"I tell you . . . I won't send him away at once . . . you have an unreasonable dislike . . . you . . .

He fell back again and closed his eyes. The wintry sun, shining across the sofa, showed him to be sleeping peacefully. The two by the fire remained motionless, Lucy gazing despondently into the dying fire, Harper, knowing that his presence comforted her, staying by her side. Gradually the February afternoon drew in, and the sun-rays by degrees fell away from the slumberer's face.

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Meanwhile, J. O., according, once more, to faithful promise, was penning Essie a strict account of his fortunes. "Well, old girl," he wrote, "the bolt has fallen. I am to go! I had occasion, the other night, to spank a fellow named Bradwell for cheek, and that upset Adderman, who said that my 'brutal methods' would be the ruin of the place. So I go at Easter. However, I mean to earn my thirty-three, six, eight. I've got some time still, and it won't be my fault if I don't leave Adderman a bit better than I found it. I'm going to make myself pretty obnoxious during the next two months, and there are a dozen of the worst characters here who will have reason to remember me

after I have gone. I'm pretty sure I shall lick the Third into shape before I've done with them; they're not bad fellows really. They let off steam by holding meetings about me, but that doesn't do me any harm. Funny, isn't it? The worst young rogues of the gang are the ones I find most interesting. The other day, Jordan, the ringleader of the form in every sort of mischief, received news that his sister was very ill. I noticed he was out up, and didn't like the other fellows to see it, so I sent him down to the station to get our magazine—you know!—and when I was giving him the money for it, I told him he needn't hurry, and he tumbled to what I meant.

MISS LUCY KISSED YOUNG JORDAN.

"That night he was summoned home by telegram. I was correcting exercises alone in the Common Room when the poor kid came in and showed me the message, and broke down badly. She is his only sister. I locked the door, and let him have it out. When he'd done, he mopped up his face like a little man and came and told me how awfully sorry he was for 'ragging' me. I said I'd forgotten all about that. Then we had a little yarn, and he went off to bed feeling a bit better. Next morning he turned up at breakfast in his best clothes. Poor chap! The sight of him doing his best to keep a brave face on was enough to soften the flint-like heart of the weird Miss Peters—who, by the way, has been extra polite to me lately, for some reason or other. Her smile rather upsets me, though. Well, after breakfast I went to Miss P. and told her I would see the young 'un off. He was in there, getting his fare home from her. Miss Lucy was there, too. I was never so surprised in my life, Essie, as by the tone in which Miss P. replied to me. She was another woman—in fact, for once, she *was* a woman. When Miss Lucy kissed young Jordan, and said that she hoped he would find his sister better when he got home, Miss P. looked quite upset. I don't suppose she has ever shown so much feeling before, all the time she's been at Adderman's. Perhaps she has taken a fancy to Jordan, who is a good-looking, smart, well-set-up little chap, though a terror in the mischief way. I suppose—speaking of Miss P.—there's some heart in her after all. There's often a bit of a tragedy in the lives of those stern-faced, hard women—who can say what has been Miss Peters' history?—she's about fifty now, but she was a girl once, and, I dare say, a handsome one. Well, I bundled Jordan down to the station, and explained the engine to him and bought him some papers, and he went off pretty cheery. The sequel is—I know you like me to yarn on about the fellows here, so that's why I'm telling you all this—Jordan's sister hung between life and death for several days after he got home. Then one day she opened her eyes and saw him, and, lo and behold! she mended from that minute. Glad to see him, I s'pose. I've had a letter from his mother, giving me the news. A jolly letter too, with all sorts of nice things in it. The little one's out of danger, but Jordan is staying at home a bit longer, as his sister likes him to be near her. I am expecting a different kind of letter from Bradwell's mater, asking me why I've presumed to spank 'her Willie'! If his people have a real appreciation

of Bradwell's character, they ought to feel very much obliged to me!

"Well, old girl, I must close up now. I'm going into the drawing-room to-night, as Miss Lucy has asked me to; so I must get ahead with my exercises. My regards to all the animiles To you, love, etc., from 'J. O.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OPINIONS OF JOHNSON.

BUT such is the contrariety of feminine human nature, that when J. O. put on a clean shirt and a black coat and marched boldly into the drawing-room after supper, he enjoyed very little of Miss Lucy's company or conversation. Indeed, she vouchsafed him less of both commodities than she bestowed on Mr. Huntingdon and Mr. Atkins, and J. O., considering the special invitation she had given him, felt, in a mild way, damped. For J. O., though by no means a susceptible man, had discovered that Miss Lucy was occupying his thoughts more than, perhaps, she ought to have been doing, for he told himself that a man had no right to fall in love on an income of £100 per annum—of which, by the way, he was only certain, at present, of one-third, less agent's commission. You will observe that J. O. had practical views, and was not the sort of man to go through life moping and miserable because some girl had declined to share with him the sweets and bitters of mundane existence.

In short, J. O. had not fallen head over ears in love with Lucy Adderman, though it cannot be denied that, had he and she been thrown together much during a country-house visit—that choice play-time of Cupid's—there is no knowing what might not have happened to Mr. Jones's heart. As it was, he had the Third Form to tame and other wholesome duties to perform, and so, although he felt damped by Miss Lucy's conduct, he did not come downstairs the next morning with the marks of a sleepless night on his face. On the other hand, he looked remarkably fit as he made his way to his seat in Hall, and bowed to Miss Lucy as she smiled at him from behind the coffee-urn.

It may be that Miss Lucy felt a little disappointed on failing to observe any signs of depression in Mr. Jones's countenance—but we cannot speak with authority, for when a young lady of nineteen cannot diagnose her own feelings, it is not likely that anyone with less hardihood than a palmist or fortune-teller will be likely to make the attempt.

Mr. Samuels, however, went to his couch in a state of elation, and came into breakfast beaming over with smiles for everybody. He had found Miss Lucy, overnight, everything that was charming and womanly; she had played his accompaniments with sympathy and feeling, and afterwards she had chatted with him in a girlishly confiding way that had filled the heart of the second master with hopes as high as the heavens above him. Harper, too, he had been pleased to note, had been particularly polite to him, and had for once departed from his usual habit of occupying the piano stool for an unconscionably long period just when he (Samuels) or Huntingdon wished to play the fiddle or sing a tenor song, as the case might be.

This sign of grace in Harper caused a softening in Mr. Samuels' manner towards the parlour boarder. He talked to him in a friendly way about his studies, and came to the conclusion, before breakfast was over, that he might, with tact, make Harper into a useful ally. Harper, he knew, saw a good deal of Miss Lucy; it might be as well, then, to keep in with the lad on this account if for no other.

True, Mr. Samuels observed once or twice during the meal a curious smile lurking about the corners of Harper's mouth; this made him uncomfortable for the moment, but he reassured himself with the reflection that Harper was a queer fellow, and that this odd, sudden smile of his was probably only a mannerism.

Persons other than Mr. Samuels soon became aware that Harper was apparently turning over a new leaf. Mr. Huntingdon, for example. The fits of merriment which used to seize the boys sitting in Harper's neighbourhood in school became less frequent. Mr. Huntingdon attributed this change in Harper's conduct to the influence which he was gradually exercising over the new boy. It was a matter of personality. This was the difference that lay between Jones's rough methods and the methods of a man who was a disciplinarian by instinct, Mr. Huntingdon told himself. He was subduing Harper by sheer force of will. In time he would become the most respected master in the school—his weapons being firmness, gentlemanliness, and some hidden power which he could give no distinct name to, but which existed, and which was capable of subduing, in time, the most turbulent of boys. He owed not a little, further decided Mr. Huntingdon, to the fact that he was a Cambridge man. The boys appreciated a Cambridge man, one who bore the University hall-mark; they liked to be controlled, in fact, by a gentleman. This fellow Jones had merely been to a rough public school. He had not been polished and trimmed and refined by a University education. He was a cub out of a poor parson's brood—an uncouth fellow with big muscles and few brains, who should rightly be

tilling the soil on a Canadian farm or rounding up cattle on a New Zealand run.

When Mr. Huntingdon, on his way down the corridor, noticed the beautiful order kept by the Third, as compared with the din and hubbub in the other class-rooms, he felt sorry for the Third—held thus in check by sheer terror of Jones's bull-like strength! Poor Third! How they must have envied the happier state of the Fourth, whose master was a Cambridge man, and therefore a scholar and a gentleman! Poor little Third.

Notwithstanding Mr. Huntingdon's self-satisfaction, he had to shout several times for silence, when he reached his own room, before he obtained any semblance of it. When Jones entered the Third room he never shouted for silence. When their form-master appeared, each boy in the Third bent over his work and shut off talking-steam. It was an immediate, involuntary recognition of his authority. And yet Jones's days at Adderman's were numbered!

One afternoon Harper was the only occupant of the drawing-room when the butler brought in the tea-tray. He put it down on a small table near the fire. Harper was reading a book.

"Thank you, Johnson," he said, without raising his head.

The man-servant fussed about for a quite unnecessary length of time, arranging the cups and afterwards mending the fire. At length he stood erect and gave a short cough.

"Well," said Harper, fixing his dark eyes on the butler's face and reading there a desire for conversation, "what is it, Johnson?"

"I should like a word with you, Mr. Harper, sir."

"Fire away," said Harper, pouring himself out some tea.

Johnson bent his head.

"*What's wrong with the master, sir?*" he asked, in a curiously suppressed and mysterious voice.

"Consumption or heart disease, I should say," quietly replied the new boy.

"*Is that all, sir?*" demanded Johnson, with a catch in his voice.

"All? Well, isn't that enough?" returned Harper, taking a bite out of a piece of cake.

"I mean, sir," said the butler, nervously rubbing his hands together, "them are ordinary diseases. You can deal with 'em."

"Are you suggesting, then," said Harper, "that Mr. Adderman has some complaint which cannot be dealt with?"

'*Ow about a mind diseased?*" queried the butler, in an awestruck tone. Then he stepped back a pace and gazed fixedly at the parlour-boarder.

"Asylum," said Harper, promptly.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the butler, "if I say you must be a very cold-blooded young gentleman to talk in that orf-'and voice about a poor gentleman as is not as sound on top as he once was."

"Do you mean that Mr. Adderman is going out of his mind?" demanded Harper.

"That's what I mean, and I'm not the only one of that opinion," replied the butler.

Harper carved himself another piece of cake and began to consume it. The butler shuffled slowly round the table, picked a magazine off the floor, shuffled a little further off, and then returned to the tray.

"And that's not all, sir——" he began.

"What! Somebody else going mad?" interrupted Harper.

Johnson put his hand over his mouth to conceal a smile.

"There's Mr. Jones, sir——"

"Mr. Jones is quite healthy," Harper assured the butler, "both in mind and body. He's a picture of health."

"I mean, sir," explained the butler, "there's Mr. Jones is leaving. Now we all say in the kitchen that Mr. Jones is the one 'ope of Hadderman's——"

Harper helped himself to sugar.

"What else do you say in the kitchen?" he asked carelessly.

"Why, sir," cried Johnson, letting himself go in a sudden burst, "that he's a gentleman what doesn't treat honest folk like dirt, as some I knows of does, and always has a 'Good-morning!' and a 'Good-night!' for you, and a 'Yes, please' and a 'No, thank you!' We servants notice them things, Mr. Harper, and what we all think is that 'e's the one 'ope of Hadderman's——"

"You said that before, butler," remarked Harper, stirring his tea.

"Yes, and I'll say it again!" cried Johnson, "and a thousand times if need be. Cook and me and the maids 'ave gone over it all 'eaps of times, and the conclusion we've come to every time is that Mr. Jones is the one——"

"Oblige me," said Harper, rising from his chair and walking to the fire, "by not making use of that phrase again. It sounds like a kind of fish. Now, Johnson," he went on, more seriously, "listen! You and cook and the others are not the only people in the school who are noticing things. Mr. Adderman is not well—we can all see that—but he has not got consumption or heart disease, nor is he going mad. I have seen similar cases in the course of my travels, and I can tell you what is the matter with him. He is suffering from nervous prostration——"

"It seems worse than that, sir," put in Johnson.

"That, however, is what it is," continued Harper; "when people are suffering very severely from their nerves, they appear to have all sorts of things which they have not got. Mr. Adderman is overworked and worried; he ought to take a long holiday—a year's holiday. However, we shall see what the future brings forth. Meanwhile," he concluded, approaching the butler and fixing his piercing eyes full upon the shrinking servant's face, "hold your tongue! You'll do the school infinite harm if you go about tattling. And don't encourage the others to tattle. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir," said Johnson.

"Then here's a sovereign for you," said Harper, placing that coin in the butler's palm.

And Johnson retired, gasping.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH BRADWELL IS TAKEN DOWN TWO PEGS

AFTER that talk with Jones, Harper used his eyes and his ears very freely in the course of his goings to and fro about the school premises. Thus he discovered that Bradwell was the head and front of the card-playing epidemic. For Bradwell did not stand high in his parents' esteem, and was kept rather short of pocket-money by them in consequence. The result was that he looked elsewhere for funds.

Most of the boys at Adderman's being of the well-to-do class, among the bigger of them Bradwell found several quite willing to risk their cash, which, in some cases, was by no means inconsiderable. His friend Bull was always ready to play—and Bradwell "plucked" him as readily as he plucked other pigeons. Bradwell, Bull, and Co. generally played in an underground apartment called the box-room, a room which held the "play-boxes," these being the receptacles of such varied articles as cakes, jars of pickles, tins of sardines, pots of bloater paste, skates, birds'-eggs, and pets of the nature of stag-beetles (which were fed upon sugar), white mice, grass snakes, and sometimes even toads, which were nourished on crumbs and flies.

In that dim, underground room the gamblers shuffled and dealt in safety. From where they sat they had a view of the short flight of stone steps which led down to the box-room, and so were always able to slip away the cards on the approach of a master.

The most easily-plucked of the pigeons was a boy with the imposing name of George Beauchamp Fairbrother; but at Adderman's they called him "Molly," for short. He was a slim, weak-knee'd boy, with fair hair, a peach-like complexion, and a retreating chin. Unfortunately, his mother, a widow lady who was very well off, indulged his every whim, and gave him a far larger allowance than was good for him. Bradwell soon got Molly into his clutches, and deliberately swindled him every time they played cards together.

One afternoon, some ten days after Harper's conversation with J. O., Bradwell and his friends were quietly playing nap in the box-room, when Bradwell, observing the approach of a person whom he suspected of being in league with the authorities, hastily swept all the cards off the big box which they used for a table, together with what money happened to be lying about at the time, and got up. The other two, scenting danger, followed his example as far as getting up was concerned; as regards the loose change, they were somewhat behind their leader. A moment later Harper strolled in.

"My good fellows," he said, "pray proceed with your game of cards. I would not interrupt you for worlds."

"We weren't playing cards," growled Bradwell.

"Now that is a story," returned Harper playfully, "because I saw you."

"You didn't," replied Bradwell.

"My friend," said Harper, steadily regarding the ringleader of the party, "you are strangely lacking in manners. I must repeat that I *saw* you three playing cards as I came down the steps."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Bradwell.

"Sir," said Harper, quietly, "I allow no man to use an expression of that sort to *me*. I must ask you to withdraw your words."

"I'll see you hanged first," said Bradwell.

"Then," said Harper, "I must force you to. But as I do not wish to mark you—or, if it comes to that, to be marked myself—I propose that we use boxing-gloves. Has anyone a pair?"

Fairbrother's indulgent mother had provided him with everything a school-boy could possibly want, as well as with a good many things he could well dispense with. Amongst the former were some boxing-gloves, which Molly very willingly lent to the other boys, but took excellent care not to make use of himself.

"I've got some," he admitted, in reply to Harper's question.

"Then we shall be obliged by the loan of them," said Harper.

At this Molly hastened to his box and procured the gloves.

"Sir, I thank you!" said Harper, in his politest way, as Molly handed him the gloves. Then he turned to his opponent.

"Are you ready, Mr. Bradwell?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm ready," returned Bradwell, testily. He was glad of this opportunity, for he was both taller and heavier than the other, and anticipated an easy victory.

"Then let us take up our respective positions," observed Harper, amiably.

"Out of the way, you grinning apes," observed Bradwell to Bull and Molly, brushing them back with his left arm, "now," he added, addressing Harper, "come on!"

So they started sparring, cautiously, with the object of finding out each other's weak points Harper acting entirely on the defensive, Bradwell began to press, but Harper still contented himself with parrying the other's lunges. So Bradwell, not being able to get past Harper's guard, adopted rushing tactics, hoping thus to drive Harper into a corner by sheer weight. But just as it appeared to the onlookers that Harper was being penned in, the parlour boarder slipped under his opponent's left arm, thus obliging Bradwell to drive him into the opposite corner, where he repeated his dodging feat; then back they went, Harper still parrying Bradwell's blows, and only hitting out very occasionally, and then with no great force.

"Well, this is a fool's game," puffed Bradwell, "you do nothing but run away."

"I'll stay still if you like," said Harper.

"All right, stay still."

Harper did not only relinquish his retreating methods; indeed, it shortly became apparent to Bull and Molly that Bradwell was beginning to lose ground. To make a long tale short, Harper drove Bradwell, without actually hitting him on the face or body, right up to the wall. Arrived there, he dropped his hands.

"There, that'll do," he said, in a business-like tone, "you see, I can look after myself."

"You wouldn't make much of a show with your knuckles," retorted Bradwell, blowing like a grampus.

"Would you like to try?" asked Harper.

Bradwell murmured something, but as it did not sound exactly like "Yes," Harper pitched his gloves away, and proceeded to dust his clothes with a silk handkerchief.

"I say," said Bradwell, sitting down on a box and mopping his forehead, "as you can use your hands, why did you go under so easily that night we raided you?"

"For the simple reason," said Harper, "that you came upon me and turned my bed over when I was asleep. After that I was helpless. However, I don't think anything of that sort will happen to me again. And now let us forget that we have been opposed to each other in any way. Why don't you go on with your game?"

There being no longer any reason why the denial should be kept up, Bradwell kicked the boxes into position again, sat down, and produced the pack. It occurred to him then that if Harper were to play, he would be as much a culprit as any of them.

"Take a hand?" he said.

"I rarely play," the parlour boarder smilingly replied.

"Come on," said Bradwell, who knew the back of every important card in his pack, and turned his knowledge to much advantage, "we won't be hard on you."

"Well," said Harper, "I haven't anything particular to do, so I may as well join you. What is the game?"

"Nap."

"Oh—how do you play it?"

Bradwell dealt a trial hand and explained the rules. "Quite simple, you see."

"Yes," said Harper, taking a halfpenny out of his pocket in a very important manner.

"You'll want more than one halfpenny," grinned Bradwell.

After some search, Harper found another halfpenny. Bradwell grinned again, and Molly felt entitled to give a sarcastic little snigger, for Molly was not infrequently the proud possessor of a golden sovereign. He wasn't in possession very long, I am sorry to say, for Bradwell objected very strongly to pride of purse among his school-fellows, and in Molly's case took prompt measures to cure Master Fairbrother of his fault by winning a good deal of the sovereign away and borrowing the rest.

"You won't find a penny much good," Bradwell informed Harper.

"It seems to be an extravagant game," said Harper, gravely searching for more coppers, "don't you think the stakes are rather high? Why not play with farthings?"

"Haven't got any farthings," was Bradwell's ready explanation.

"Well," said Harper, with a resigned air, "I suppose we must play beyond our means, which is a thing I object to on principle. Here is another penny," he added sadly, producing the coin in question from his purse.

"I suppose you don't have extra much pocket-money?" observed Molly, conscious of his own wealth.

"No," replied Harper, with a melancholy shake of his head, "not much."

"How much?" asked Molly.

"Twopence a week," acknowledged Harper, hanging down his head as if he were ashamed to look opulent Master Fairbrother in the face after such an avowal of poverty.

"Poor chap,' said Molly; "I say," he added impulsively, "let me lend you some!"

Harper stole a quick glance at the fair-haired, weak-looking lad. Then he shook his head.

"No, sir, I will not take advantage of your generous offer," was his reply, "not, that is to say, at present. I may want it later on. Why," as his face lightened up, "what's this?"

And with a glad smile the parlour boarder produced a shilling from one of his waistcoat pockets.

"Six weeks' chink!" observed Molly.

"If I lose it," said Harper, in a lugubrious tone, "I shall be penniless for nearly all the rest of the term."

"Oh, no," returned the good-natured Molly, "*I'll* see you're not that."

"pictures" by the private marks he had put upon them, went "four" and made a scoop of sixpence. The next round was won by Fairbrother, who, having a king and an ace of the same suit, announced his attention of going "two," and proudly gathered up the three pennies which fell to his lot, looking, indeed, as if he had accomplished something very notable in winning a round with two cards which were absolutely unbeatable. But Molly's little win reminded Bradwell that he had forgotten to bar "two," so he at once made a rule to that effect.

Harper, having paid out every time, had now lost fourpence-halfpenny.

"IT SEEMS TO BE AN EXTRAVAGANT GAME," SAID HARPER.

Again Harper fixed his dark eyes on the face of Bradwell's victim.

"Sir, your hand!" he exclaimed.

Molly smiled, and put out a thin, clammy paw. Harper grasped it so earnestly that Molly with difficulty kept back a yell of pain.

"Your pardon," said Harper, "my depth of feeling made me forget my strength."

"I say—cut all this cackle," growled Bradwell, who was impatient to win even the parlour boarder's modest funds, "here, cut for deal."

Lowest having dealt, Bull went "three," and won the first round.

Then Bradwell dealt, and, having previously shuffled the cards himself, and knowing all the

"You're beginning to understand it?" grinned Bradwell.

"Yes," said Harper, ruefully, "one has to pay for one's experience, I suppose."

At the fourth deal Bradwell went "Nap," which meant losing threepence to or winning sixpence from each player. Of course he won, and gathered up the money with a chuckle.

"Dear me!" sighed Harper, "my small stock is running very low. I have only a very little left now."

In two more rounds the parlour boarder was cleared out, Bull winning one round, and Bradwell the other. Harper was the picture of despair.

"I fear, my young friend," he said to Molly, "that I must now take advantage of your kindness. Will you lend me sixpence?"

"Have a shilling," said Molly, generously handing him that sum.

"A thousand thanks," said Harper, gratefully.

Then the game went on, first one winning and then the other. By some lucky chance or other, Harper kept his shilling, regularly winning back what he lost, but not making any advance.

After a time, Bradwell, who was now shuffling the marked cards to his own advantage rather carelessly, became aware that Harper was watching him closely. The dark eyes followed Bradwell's big fingers in all their movements. Bradwell began to feel uncomfortable.

However, Bradwell won several times in succession, so he took heart of grace, and cheated valiantly. Harper was watching the backs of the cards, however, and still keeping up his corner, in that he did not lose all his money.

Bradwell, as I have said, had his run of luck, and then, gradually, but with deadly sureness, his good fortune began to forsake him. He now observed that whenever Harper dealt the cards, Fairbrother inevitably got a good hand, while he got a bad one.

Every now and again Harper would make a mistake which quite led the others—with the exception of Bradwell, who was beginning to have his doubts—to think that he really was a novice at the game.

Presently Molly went "Nap," and got it. Bradwell scowled as he handed over his sixpence. A few rounds later Molly went "Nap" again, and once more took a sixpenny piece from each player. And four deals later he went "Nap" again, and again successfully, Harper being obliged to borrow another shilling from the victorious player.

Bradwell was now looking very black indeed. He, who had sat down to win from everybody round the box, was actually losing.

"Our young friend is fortunate to-day," said Harper, calmly, as he took up his cards, "ahem! Let me see. Well—yes, *I* will go Nap this time, for a change."

As Harper had dealt the cards himself, it struck Bradwell that there might possibly be two people at that box who knew something about light-fingered gambling. However, he said nothing, although there was thunder in his face.

"Thank you," said the parlour boarder, sweeping up the coins, "I am getting on famously. I trust Molly and I are not impoverishing you, friend Bradwell?"

Bradwell only grunted, and Harper smiled affably when Molly won again. Fairbrother's blue eyes were lit up with excitement, and his peach-like complexion was radiated with a bright flush.

The parlour boarder's slim white fingers now began to manœuvre in a fearful and wonderful way, when it was his turn to deal. And as he seemed to know exactly what the other three held, and went accordingly, he at last had the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of every halfpenny the other three had sat down with.

"Hang you," said Bradwell, "I thought you said you didn't understand the game."

"I am at liberty to say what I please when I meet gentlemen of your persuasion," returned Harper.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bradwell, blushing hotly.

"I mean," said Harper, in his smoothest, silkiest voice, as he arranged his winnings in two piles in front of him, silver and copper, "I mean, Mr. Bradwell, that you are a scoundrel. You deliberately cheated all three of us during the first part of the game, and then, in the second part, I followed your lead, and cheated you. I don't think you will do any more gambling for some time, my friend."

Bradwell sat silent, unable to utter a word.

Harper divided his winnings into equal portions, handing one portion to Bull, and the other to Fairbrother.

"Mr. Bull," he said, "take your money back, and have no more card dealings with Mr. Bradwell. As for you," he added, turning abruptly to Molly, "if ever you touch another card while I am at this school, I——"

Molly turned a pair of frightened eyes on Harper.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Harper, getting up from his box and sauntering to the door, "I don't bother my head about babies."

CHAPTER XV.

A BLOW FOR THE PRO-JONESES.

YOUNG Jordan came back to Adderman's feeling very lively, reported himself to the matron, and then, with his hair neatly brushed and in a broad white collar, quite clean, which showed up well against his black Eton coat, marched into the Third Form room in time to hear J. O. Jones violently denounced as a villain compared with whom Sweeney Todd and Titus Oates were harmless little children. Ten minutes later young Jordan emerged from the Third Form room with his tie somewhere under his ears, with his collar crumpled into a poor-looking piece of dirty linen, with his nose bleeding, with his right eye bunged up, and his

smart Etons covered with dust and ink and chalk. He was followed by other youths whose appearance was very similar to his own.

The fact was, Jordan, on entering the room, had walked up to the principal speaker and briefly ordered him to "shut up." On that gentleman's refusing to do anything of the kind, Jordan had pushed him off the little platform on which Jones's desk stood, had mounted Jones's desk, and had declared in resonant tones that Jones was a jolly good sort, and that he (Jordan) was prepared to fight anyone who was of a different opinion. The challenge was promptly accepted by about half the form; but Jordan found supporters as well. All along there had been a certain number of Third-Formers who were secretly well-disposed to Jones—though they had not dared to say so, owing to their fewness—and these, fired by Jordan's martial attitude, rallied round him. In the majority of bosoms present, however, the memory of many detentions still rankled, so the majority were against Jordan. The two parties, therefore, met with a terrific crash, and there ensued a battle that was brief, breathless, and gory. The little knot of Jones's supporters fought with desperate courage, but they were quickly overcome, and shot, with yells of triumph from the other side, into the passage. Jordan fought like a lion and inflicted a large amount of injury on his opponents. As he was picked out for special punishment by the Anti-Jones party, he came off worst of all his set, and his appearance for the next week or ten days was as unpicturesque as you can well imagine.

Thereafter it was civil war in the Third, the rest of the school looking on with grins of approbation and amusement. There were fierce scrimmages between the contending parties in the playground and in the dormitories, as well as in the class-room. In the Third you either had to be Pro-Jones or Anti-Jones, and gradually these terms crept into general use in the school, and all sorts of fellows who weren't in the Third proclaimed themselves to be either of the party that was for the new master or of the party that was opposed to him. In addition to the pitched battles and less important engagements, there were numerous side-fights of an intensely interesting description. Jordan could easily vanquish any one pugilist in the Third, and so, thirsting for greater victories, he tackled and thrashed several junior members of the Fourth who had ventured to remark in his hearing that Jones was a cad. During the short periods of peace he sent glowing and ferocious accounts of the campaign to his little sister, now convalescent. These letters were read to the invalid in horror-stricken tones by her mother, who wrote and reproved Jordan for his murderous tendencies (though admitting that he had developed them in a good cause); his father, it must be regretfully recorded, used to chuckle over the letters in private, though in public he would gravely admit that his son and heir's conduct was reprehensible and barbarous.

It was a curious kind of literary fare to submit to an invalid child, but Jordan's sister throve on it. Phyllis Jordan was a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, with a face that reminded one of an angel in a church window. It was, therefore, quaint—almost startlingly so—when a wan smile swept across the white little face in its halo of golden hair, when the little lips opened, and Mrs. Jordan bent her head to catch the lightly-breathed request: "*Please read about how Harry made Pug Brown's nose bleed!*"

Then, in soft, sick-room accents, young Jordan's truculent epistle would be read to the little girl, and when it was finished another wan smile would flit across the angel face, and she would ask for the letter in which her brother described how, after the tremendous fight in the Third Room, Harper, the parlour-boarder, got a piece of raw steak from the kitchen and gave it to him (young Jordan) to put on his black eye.

The Pro-Jones party was steadily increasing in numbers, and getting more heart by reason of several successes over the Anti-Joneses, when an incident occurred which brought about the desertion of many from the standard which young Jordan had unfurled; and caused, moreover, even those who remained true to J. O. to look somewhat askance at their hero.

Adderman's had got its bad name mainly because it had a weak headmaster. But other causes had contributed to its evil repute. The influence of the seniors over the juniors was either negative or for the bad.

The power for good a monitor has in a school is illimitable. The younger boys take their cue from him; they deem that what he does is worthy of imitation. At Adderman's some of the seniors, as I have said, were boys who had been expelled from public schools. Mr. Adderman's money-grubbing instincts led him to accept pupils whom many a poorer schoolmaster would have resolutely declined to harbour within his walls.

A little leaven leavens the whole lump, and these boys with tarnished names did infinite mischief among their fellows. Of the negative order were fellows like Oliphant, intent on football or the particular hobby they affected, and quite indifferent as to what was going on around them. So, though they did not do the community any harm, they did not do it any good, save in promoting an athletic spirit by their devotion to games.

Baron, the full-back, was not vicious, but he was exceedingly selfish, and did not care who suf-

fered so long as he got his own way and extracted a fair amount of amusement from his school existence. He promoted many a fight in the box-room among the juniors, betting freely on his own candidate and inspiring his man with advice and encouragement. One day, Jones, returning from the town, became aware, from shouts and other sounds, that a mill of considerable interest was in course of procedure in the box-room. J O. was not squeamish, but he had noticed that a good many of the Third Form had been looking the worse for wear of late—that, indeed, far too much fighting was going on. Here, then, thought he, was a chance of making an example of two warriors.

So, without further hesitation, Jones descended the stone steps and entered the box-room to find it crowded with a yelling throng that was witnessing an encounter between Jordan and a boy in the Fourth called Turner, who was just about Jordan's equal in strength and science and pluck.

So keen was the struggle and such the interest it had aroused that for a few moments Jones remained unnoticed. Meanwhile J. O. took in the situation. He had fought a good many fights himself in his youth, both at home and at school, and he was well versed in all aspects of such encounters. He saw at a glance that both boys had received a lot of punishment, and were almost done. Both, however, were very game and dogged, evidently prepared to fight to their last gasp. Any fellow of authority with humanity in his composition would, however, have stopped the fight before it had got to this point. It would only have been ordinarily merciful and sportsmanlike to have done so.

In one corner, on a high box, sat Baron, sponge, towel, and water by his side. He was egging on his man—Turner—with vociferous cries. Baron was an Anti-Jonesite, and so was his candidate. Jordan's backer was a boy of no particular consequence in the Fifth.

"Now, young Turner, finish him off—plug him on the jaw!" yelled Baron; "let him have your right oftener. Good! You'll win me my money yet!" as Turner made a furious onslaught, "you'll have him done now—wipe him out—bash the young brute——"

"YOU WILL WRITE ME FIVE HUNDRED LINES, AND YOU WILL NOT GO OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL BOUNDARIES UNTIL YOU HAVE FINISHED THEM."

"Keep your guard up, Jordan," cried the opposing backer, "let him waste his breath, and then hammer him. Bravo!" as Jordan gallantly met his opponent's charge, "keep on jabbing him—don't let him in—bravo! Oh, bravo!" as Jordan sent his foe reeling back with a smashing blow between the eyes.

From the other fellows came similar pieces of ring wisdom. One big, red-faced boy, standing on a pile of boxes, contented himself with

bellowing: "Hit him in the nose, sir; hit him in the nose. Hit him in the nose, I say, in the nose, in the NOSE!!!"

This youth, who seemed to be addressing his remarks to the pugilists with strict impartiality, had worked himself up into such a state of excitement that, just after Jones entered the room, he and the boxes went down with a crash together, eliciting a storm of jeers and laughter, in the midst of which Jones walked between Jordan and Turner and brought the fight to a sudden and unexpected termination.

"That will do," said Jones, quietly, amid a breathless silence, "go and clean yourselves."

The two juniors, only too glad of the opportunity, retired into the midst of their respective supporters.

Then Jones turned to Baron, who, looking decidedly sheepish, had risen from his seat.

"I'm surprised to find *you* here, Baron," he said, "did you organise the fight?"

"No," said Baron.

"I fancy I heard you refer to a bet; think again."

"Well, I came in as they were starting the row, and saw they did it in order," said Baron sullenly.

"And you are a monitor! A pretty example of a monitor! You not only organise a fight, but you make it go on until the thing has resolved itself into a bit of butchery. You will write me five hundred lines, and you will not go outside the school boundaries until you have finished them."

For a moment Baron was speechless—he could hardly understand it. He—Baron—one of the crack footballers of the neighbourhood—the envied and admired of his schoolfellows—had he got to write five hundred lines for a mere assistant master at Adderman's! For a moment it occurred to him to make some insolent retort; then the memory of what had happened to Bradwell flashed across his mind. Jones stood before him erect, burly, and muscular, a man who would stand no nonsense, and who had a temper which could flash out with uncomfortable suddenness, especially when he had a righteous reason for indignation.

Baron looked at Jones, met Jones's steady eyes for a moment, then dropped his own and blurted:

"But—I've got to play in the cup-tie against Ardenwood."

"You won't unless you have done the lines," replied Jones.

"But—it's the semi-final."

"I don't care a button about that. You have got to write me five hundred lines. This is Thursday. If the lines are not handed to me, properly written, by Saturday mid-day, you will not play in the cup-tie. So you had better set to work on them at once."

And Jones walked out of the box-room in a way that kept the tongue of every fellow there quite still in his head until the sound of this redoubtable and determined new master's footsteps had died away in the distance.

(To be continued.)

BALQUHIDDER.

IF any of the readers of THE CAPTAIN want to know of a place well suited for summer holidays, let them go either to Balquhidder or to Lochearnhead. At Lochearnhead the chief attraction is the loch, and Balquhidder has its bonny braes, its lovely tints, and its absolutely unparalleled scenery. Some may say, especially the juvenile class: "Who cares for scenery? We want fishing, shooting, cricket, rowing." Well, let me say to this class that for shooting, fishing, rowing, and climbing there is no more superb spot than this abode of Rob Roy Macgregor. Think of the air, think of the freedom to roam about, unseen and unheard, the total lack of smoke and stuffy atmosphere, which are so detrimental. And besides, have the juvenile class no desire at all to see this historical land of the brave Rob Roy, for the sake of seeing it?

There are only about half-a-dozen really big houses, but if one prospects for the best some time beforehand, the matter is easy enough.

There is really only one serious objection to Balquhidder and Lochearnhead, especially the former, and that is the amount of rain. To those who are not accustomed to mist and rainy, wild weather, this is an obvious disadvantage; but on those who are strong and healthy, the effect is marvellous. Visitors reap wonderful results from a visit to this locality, and return home twice as hard and twice as ruddy as before. To artists, the advantage is beyond doubt. A really good artist could make a name by reproducing the heavenly pictures seen after rain.

Yes, say I, visit Balquhidder, visit Lochearnhead, and visit, if you can, all the places thence to Oban. There you will find nothing but hospitality, good will, and joy. I say it firmly, and will always stick to it, that no place in the British Isles can ever equal the Western Highlands, and the Braes of Balquhidder.

P. RAMSAY LAIRD.

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS'-NESTS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. DAY.

THE object of this article is to give a few hints to my fellow collectors on photographing the nests of wild birds *in situ*.

No one who has yet to try this particular branch of photography can possibly appreciate its troubles and disappointments. It also has its rewards: for instance, I spent two hours swaying thirty feet high in a fir tree waiting for the wind to drop to take a photo of the sparrow-hawk's nest. Having climbed a tree about six feet from the nest and placed the camera a little higher than the level of the nest—the tripod was tied to the branches by a school-fellow of mine—a plate was exposed.

A SPARROW-HAWK'S NEST AND EGGS.

A sand-martin's nest was at the end of its tunnel, about two or three feet long. Having scraped away the sand until the nest could be seen, I fixed the camera by adding extra sticks and tying them to the tripod, one of them being placed in the sandbank and the other two on the ground.

A hedge-sparrow's nest was very easily photographed, by pressing down the near side of the nest, which made the eggs appear more prominent. The moor-hen's nest was taken by standing the camera in the river, and it shows the nest built among the rushes above the level of the water.

MOOR-HEN'S NEST.

I once photographed a tawny-owl's nest, situated in a hollow tree, by reflecting the sun upon the eggs while exposing the plate.

It is desirable to obtain permission from owners and occupiers of land to prevent awkward interruptions whilst photographing a nest. I find these gentlemen willing and glad to help a genuine naturalist. A quarter-plate camera is the handiest size.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.
"I stood on the bridge at midnight."
By James Harrison.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

HAND CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHY, AND ON DARK ROOMS.

[In our March issue we gave a few hints on the purchasing of photographic apparatus, both hand and stand. This month I am publishing an article dealing solely with hand cameras and the best way to use them. "Medallist" you will remember as the contributor of an article to the first volume of THE CAPTAIN, entitled "Simple Photography for School-boys."—PHOTO. ED.]

NO. 1.—TUG LEAVING HARBOUR.

AS example is better than precept, four reproductions are given of photographs which were taken with a hand camera of subjects which could only have been obtained by such means. A description of the circumstances under which each photograph was exposed is given, and the faults of the "shots" are explained.

The first photograph, No. 1, "Tug leaving Harbour," was taken from the deck of one of the Weymouth and Jersey steamers, as it was starting from Guernsey, and the foam caused by the screw is seen in the foreground. The tug is waiting till the Jersey boat has cleared the entrance of the harbour. The hand camera being in readiness for any likely subject, the moment the tug was in a good position the shutter was released. The time of year was September, about 10.30 on a bright sunshiny morning, and in order to avoid any chance of vibration from the screw of the steamer the shutter was set to work at about the one-fiftieth of a second. It would have been better if a slightly longer exposure had been given, so that more detail could have been shown on the shadow side of the tug.

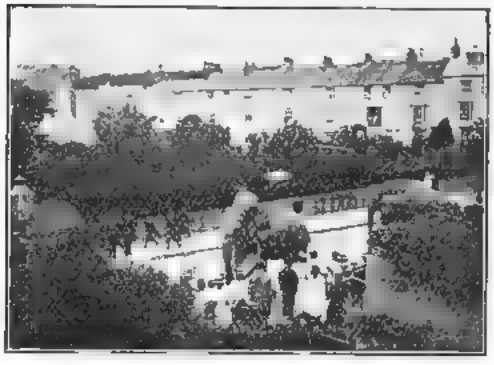
No. 2, "Obstructionists," was a "shot" secured whilst on a cycling trip. The geese were noticed coming out of the gate on the left, so the photographer dismounted, leant his bicycle against the hedge, quickly unslung his hand camera, and crossed over the road. A plate being always ready for exposure, with finger on the shutter release, the flock was watched in the finder, and when well spread across the road three exposures were made, one after another, but each of course on a separate plate. The geese found the bicycle the point of attraction, the photographer being unnoticed till he proceeded to mount, when he found it impossible to ride through the flock, whose angry cries brought other geese from the adjoining field. Note here infuriated geese can be very unpleasant at times. This was also taken in September, at 2 p.m. The shutter worked at about one-twentieth of a second. In development not sufficient accelerator was used to commence with, in consequence the print is just a little chalky, and some of the detail in the whites is lost.

NO. 2.—"OBSTRUCTIONISTS."

No. 3, "The Circus Procession." Here the exposure was made from an elevated position, in August, about one o'clock on a dull afternoon, with a small pocket camera. Owing to

the poor light and the shutter working at too quick a speed, a good deal of detail is lost in the shrubs and trees.

No. 4, "A Brindled Beauty," is a good example of the use of a hand camera, for it would have been impossible to set up a stand camera amongst the herd of bullocks, because in all probability they would have been startled, become restless, and gradually moved



NO. 3.—THE CIRCUS PROCESSION.

away. As it was, the plate was put in position and the shutter set some distance away from the herd; the photographer then walked slowly towards the feeding bullocks, not looking at them, but at the image in the finder; when the one in the immediate foreground started to take a mouthful of grass, thus disclosing the others in the distance, the shutter was released and the photograph secured. The photographer then turned his back, changed the plate, set the shutter, and made another exposure, but the result was not quite so successful. This also is the result of an exposure made in September, about 2 p.m., in sunshine, and the shutter working at about one-fifteenth of a second. In Nos. 1, 2, and 4 plates of ordinary rapidity were used, in No. 3 an Eastman film. If the examples given are studied, with the remarks on them, a good deal can be learnt as to the methods to adopt; but now some hints follow as to what to do, and what not to do.

1. Study your hand camera before exposing any plates, whether it be one with automatic plate changing, or one with dark slides; remember, it is often not the most expensive tools that turn out the best work, a great deal depending upon the individual who uses them.

2. Always use the same procedure in working; for example, set shutter, change plate, release shutter, then set shutter again, and so on, always having a plate ready for exposure.

3. The best position to hold the camera in depends upon the subject; for example, in the reproductions, in No. 1 the camera was held in front of the waist; in No. 2 the photographer knelt down on one knee, and rested the camera on the other; in No. 3 it was held fairly high to clear a tree; in No. 4 the exposure was made with the camera under the arm. The most useful position is just in front of the waist.

4. When making the exposure be careful not to jerk the camera, and hold the breath as the shutter is released.

5. Avoid attracting attention and be as quiet as possible. If a likely subject in a street or crowd is observed, make all the necessary arrangements before the correct spot for exposure, then walk up to it, keeping your eye on the crowd, not the finder, and release the shutter; then walk on as if nothing had happened. A useful plan is to change the plate, set the shutter, etc., whilst apparently looking into a shop window.

6. Hence from the above, practise judging subjects without the use of the finder.

7. Always give as long an exposure as possible if the shutter has adjustable speeds; up to one-twentieth of a second is quite fast enough for most subjects, but in narrow streets as slow as one-fifth of a second must be given. On the other hand, at athletic sports, and at the seaside, as fast as one-fiftieth or even more rapid exposures are required.

8. In making the exposure take care to keep the camera level; the plate should be at right angles to the ground.

NO. 4.—A BRINDLED BEAUTY.

9. The best months of the year for hand camera work are April, May, August and September.

10. Use a plate of ordinary rapidity whenever possible; that is, for most subjects when the light is good, and time of year and subject are suitable. In narrow streets and confined situations quick plates are required. At the seaside always use slow plates.

11. Commence the development wit a solution which has more accelerator or alkali in t than in that employed for time exposures. When the detail is out, mix a fresh solution with more of the "density giver" in it, and use that.

12. It is possible with practice to give slow exposures up to one or two seconds by making use of some temporary support, such as a railing, or tree trunk, or low wall, etc.

And now to conclude with some "Don'ts."

1. Don't try impossible subjects, viz., snapshots indoors, or under a verandah, etc.

2. Don't change about from one plate another, or try every new developer.

3. Don't expect to have good results with shutter exposures before 9 a.m. or after 4 p.m.

4. Don't take photographs of people in positions which would offend them.

5. Don't "snap off" all your plates because you have a dozen in the camera; try and obtain a satisfactory result each time of exposure; but if you have a good subject, give two or three plates to it.

6. Don't be discouraged by failures.

7. Don't hurry the development; remember the shorter the exposure the longer the appearance of the image.

8 Don't look at cattle when photographing them, except in the finder, but do watch people.

9. Don't be afraid to write up to THE CAPTAIN if you want any advice, but

10. Don't pack glass negatives simply with a piece of paper round them; always put them in a box well padded with screws of paper, and put the stamp on a loose label tied on with string.

MEDALLIST.

ON DARK ROOMS.

AT this time of the year many of our readers will be having their enthusiasm for photography re-awakened, will have many plates to develop, and will, perhaps, be thinking of fitting up a dark room. A "developing room" would be a much better name, because although daylight should be rigidly excluded, the room should not be dark. If it is possible to fit up a room in the house for this purpose, it is generally better than a separate room outside, it being more protected from changes of temperature. If possible, it should not be smaller than four feet by six feet, and should also be of the same height as an ordinary living room. Care should be taken that, when excluding daylight, air has a free passage into the room, and some means of ventilation without admitting light should be devised. Special ventilators are procurable from most photographic dealers, but they are usually of insufficient capacity. An ordinary sheet-iron pipe, or a square wooden box with elbows which would trap the light, may be used. If water can be laid on, it is a great advantage.

Artificial light should be used for developing by, and should always be of the same standard. If you have an oil lamp, the wick should be carefully trimmed and the flame always turned up to the same height; if gas is the illuminant, the same size burner should be always used. Electric light is by far the best because it doesn't vitiate the atmosphere and is so easily screened, but a lamp of the same candle power should always be used. If oil or gas is employed, especial care must be taken to carry off the fumes from the lantern; or the lantern may be arranged outside the dark room. The objection to daylight is that it is so changeable, especially in the evening; and one is very apt to get unequal negatives unless one works with a steady light. The best position for the lantern is at the right-hand side of the sink, so that the light from it falls on the work, and not into the worker's eyes. It should be fitted with grooves so that different coloured screens may be used according to the work in hand. For all ordinary plates a brilliant yellow light is safe. (I employ one thickness of canary fabric and one of orange sandwiched between one plain glass and one ground or opal glass in front of a sixteen candle-power electric lamp.) For lantern plates and bromide papers a canary fabric will be sufficient; while for isochromatic plates it is necessary to use red fabric, and even then to screen the plate either by means of a cover or a shutter on the lantern during development, especially at the commencement.

In front of the sink should be a few shelves for bottles of developing solutions, etc. There should also be a bench or table with a waterproof cover on which the fixing bath may be kept quite apart from the developing sink.

If the dark room must be out of doors, it should be placed in as shady a position as possible, so that it may be protected from the strong sun in summer, and bleak winds in winter.

The room should be kept as far as possible for the development of plates and bromide papers only. All printing operations should be conducted in a more open room.

Any ordinary room may be converted into a dark room by having a light wooden frame made

to fit the window, this frame being covered with one thickness of brown paper and one of strong black fabric pasted together. A strip of felt should be glued round the inside of the wooden frame which fits up against the frame of the window, in order to make a light-tight joint. This frame can be fixed up by means of either thumb-screws or ordinary screws, the only objection to the latter being that a screwdriver is necessary when putting up or taking down frames.

REVIEW.

We have just seen the new F. O. P. "Frena" camera. "F. O. P." stands for "plates or films," and this camera may be used for twelve plates in sheaths or forty films packed in the usual Frena manner. It is made in what is known as the "memorandum" size, and gives pictures 3½ inches by 2½ inches. It is fitted with a good single lens of 4½ inches focal length, having rotating stops of the values F/11, F/16, F/22 and F/32; the shutter is approximately timed and marked for exposures of one-tenth, one-twentieth, one-fortieth and one-eightieth of a second, and time exposures. It is of the "fixed focus" variety, and, used at full aperture, objects fifteen feet from the camera and beyond are in focus. Frena magnifiers may be had for objects as near as three feet. The plates or films are changed by two simple movements, but with films care should be taken to see that the change is complete. It is also fitted with two brilliant finders, and an indicator showing the number of films or plates used. Sockets for the tripod are added to order only. The F. O. P. camera measures 7 inches by 6¾ inches by 4 inches, costs one guinea, and is certainly cheap at the price. More expensive patterns with better lenses are in preparation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Riding (Woolwich).—(1) There are several methods of finding the focal length of a lens. The simplest method requires a long-focus camera and a foot rule. Set up your rule in a good light, place the lens to be tested in your camera, and proceed to focus the rule, or as much of it as possible, on the ground glass, taking care to keep the focussing-screen parallel to the rule. Shift the camera to and from the rule until the accurately focussed image of the scale is exactly the same size as the original. When this is done, carefully measure the distance between the ground glass and the rule. One-fourth of this distance is the focal length of your lens. Another method, which is not so accurate, is to focus a very distant object on the ground glass, and the distance of the focussing-screen from the lens diaphragm or stop is approximately the focal length of the lens. (2) We will endeavour to give an article on a home-made enlarger in a future number.

P. Leigh-Bennett (Bournemouth).—While it is extremely desirable to give both negatives and prints a most thorough washing, it is not necessary that they should be left in running water for as long as three hours. A print carefully washed in several complete changes of water for a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, may be considered sufficiently washed; in fact, it is far better that a print should be *thoroughly* washed in a short time than that it should be left soaking for a long time. Negatives are slightly more difficult on account of the impervious nature of the support. They should, if possible, be washed standing on their edges in a grooved tank, or supported, film downwards, in a dish, taking care that no air-bells remain attached to the surface. They may also be washed by frequent and complete changes of water.

"Lowes Boy."—To renovate the leather covering of your hand-camera, the best thing I know of is to give it a clean up with "Ronuk." There is a special black "Ronuk" made for boots, which you might use; but if your leather is very much faded it would be advisable to get a local cobbler to give it a sponge over with his black dye, and afterwards polish it with ordinary "Ronuk," which is also an excellent preservative for leather.

Anonymous (St. Leonard's-on-Sea).—Yes, an under-exposed negative may be strengthened by intensification in the following manner: Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury, and add to it ½dr. of hydrochloric acid to 10oz. of solution. Place the negative in this until it is white, then wash it very thoroughly and pour over it some ordinary hydroquinone developer until it is blackened. The bichloride of mercury should be purchased pulverised, and is extremely poisonous. **Bernard Wadsworth** (Chesterfield).—The apparatus you mention costs two guineas.

The Photographic Editor.

By H. BURROWS

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

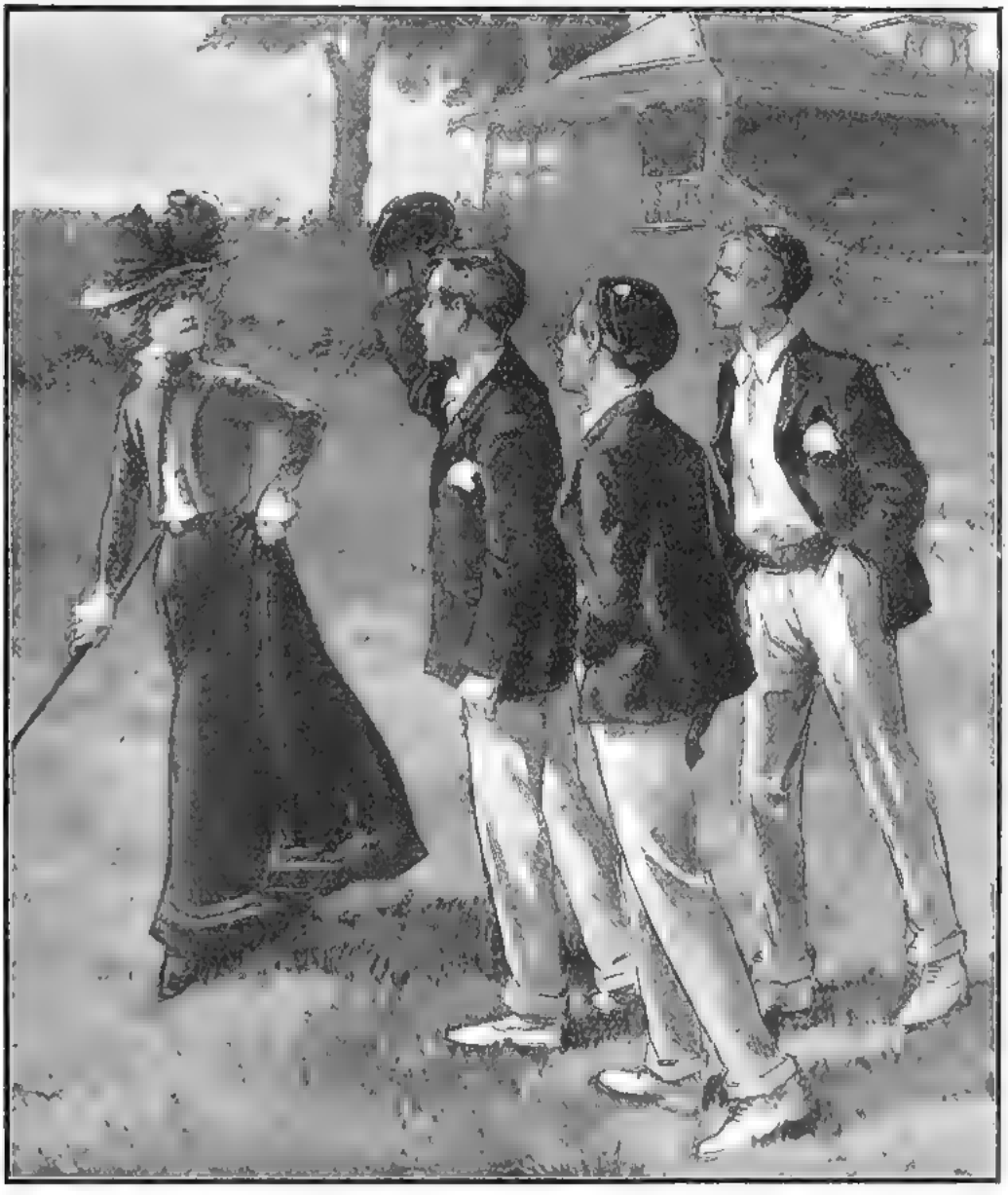
VI.—ALICE.

SOME people seem born with the spirit of contradiction. I recollect that when, as a very young man, I commenced to make the acquaintance of chop-houses and restaurants, there was an old waiter who used to patronise his youthful customers immensely, and never lost an opportunity of setting them right. Did I order my meal in my mother tongue, as more befitting the modesty of the entertainment, straightway he turned each item into that hybrid French which is the delight of restaurant proprietors. Did I speak by the *carte* less equivocation should undo me, forthwith he proceeded to translate my demands into the plainest of very plain English. He would not allow me to be right in the smallest particular. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "Serviette, please." Regarding me reproachfully he would exclaim, in tones that made each syllable convey a correction, "*Nap-kin*, sir? Yes, sir." Next day I entered the restaurant determined not to be put upon. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "Napkin, please." Regarding me even more reproachfully, he ejaculated, "*Ser-vi-ette*, sir? Yes, sir." Then I gave it up as a bad job.

And as I call to mind some of the fellows I knew at school, I cannot help thinking that, if they have lived to be men, they must have developed into something very like that old waiter. For instance, there was Walters, once captain of No. 5. Walters, as you may recollect, was the beau ideal of a soft or spooney; but, like many another weakling, he sought importance by displaying a spirit of contradiction whenever he could do so with reasonable safety. Even as a small boy he was ever opposed to our schemes or wishes. I recollect that on one occasion Lewis jokingly proposed some mischievous project so patent in its folly that it was at once scouted as absurd. To our great surprise the meek and mild Walters straightway declared himself in its favour; and so scathing were his comments upon our doubtful courage that he actually persuaded the boys to adopt it. Lest I should seem to detract from the goody-goody character which Walters enjoyed (it was so objectionable to everyone else that I am sure he enjoyed it), I hasten to add that, having carried his resolution, he left it to others to perform it—and to bear the inevitable consequences. It was just the same when, as a bigger fellow, it became necessary to consult him on matters of greater importance. The head was wont to leave many minor questions to be settled by the elder boys, subject to his right to veto their decision. But he attached much importance to a unanimous decision. "If all are not agreed," he would declare, "we had much better go on as we are." This gave Walters his opportunity, and many were the devices to which we resorted in order to circumvent him. Once when an old boy at Oxford proposed to bring down a College eleven to play the school, we managed to secure the desired match by proposing a resolution to decline it. We then gave way to Walters' inevitable opposition, and all were quite happy until a few days after the acceptance someone betrayed the ruse. Walters was wild with rage, but it was then too late to retract. Nevertheless, he nursed his wrath and waited an opportunity for revenge. Nor was it long in coming.

Although the river ran close to the school premises, the head always forbade the forma-

tion of a rowing club. According to tradition there had been a fatal accident in the early days of his connection with the school, constant dripping will wear away a stone, and at last the head began to show signs of yielding. He would promise nothing definitely.



"EXCUSE ME, MADAM," COMMENCED CARTER, LIFTING HIS CAP.

which accounted for his resolution. Again and again the school petitioned. Old boys and parents were called on to exert their influence. Even some of the masters occasionally joined in the movement; but for many generations of boys all had been in vain. Yet but if the elder boys would memorialise him on the subject, he would take the matter into consideration. But, said he, the petition must be unanimous. When we heard this condition we could hardly refrain from groaning aloud. Walters was jubilant. There was

no need to inquire as to his views. Triumphant superiority oozed from every pore in his skin. And whilst the school fumed and fretted, he went about his studies with added zest; showing up such verses as to cause the senior classic to fairly beam upon him, and to prophesy many honours for so apt a pupil. Bannister declared that the master's encomiums nearly made him sick. "A scholarship, indeed!" quoth he. "Why, if *that* is what the fellow wants, I would give him the money myself to be rid of him." As a bosom chum of that youthful spendthrift, I happened to know that he had about eighteenpence in his pocket. But we all applauded the sentiment.

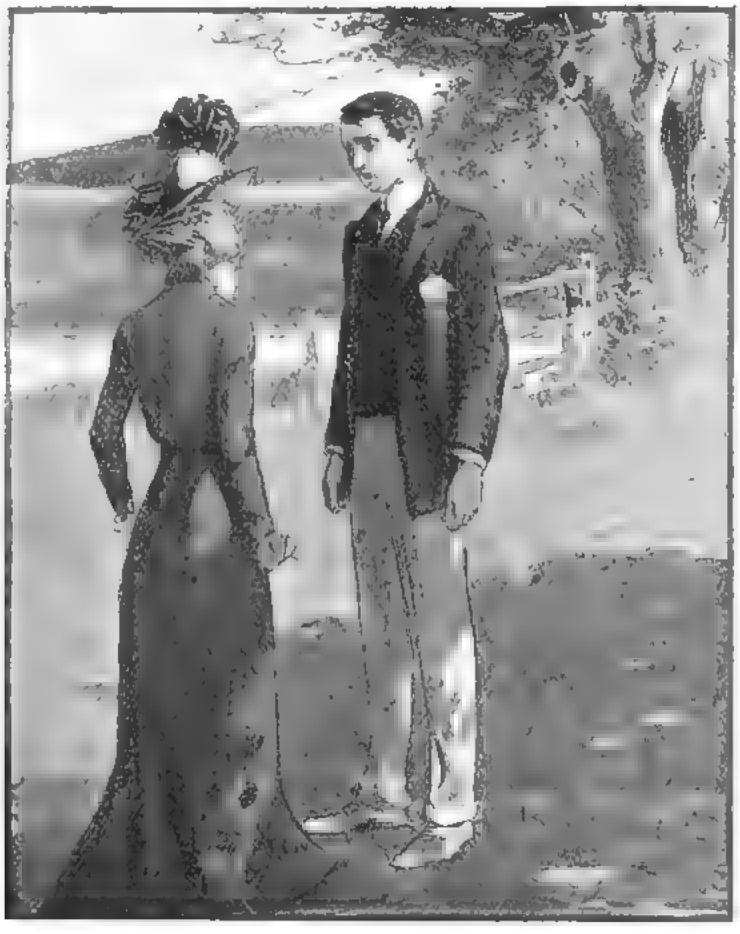
Meanwhile the days were fast slipping by, and we all felt that unless something was done, and that quickly, the head would soon recede from his favourable attitude. "But what can we do?" asked Carter, as we moodily paced the fields one evening after the conclusion of a match. The application of physical force to a monitor was out of the question, and we could think of no stratagem which seemed to promise success. "By jove! look there," cried Carter suddenly. I looked, and beheld a female form issuing stealthily from the cricket pavilion. "She has been after the things," said I, and started off at a double. The figure remained unmoved, so, deeming my surmise mistaken, we began to slacken our pace. "Excuse me, madam," commenced Carter, lifting his cap. "What ho!" responded a well-known voice. We stared agape, and then a light broke in upon me. "Lewis!" cried I, and Lewis it was; but so successfully disguised that his own mother might not have known him. "By Jove! it's scrumptious," said Carter, turning him about unceremoniously; "but what is the game now?" "Have you noticed Walters' verses lately?" inquired Lewis. "Oh, confound Walters' verses!" ejaculated Carter. "Confound them, by all means," said Lewis; "but they are—well, considering this is a respectable school, I think it is just as well they are in Latin. Funny what the masters will allow in a dead language. Spooney is not the word for them. I believe Walters is in love." "In love?" cried Carter, incredulously. "I do not mean with anyone in particular," explained Lewis, "except, of course, his own sweet self. But in love with love, you know. Got it bad, like a fit of measles. You should just have seen the last ode of his to Sophonisba. There was nothing he would deny her if she would only just smile upon him." "I don't quite see," commenced Carter. "Then look straight before you, chuckle-head," interposed Lewis; "*I* am Sophonisba."

Then the scheme dawned upon us, and we began to laugh immoderately. "That will do," said Lewis. "I have found that our precious jewel takes solitary walks every evening in the long field. I shall take the lane and come in that way. You cut across and hide by the hedge, and then you will see—what you will see." We parted accordingly, and soon descried Walters mooning by himself in the long field. So closely did he pass our hiding-place, that we could discern the title of the book he was reading. "'Ballads of Sentiment,'" quoth Carter, in a disgusted whisper; "good heavens!" Suddenly a truly feminine scream rent the air, and Lewis rushed wildly into the arms of the astonished Walters. "Save me, oh, save me!" he (or she) cried. "W-w-what is it?" gasped Walters. "The bull! The bull!" cried Lewis. "Where, where?" cried Walters, gazing round with (I blush to write) the obvious intention of securing his own safety. "There, there!" said Lewis, pointing excitedly to Farmer Brown's old cow which, securely tethered, was quietly munching grass three fields away. "Oh, *there!*" exclaimed Walters, much relieved, "that will not hurt you." "How brave you are!" said Lewis, gazing admiringly into his countenance. "Oh, I am so frightened. Would you, oh, would you see me safely across the fields?" Walters blushed scarlet. "I will," said he; and no man at the altar ever threw more determination into those words. So on they went, and we followed at a safe distance. They turned down the lane, and Carter and I deemed it wise to follow no further.

For a few days following we in the secret were kept on tenterhooks as to the success or failure of the stratagem. "You must really try and bring it off soon," said Carter to Lewis; "every evening I am afraid something will let the cat out of the bag." "Hurry no man's cattle," responded Lewis; but he was evidently impressed with the need for speedy action, and later in the day his fag brought us a note telling us to be at the big elm near the river at the usual time.

Safely ensconced in the big tree, we watched the couple slowly approaching. I should like to write that they made a very pretty pair, but truth compels me to admit that Walters' vacuous countenance and ungainly figure looked but ill by the side of Lewis, who really made a most presentable female. They halted under the shadow of the elm. "Oh, the river; the lovely, lovely

river!" gushed Lewis, ecstatically. Walters opened his mouth, and evidently tried to think of something flattering to utter, but floundered hopelessly over the attempt. "How I should like to go for a row one day," proceeded Lewis, gazing tenderly at his (or her) companion. Walters hemmed. "Won't you take me, dearest?" "Well—er—the truth is—we might have a rowing club if we liked," said Walters desperately, "but——" "Oh!" cried Lewis, breaking away from him, "you won't even do a little thing for me that can be done for the asking! So that is the value of all your fine promises, Mr. Walters! I don't believe you mean a bit of that poetry you write about me!" "But, dearest Alice—"



"AND WOULD THEY WHIP YOU VERY MUCH, POOR DEAR?"

er—we are forbidden to go on the river, you know," stammered Walters. "Forbidden!" ejaculated Lewis scornfully, "and I thought I was talking to a man and not to a big gaby of a schoolboy. And would they whip you very much, poor dear?" "Of course not," said Walters angrily; "the idea of whipping a monitor! Besides, I was never whipped in my life." ("More's the pity!" murmured Carter). "But surely," persisted the temptress, "they would let a monitor go if he asked? Only just once, now?" "I believe commenced Walters. ("*Alice!*" ejaculated Carter.) "Don't dearest Alice me!" sobbed Lewis; but by this time they were out of earshot, and Carter and I descended choking.

And that very night Walters came rushing into the monitors' room in a state of great excitement. "What *are* you fellows doing about the rowing club?" Carter stifled a yawn of studied indifference. "Personally, I am doing nothing," said he. "Just like you all," said Walters; "you pretend to care so much about the school, but you never do any-

thing for it." Carter shrugged his shoulders. "If you are so keen about it, you can get up a petition," said he; "but don't bother me to draw it, that's all." "Will you sign it?" cried Walters. "Well, of course, if you really ask me——" The petition was forthwith prepared, and signed by all the monitors. It went before the head the next morning, found him in a good humour, and our rowing club became an accomplished fact.

And for days afterwards a certain quartette were amused at the spectacle of Walters lounging by the river side, evidently awaiting the appearance of his dearest Alice. She did not come; and occasionally some echo in Lewis's voice caused him to look at us suspiciously. But we said nothing. "We have got all we want out of the fellow," said Carter, "and it would be a shame to make him a laughing-stock for the whole school." "Besides," added Bannister judiciously, "we may want to try the same trick again, you know."

WINTER v. SUMMER.

TO begin with, I will deal with the games and pastimes of the two seasons.

Cricket, that sport which, in the minds of some boys, is deemed the king of games, is ably met by that second king of games, football, and I think that the partisans of the latter pastime are even more numerous than those of the former. That it has the favour of the masses is clearly demonstrated by the vast quantities of people that weekly visit the playing grounds of the great teams of England.

I do not attempt to deny that the pastimes of Summer are more varied than those of Winter, but what I *do* say is that there is more real enjoyment in one of Winter than in three of Summer. I know that this is a bold assertion to make, but who can imagine anything more delightful than a long skate on good ice, when you skim along like a bird in a way that makes the blood run more quickly through your veins and fills you with renewed energy and activity?

Who again will not agree with me in saying that a walk on a crisp frosty day is more productive of good results than one on a scorching hot Summer day? In Summer it is pleasant to go to the sea for a few weeks, but in Winter there is no need of such change. Every object we see presents to us a different appearance, transformed, as it is, by the icy hand of Winter, to that which it has in Summer. The very trees in our garden make us think we are in Fairy-land, and we laugh and shout in the exuberance and vitality of our spirits.

Winter is not only superior to Summer as regards its pastimes, but also as regards its healthfulness. In Summer, as is well known, ample scope is afforded for the spread and growth of disease; in Winter we are spared the anxiety of guarding against this deadly peril, and the cold, concerning which there are so many grumblers, becomes our friend. I fancy that by this time the delights and possibilities of Winter will be manifest, and I feel quite justified in thinking that the majority of English boys share my opinion, namely: that Winter is the more enjoyable and delightful season.

W. KENTISH.

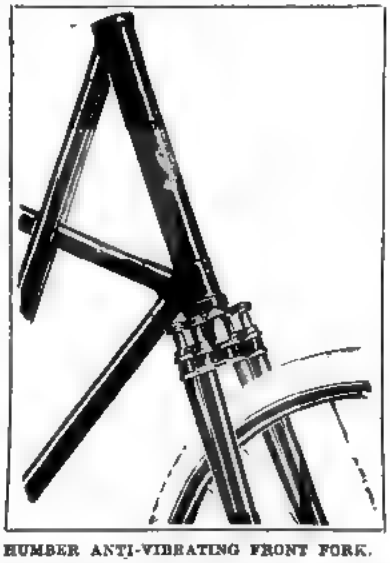
THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

NIGHT RIDING.

BEFORE turning to the main topic in hand I will say a word about our illustrations. An example of the Humber frames to which I recently alluded is now shown. The ingenious system by which the duplex tubing is designed so that the pairs of twin tubes cross and re-cross each other, yet never terminate at unsupported points, may thus be clearly understood, even by such as find it difficult to follow closely the most careful verbal description. The girl's machine is necessarily less complete as regards strength, but I have said before that the task of the cycling engineer in this connection will probably never be simplified until it becomes the English practice for the knickerbocker costume to be regarded as the one most fitted for all forms of cycling. Pending the arrival of that period the girl's Humber frame must rank as a truly admirable attempt to solve a very difficult problem.

In the accompanying illustration is shown an anti-vibrating front fork. I have never cared much for devices of this class; but a number of them is now being exploited, especially from America, and they therefore demand attention. Some inventors achieve their ends in killing vibration by means of air cushions. I have not yet seen one device of this kind that seemed to me to be good. In the Beeston Humber cross frames the rigidity is very great, and to reduce any vibration that may in consequence reach the handle grips the firm employ a powerful spring concealed within the steering tube. It is free from any lateral motion, and so does not affect the ease of steering. I would rather have this than compressed air, which I should always mistrust for the purpose; but I still cling to the belief that the proper point at which to kill vibration is where it first arises, namely, where the tyre makes contact with the road, and not after it has travelled through the frame to the rider. The early makers all strove to obtain rigidity. This was more than twenty years ago, and experience has proved that they were right. It would seem strange if now that the cross frame has given the most rigid forms of cycle yet obtained makers should find it necessary to undo some of their work by destroying of set intent something of the very quality they had so long been engaged in accentuating. If instead of the small tyres at present fashionable larger sizes were in vogue there would be no complaints of vibration wandering up from the roadway, until



HUMBER ANTI-VIBRATING FRONT FORK.

the unevenness of its buffetings reached the handles or seat of the rider.

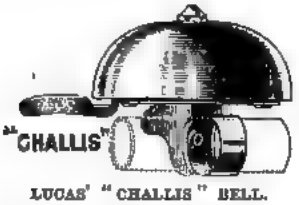
I have been examining two cross frames made by the Referee Cycle Company. The machines turned out by this firm deservedly bear a high reputation. They have nothing shoddy about them. Their makers have a name to preserve, and they may be trusted. Anyone who remembers previous chat on the

subject of cross frames will see at a glance that the double-cross Referee frame is in design far preferable to the single. You see in the former there is no such thing as a tube terminating at a point unsupported by other tubes, and so liable to set up unhealthy thrusts in the one tube it does abruptly make junction with. In short, the Referee double cross-frame is a very strong form of frame indeed.

For night riding, of course, it is more than commonly necessary to have a trustworthy

PIGGOTT'S "STERLING" SPANNER.

mount, and to have it well equipped, for breakdowns at a time when no aid may be obtainable are more serious than ordinary mishaps. This remark, I need hardly say, has special reference to very late riding, of which I shall say more presently. One should be provided with a first-rate lamp, well tended on the lines I sketched in the long chat devoted specially to the purpose; and the bell should be in good working order, for a more frequent warning is often prudent when riding in the dark, which may cover unknown dangers such as neither eye nor ear may have notice of. Tyre repairing materials should be seen to be complete before starting out, and, lastly, tools should be seen to be in good order, and carried in sufficient number to fit



LUCAS' "CHALLIS" BELL.

all parts without exception. The form of wrench known as the monkey wrench, and of which Mr. John Piggott supplies an inexpensive example in his "Sterling" spanner, often obviates the necessity of carrying quite a number of special wrenches and spanners only made to fit special parts. Besides, such a spanner confers upon you the power of helping a stranded roadsider when possibly none of your own special tools would be found to fit the nuts of his machine. To one who has truly realised that his birthright is a share in the great commonwealth of the road, there is a peculiar pleasure in rendering, when occasion offers, such chance assistance. If it involve some trifling sacrifice of one's own pleasure, or some small disappointment in the way of a non-fulfilment of predetermined plans, then so much the better, for we feel that a service rendered has more of value in it if it costs us something. It is, of course, much seldomer at night than in the daytime that one has a chance of helping a stranger on the road, but none the less it is as well to be prepared.

On the general question of night riding there is some difference of opinion. I have heard it held by a doctor of repute that night riding is bad for the nerves, seeing that the rider has constantly to keep his mind at high tension in order to avoid unseen dangers which may suddenly loom up before him. I noted while he was speaking that the good doctor wore spectacles, and it did not take a Sherlock

BROWN BROS. "SNAKE" BELL.

Holmes to infer that his daylight vision was not of the best. My own belief is that anyone with average eyesight can see quite well enough in the dark to ride at average speeds without any anxiety at all, especially in cases where the road is not strange to him. Here I would put in a word as to when and where night riding should be indulged in. For my own part I begrudge every mile of night riding when I am caught belated in a country that is new to me. This is because I ride *to see*, as I hold that every fellow and every girl who means to get the most out of the pastime should do. It is only in country that is quite familiar to me that I truly enjoy night riding, and under such circumstances I find it exhilarating in the highest degree. To touch once more the medical aspect of it, I challenge contradiction that night air is the finest soporific known. For one suffering from sleeplessness there is nothing that has come within my experience that is at all "in it" as a curative measure to compare with a short cycle ride taken late at night. Everything is so still and so calm that the suggestion of repose, even to a mind bothered

with too great a load, such as overwork for an "exam.," or some business worry, is almost irresistible. I remember at a time when I was "stewing" hard a master gave me a bit of advice. He said, "Whatever you've been reading, let the last thing be ten minutes of something light and pleasant, such as 'Punch,' for instance." I found that it worked admirably. But now when I am worried about anything, and have doubts as to whether I am ready for the really sound and splendid sleep that marks a state of perfect health, I find that a couple of miles on the bicycle is far more effective than ten minutes of the most amusing reading.

An unknown lady correspondent once wrote to me telling me how in the height of summer, in the very hottest weather, she made a practice of touring by night. She

GAMAGE'S NEW TYRE BELL.

seemed unquestionably to enjoy it, and her account of her midnight snack of sandwiches and soda water taken by the wayside within scent of a beautiful and odorous wood certainly sounded attractive. I could not help thinking, as I read, how strange a transformation had come over our social customs, and how it was that cycling under such extraordinarily unconventional circumstances was now possible; whereas my correspondent's mother had probably no more thrilling amusement to fall back upon than her crochet. The particular object of the letter was to ask me whether there was any real danger connected with night riding so far as tramps and gipsies were concerned. The reply was, of course, in the negative. The gipsies are a people of whom none need be afraid, and the tramp is by no means so black as he is painted. You will often find a certain chivalry buried somewhere within his nature which the mere presence of a lady will bring out and make assert itself. But all the same I cannot recommend any of my readers, be they boys or girls, to indulge in the curious pastime of *touring* by night. The all-night ride, if it is undertaken at all, should be over familiar ground, and not through new country, where the eye will miss nearly every beauty there is to be seen.

There are so many things to be remembered about all-night riding that I must purposely limit myself to only one or two. One has reference to our old friend the lamp. Just as in a long summer evening, when the light fades gradually, it is difficult to tell the exact moment when lamp time has come, so it is increasingly difficult in the small hours of a summer morning to decide when the time for extinguishing the lamp has arrived. In each case the eye is apt to prompt the rider to make the change too early, and especially is this the case as regards approaching sunrise. An oculist who really *is* an oculist will be able at once to tell you the reason for this; and I, who am no oculist at all, could tell it you if I had the space. But you may take it that it is so, and that it is safer to work by the almanac than by your own senses. Another tip I would give—only one among many that I should like to give if the subject of cycling by night could be spread over more pages—refers to provision against sudden cold. We have a climate that is proverbially capricious. At all times when the weather is doubtful, or when it is what is sometimes called "treacherous," it is advisable to have something to fall back upon, especially in high summer, when most fellows very properly ride without a waistcoat. In case of a sudden chill it is well to have something in hand. Girls can do it easily for themselves, and a fellow can get his sister, or someone equally willing, to do it for him. The secret is to get some common brown paper, and out of it to cut a sort of cuirass in the shape of the front half of a waistcoat, or of a *corsage*, and then to fold this up so that it will go comfortably into the pocket. It occupies practically no space, but it is always there, and can be slipped inside the blouse or shirt in case of unexpected chill during the night ride, and will be found to answer the required purpose admirably.

For the cyclist who is properly equipped the joys of night riding are well nigh limitless. As I have intimated, I would not, if I could help it, ride over strange country in the dark; for that would be to lose all the time the very things I ride to win. But

when I am in familiar country the thing is all different. I can recall glorious night rides. There was one with the Malvern range on the left—with the setting moon trying to steal through the little wisps of cloud that hovered in the west, and that gave a silvern background to the serrated edge of the mountains that Malvern stood upon. There was one with Buxton just below me, where the cold grey of morning melted into a strange pool of greenish mist, half enveloping the town. There was one on a road on the outskirts of the Norfolk Broads when the faint dawn showed the indescribable colours of the sedges and the rushes, and the opal light grew over these same and over the placid water. I could go on for a long time talking about places, the aspects of which I know by night. But let no one be tempted by what I say to do his exploring by moonlight, still less in the dark. The night is very beautiful: but it is in the daylight that the open-eyed explorer should do his work.

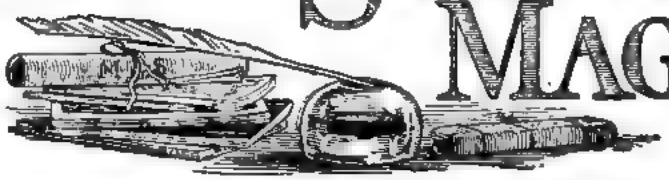
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. (Nottingham).—You can get the trailing cars from John Piggott, Cheapside, E.C. **"W. W."** (Edinburgh).—Your name, and a fuller address than "Edinburgh," are matters to which I am entitled before replying to you. The rules of this correspondence are so simple that there is no excuse for not complying with them. When you write to me, say who you are and where you live, ask clearly in black ink on white paper the information you require, write on one side only, and remember that I like best to help those who help themselves, and who refrain from asking things they could themselves find out with a little trouble. **"Amicus"** (no address).—See the last answer. (a) I cannot account for it. Personally I prefer the brown ones. (b) The set in the basket will just fit in, whereas things bought separately can hardly be expected to do so. Convenience in packing is a large consideration. (c) Those by Joseph Lucas, lamp makers, of Birmingham. There are none better obtainable. **G. W. B.** (Strand).—Am very glad to have been of service to you. Yes, I have spoken well of Premiers, and have no reason to change my mind. On the whole, I should think you have made a very good bargain. If you have the machine in twelve months' time, I should like to hear again from you then concerning it. It is of great assistance to have readers willing to report upon one or two years' experience of a mount they have had in use. **"Despair"** (Hackney).—You need not christen yourself with so woeful a name. The seamless seat knickers made by Messrs. Spencer Bros. will get over the difficulty. The patent is a Manchester patent, and for the sake of others who may wish to avail themselves of it, I give the patentees' address. It is Messrs. J. Harding, Son, and Co., 18 and 20, New Brown-street, Manchester. In London I believe the firm first named are the chief agents. Their address is at 108, Fleet-street. The prices run from about 6s. to 12s. 6d., according to the various qualities. No doubt, as in most other forms of clothing, the dearest would prove the cheapest in the end. **"Tess"** (Ilkley Moorbar).—You may rely upon the Globe Polishing Paste to do what you require. The Referee is all right. I was thinking of illustrating it this month, but fear the pictures are too big to fit our pages. The hill climbing difficulty will be got over if you persevere in the right way, that is by always trying as far as you reasonably can, but never overdoing it, and always getting off a good point short of exhaustion. **Ellen F.** (Broughton).—Don't think for a moment that cycling will spoil your rowing, although it may for a time tempt you away from it. The two exercises go splendidly together, because the one does for the upper portions of the body just what the other fails in doing. There is a certain forty mile run that I know of with a beautiful river at the end of it. I can hardly think of anything that could make a cyclist more fit than a "week-end" spent in such a run, a day of sculling, and a run home again. Anyway, it's the best thing I've yet found out.

H. P

Intelligent Toucan: "What I say is, when you *have* available advertising spaces, why shouldn't you utilise them for the benefit of your fellow creatures?"

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(Continued from May.)

St. Michael's Chronicle (Michaelhouse, Balgowan, Natal).—Full of most interesting articles, while the school news is not neglected. In "Reminiscences of Batavia," R. A. Durand thus describes the capital of Java. "Imagine a town of giant dolls'-houses built in Burmese and Japanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad, clean streets, and thousands of living, grown-up dolls masquerading in Oriental fancy-dress; the picture-books of one's childhood animated. That is Batavia. And what strikes one most is that the masqueraders do not look a bit self-conscious, in spite of their fantastic dress. . . . Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia. Blue-gowned Japanese, wearing white pith helmets shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes and the billy-cock hats of Hampstead Heath, their pigtails interwoven with blue silk; lean tawny Malays, Hindoos, Javanese, and effeminate-looking Cingalese, jostle each other on the sidewalks." The only drawback to this veritable fairyland appears to be the difficulty in getting a decent bath.

St. Thomas' College Magazine (St. Thomas' College, Colombo).—We are always glad to welcome these records of school life in the "British dominions beyond the seas," and the publication before us suffers nothing by comparison with any of our home productions. The debating society and magazine have enjoyed a flourishing existence of 23 years, which speaks well for the energy of the boys in that tropical clime.

St. Winifred's Magazine (St. Winifred's School, Kenley).—In very good taste and well illustrated. We congratulate St. Winifred's on the completion of their school chapel, and trust that by now sufficient funds have been forthcoming to make the organ an accomplished fact.

Sandwich School Magazine.—We like the get-up of this. The short poem, called "The Last Shot at Colenso," is good, and the story of how "Sandown" beat Manfred College at athletic sports makes a readable piece of fiction.

The Spencerian (Spencer College, Wimbledon).—We do not quite know for what purpose this has been sent us. It is the first number, and was published as far back as 1895, so that a review of it now would be just a trifle late in the day. We should be glad to see the *current* number, and to review it.

Stanley House School Magazine (Stanley House School, Bridge of Allan).—Contains more articles and verses than almost any other school magazine. In the December number are nearly a dozen contributions, all of them interesting, while the school notes supply what is needful in other respects.

No. 8 Vol. 1.

Stanley House School Magazine.

1901. DECEMBER 1901.

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A NEAT COVER.

The Tamensian (the Magazine of Lord Williams's Grammar School, Thame).—This might have an index of contents. It is neat in appearance and otherwise covers everything that is wanted.

The Tasmanian School Journal is a monthly illustrated paper for boys and girls, published at Hobart, Tasmania.

The Tonbridgian does not go in for outward show, but there is little fault to be found with the contents or the way in which they are arranged.

Truro College Magazine (July and December).—In "Glimpses of German School Life" we find the following description of a prize-giving: "This was held in the Kursäal, a large hall belonging to the public gardens. The room, in beauty and dimensions, would not have disgraced a palace. At one end a fairly large stage was erected, and on this a simple desk was placed, whereon the prizes were arranged. These did not consist of beautifully bound volumes, but were merely medals of little value, silver for the juniors, gold for the seniors." The article points out very clearly the advantages and disadvantages of the German methods of education. This magazine reflects credit on all concerned in its production.

West Kentian (the Magazine of the West Kent Grammar School).—Its quiet dark-green cover, good paper and printing are all that one could wish, but the effect is rather spoilt by the advertisements. "A Lover of English Scenery" puts in a plea for the beautiful valley of the Wye, which, he considers, quite equals the scenery on the Rhine or Mosel. The Old West Kentian Club has an excellent programme, and appears to be going strong.

Whitchurchian (Whitchurch Grammar School).—"Fragments of the History of Whitchurch Grammar School" tell us something of the doings of an educational institution which has existed for over 350 years. Unfortunately the records are much less complete than might have been expected. The salaries paid to schoolmasters two hundred years ago do not appear to have erred on the side of extravagance; some of the said schoolmasters may well have envied Goldsmith's parson, who was "passing rich on £40 a year."

Wulfrunian (Wolverhampton School Magazine).—Perhaps the best that we have seen in the matter of school news. There is an interesting account of a visit to Pekin by an old boy, and letters appear from both Oxford and Cambridge.

Xaverian Quarterly.—A record of the proceedings of the Xaverian Association, and containing other matter of interest to old Xaverians. The Xaverian Association is composed of past pupils of Xaverian Colleges, which are to be found at Bruges, Clapham, Manchester, and Mayfield. This little paper seems well adapted to carry out the objects in view.

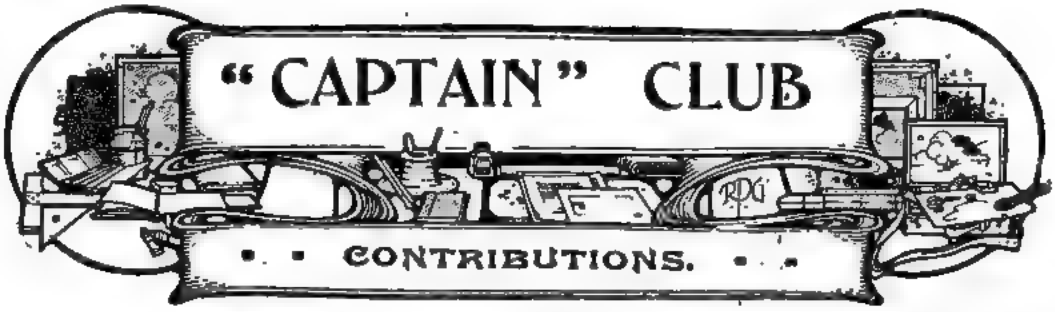
A REFINED COVER.

Since reviewing the above, we have received copies of Acta Ridleiana (Ontario), Alperton Hall Magazine, Blue, Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine (2), Breconian, Camaraderie (2), Carthusian (2), Cheltenham Grammar School Magazine (2), Clavinian, Edinburgh Academy Chronicle (2), Framlinghamian (2), Haileyburian (4), Heversham School Chronicle, Hurst Johnian (2), Ipswich School Magazine, Kendalian, Keswick School Magazine, Leopard, Lorettonian (2), Lyntonian, Malvernian (2), Manwoodian, Mill Hill Magazine, Olavian, Pilgrim, Portcullis, Quernmorian (2), Review (2), Salopian (2), Sedberghian (3), Sotoniensis, Taylorian (2), Wasp.

WINTER v. SUMMER.

LEST Summer should charge me, an ardent sun-worshipper, with disloyalty, let me chronicle first the favours I have received of her. A bronzed complexion, a pair of brown, freckled hands, and what little muscle desultory boating and cricket have given me; these things I owe to Summer, and having acknowledged the gifts with gratitude I hasten to bend the knee to Winter, a mistress, if I may say it without ungallantry, far worthier of a man's fidelity. She is no coquette, luring one from duty by promises of sunshine and flowers and laughter. There are stern battles to be fought, fair fields to be won under her generalship, and at the first hint of her frosty breath upon one's cheek one's dormant faculties spring into pulsing motion. Down from the dusty shelves come the long-neglected books, and while the wintry sun shines faintly down upon a world of snow and ice without, within one grapples with those severe, uphill tasks which alone can fit one for the lusty race along the rough road of life. And when study is over, and the brain swims a little with the effort of it, what better restorative has Summer to offer than a brisk walk through country lanes whitened with hoar-frost, beneath a clear sky of a flawless blue, with frost-diamonds sparkling and glinting on every side of one? No fear now of the taint of disease in the atmosphere one breathes, for the crisp, clear air is as pure as heaven itself, and each draught of it that enters the lungs is an unalloyed delight. Winter, too, has better, manlier sport for her votaries than ever Summer could provide. Than football and skating, what more exhilarating and healthful pastimes can one find? There are men (and I confess myself of their number) who would count one hour's skating on a tiny pond or a narrow stream finer diversion far than a month of tennis on a smooth and well-kept lawn, and who would rather play football with a bundle of old newspapers held together by twine than pose for a whole day as the idol of a cricket-loving crowd at Lord's. Soberly and honestly I say it: the joys of Summer are as bread-and-milk compared with the meat and drink of Winter, the uncrowned Queen of the Seasons.

R. A. H. Goodyear.



This part of the magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to MISS ALTHEA L. MONEY, 42, Brunswick Road, Hove, Sussex, for her series of snapshots of cricketers printed in this Number.

The Roman "New Boy."

JACOBUS (two years student). NOVUS (a "new boy."). RUDOLPHUS (friend of Jacobus).

JAC. Rudolphus meus! a "novus homo!" Come on, we'll rag him. Here, you, what's your name?

NOV. They call me Novus. I am of the ancient house of Noverculum. On festive days our family can show forth a score of images.

RUD. What 'rot! I don't believe it. Your father is a barber or a baker.

NOV. My father a barber! My father a baker! By Jove's most holy throne, by Venus's brow, repeat those words and thou shalt suffer.

JAC. What is the pater, then?

NOV. A soldier! At least he was. Born a Roman, he like a Roman fell, on far Britannia's shore. He fought and bled for Cæsar and his country.

RUD. What's your age?

NOV. Full thirteen years have rolled their course since in the Eastern hemisphere my star rose bright and clear in the ascendant.

JAC. Are you for Pompey or for Cæsar?

NOV. My father——

RUD. Oh, hang your father's bones; are you for Pompey?

NOV. Nay, I am not for that base scheming reptile. I am for Cæsar.

RUD. By Jove! Jacobus, he rags our Pompey. Hold my toga.

NOV. And mine. Cæsar and Mars! Come on! Cæsar for ever!

* * * * * *

RUD. (faintly). Hold up my Roman nose.

JAC. O Pompey! Give him strength.

NOV. Cæsar and liberty! That's how the mighty Cæsar will crush your basest Pompey.

RUD. Never, while in my heart one drop of blood remains.

NOV. Take that, and that, and that. Cæsar for ever! Cæsar æternus! Death to the reptile Pompey.

RUD. (more faintly). I die, Jacobus. Avenge my fall, and—Oh, my nose.

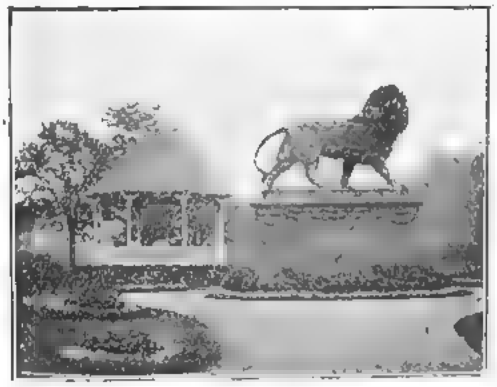
NOV. He falls. He dies. Cæsar has won the day. Give me my toga. Long live the mighty Cæsar. Cæsar for ever. [*exit*

RUD. Alas! farewell, Jacobus. May Pompey conquer yet. Farewell, farewell. Oh—my—Roman—nose.

J. W. ANDERSON.

A Striking Memorial.

IN the beginning of August, 1880, England was startled with the news that the British troops in Afghanistan had been defeated, and terrible slaughter inflicted on General Burrow's army at Maiwand. This would probably have meant annihilation but for the bravery of the 66th Berkshire Regiment, who, when



BRONZE LION MEMORIAL (BERKSHIRE REGIMENT). FORBURY GARDENS, READING.

duty called, were ready to sacrifice their lives to cover the retreat of the fleeing troops. Two hundred and eighty-two of these brave fellows were left dead on the field.

Four years later a memorial fund was raised, and Mr. E. Simonds, the sculptor, was commissioned to erect a statue in the Forbury Gardens, Reading. In the December of 1886, the late Lord Wantage, V.C., then Lord Lieutenant of the County, unveiled the statue. It is a bronze lion, shown as if walking forward, with mane erect, snarling.

It measures from mane to paw 13 feet 4 inches, its chest has a girth of 14 feet, and its forearm is 5 feet round. From this the huge size of the beast may be judged; it is the largest and undoubtedly the most magnificent representation of a lion in the world.

The oblong pedestal on which it stands is of terra-cotta, and rests on a foundation of concrete. Each of the four faces bears an inscription. Front face: "This monument records the names and commemorates the valour and devotion of 11 officers and 317 non-commissioned officers and men of the 66th Berkshire Regiment, who gave their lives for their country at Girisk, Maiwand and Kandahar, and during the Afghan campaign 1879-80. 'History does not afford any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and country than that displayed by the 66th Regiment at the battle of Maiwand on 27th July, 1880.'—Dispatch of General Primrose."

Rear face: "Erected in 1884 by residents in Berkshire and by comrades and friends of those whose names are here recorded."

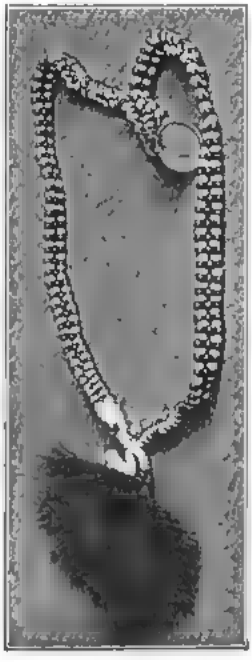
On the remaining faces are inscribed the names of the three hundred and twenty-eight men who perished during the campaign.

HARRY LONG.

A Kaffir Necklace.

THE object depicted in the accompanying photograph represents a Kaffir necklace given by a native woman to Private Taylor, of the 10th Hussars, when serving in South Africa. It is composed of black and white beads, not threaded in the ordinary way, but woven together. In the centre there is attached a Transvaal coin, on the obverse of which is the image of ex-President Kruger, and on the reverse its value. The hairy appendage is a tuft of fur from an animal's tail, and acts as a clasp.

W. MOUNTSTEPHEN.



A KAFFIR NECKLACE.

C. B. FRY LEAVING THE WICKET AT EASTBOURNE AFTER HIS INNINGS OF 219 NOT OUT.
Photo by Edgar Baker.

A New Version of the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin."

WHO caused the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast?

"I," replied the Hedge Accentor; "with my implements for the chase, I have caused the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast."

Who had the painful solace of witnessing his untimely decease?

"I," responded a lowly member of the Diptera tribe; "with my diminutive optic I had the painful solace of witnessing his untimely decease."

Who performed the honourable duty of arresting the flow of his sanguinary fluid?

"I," made answer a member of the race sometimes allured by the piscatorial art, "with one of my insignificant kitchen utensils, I performed the honourable duty of arresting the flow of his sanguinary fluid."

Who will perform the office of preparing his winding-sheet?

"I," declared a member of the Coleoptera order; "with my lowly instrument of domestic use, I will perform the office of preparing his winding-sheet."

Who will prepare his last resting-place?

"I," retorted the bird of wisdom; "with my agricultural implements, I will prepare his last resting-place."

Who will officiate as chaplain?

"I," asserted a specimen of the order of British Corvidæ; "with the assistance of my small but useful tome, I will officiate as chaplain."

Who will pour forth sweet and ecclesiastical melody?

"I," avowed the Throstle, noted for tunefulness; "as I repose in my verdant habitation, I will pour forth a flood of sweet and ecclesiastical melody."

Who will have the mournful satisfaction of bearing him to his last resting-place?

"I," made reply one of the family of birds of prey; "if it is not at the time when the dark curtain descends, shutting out the glorious light of the solar system, and leaving to us only the pale cold light of the nocturnal luminary and constellations; I will have the mournful satisfaction of bearing him to his last resting-place."

Who will be foremost, in the large crowd assembled, to show respect to the lamented deceased?

"I," murmured in soft accents the bird often connected with the softer emotions; "for my tears are for him who had my heart's affection; I will be foremost, in the large crowd assembled, to show respect to the lamented deceased."

Who will cause the sad tidings to spread by making to sound in a mournful tone the hollow body of metal?

"I," vociferated, in stentorian tones, a male member of the Bovine tribe; "because to me is given the honour of being able to sound the said body of metal; I will cause the sad tidings to spread."

All the feathered denizens of the upper firmament broke into loud lamentations when the tidings were brought to them of the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast.

G. Sterling.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LIVERPOOL MAY-DAY PROCESSION, TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL HOTEL.
By Alfred Owen.

Boulogne.

BOULOGNE, which is perhaps one of the most anglicised of French cities, is also one of the most picturesque and interesting. Boulogne is usually, though on somewhat dubious grounds, identified with the Gesoriacum of the Romans. At an early period it began to be known as Bononia, a name which has been gradually modified into the present form. In 882 the town was destroyed by the Normans, but restored about 912. From about that time till 1477 it was the head of a separate countship, which was united to the crown of France by Louis XI. In 1544, Henry VIII. took the town by siege; but it was restored to France in the following year.

It was at Boulogne that Napoleon made his great preparations for the invasion of England; that was in 1803. Lady Hamilton died here in poverty in 1815; Thomas Campbell in 1843. Dickens was a great admirer of Boulogne. It was on the 18th of August, 1855, that Queen Victoria landed here. This was the first visit of an English sovereign to France since Henri VI. was crowned in Paris in 1422. Boulogne consists of two parts, the High, or Ould Town, and the Lower, or New Town. The former, situated on the top of the hill, is of comparatively small extent, and forms almost a parallelogram surrounded by ramparts of the 15th century, planted with trees. In this part are the Palais de Justice, the Cathedral, and the Hotel de Ville, built in 1774. The belfry tower, which is the most antique monument in the place, was built in the 13th century. In the château, now used as barracks, the Emperor Napoleon III. was confined after the famous attempt to effect a landing in 1840. It is a beautiful old construction, and is surrounded by a deep moat. Near by is the cathedral church of Nôtre Dame, built (1827-1866) on the site of an old building destroyed during the Revolution.

Among the objects of interest in the neighbourhood the most remarkable is the Napoleon Column, or Colonne de la Grande Armée, erected on the high ground above the town in honour of Napoleon on the occasion of his projected invasion of England. Commenced in 1804, the monu-

ment was only completed in 1841. The pillar, which is of the Doric order, is surmounted by a statue of Napoleon by Basio. A strange thing to be noticed is that the statue is turning its back to England. From the dizzy height of this column, which is 166 feet high, the coast of Dover is distinctly visible on a clear day. On the edge of the cliffs to the east of the port are some rude brick remains of an old building called Tour d'Ordre, said to be the ruin of a tower built by Caligula at the time of his intended invasion of England. A fine breakwater, inaugurated by President Carnot, protects the harbour, which is formed by two long piers running out from the mouth of the river. Boulogne boasts a fine casino, a theatre, a hospital, and a museum, connected with which is a public library containing 30,000 volumes. Boulogne has a large English colony, two English chapels, and a sailors' institute. It is altogether a charming little place.

O. FREDERICI.

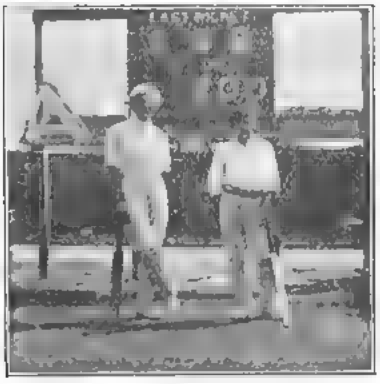
The Birds of Caithness.

THIS very little known part of our island is very rich in bird life. Snipe, grouse, partridge and duck abound, and many other common birds. Here we find the somewhat rare turnstone, also the dunlin, redshank, oyster-catcher, sanderling, little auk, and others. Among the high cliffs and rocky part of the coast there are countless numbers of common and black guillemots, long-tailed duck, eider-duck, and solan geese (or gannets, as they are most commonly called), while a glimpse of the greater black-backed gull may sometimes be obtained. The geese and wild swans are mostly seen in hard weather. Plover, both green and golden, inhabit the meadowland in vast quantities. The cormorant and shag-crested cormorant share the rocky cliffs with the gulls, and on the grassy ledges are numerous herons' nests. Woodcock are scarce except in winter, when they come in from Norway and the moors round. Of course there are other birds, but I think these are the most interesting, and I may add that some of them are not to be found in any other parts of England or Scotland.

F. W. R.

P. F. WARNER, MIDDLESEX.
Photo by A. L. Money.

A. C. MCLAREN AT THE WICKET, BRIGHTON.
Photo by A. L. Money.



C. B. FRY AND E. KILLICK.
Fry 209, Killick 200, at Brighton, 1901.
Photo by A. L. Money.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

Thomas Pittaway.—You are an optimist. "Gone is the storm, the snow, the mud." I'm not quite sure. You never know what this climate will do. **Egg Collector.**—Though I have no space for your little essay, I agree with you that egg-collectors should go about the business with humanity and delicacy, not disturbing the nests more than is necessary and only taking eggs they absolutely require for their collections. Only one egg should be taken. It should be borne in mind that a mother-bird cares as much for her eggs as a human mother for her children. How many boys give this a single thought? **R. C. Tharp.**—"Ping-Pong" accepted. **Edwin L. Read.**—Have accepted "Fat Boy." **Exwyzed.**—Although there are some good points in your little essay, "Are THE CAPTAIN Competitions Worth Trying For?" I think you harp too much on the money side of the question. It is always worth your while to enter for a competition. Why?

Because a competition is a pleasant recreation; because you are measuring your strength with those of your own age; because you are sharpening your wits on a useful grindstone; because you are deliberately giving your ingenuity, knowledge, patience, and pluck a thorough trial. These are only a few reasons. I am glad you say that we cater for every class of reader. We try to. During THE CAPTAIN'S existence we have set over 250 competitions, and this has been a considerable tax on *our* powers of invention, as you may imagine. Each "Hidden Book," for instance, has to be thought out, and this work is divided between the artist and the editor, who have done some tough cogitating, be assured. But the enthusiasm, goodwill, and thorough friendliness of our readers amply reward us for all the trouble. **A. Mann.**—Have just accepted a rather better poem on Ping-Pong than yours. Your best verse is:—

When you've smashed a dozen rackets and a score of ornaments,
And the surface of your table is a mass of little dents,
Then you get enthusiastic, and you play in tournaments,
And you say, "O, what a charming game is Ping-Pong!"

R. V. Southwell.—"The Golf Ball" contains a certain amount of merit, but is not quite satisfactory. Shall be glad to see more of your work. I am looking out for short, humorous poems, let me tell you. **C. Francis.**—Hope to be able to use essay on "Marcus Brutus." **Winifred D. Ereaut.** Autograph Collecting is accepted. In future be careful to number your pages. **How to Make a Ping-Pong Table.**—Sorry cannot find space for this. The author did not attach his name, by the way. **E. Day.**—Your essay on "Gibraltar" does not contain quite enough information. **Young-feller-my-lad.**—To be blunt, there's too much cackle and not enough 'osses in the essay you submit. Hoping you'll take this in good part, yours truly, *Old-feller-my-lad.*

Contributions have also been received from:—Golconda (accepted), J. H. Walker, W. H. Thomson, G. T. Atkinson, F. R. Ducé, "I. K. E.," Beetle, E. S. Rigg, Albert G. Scott (accepted), "Viator," M. E. Pratt, and others whose names will appear next month.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 12th.

The Results will be published in August.

No. 1.—"Hidden Books" (FIFTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"Eleven Best All-round Cricketers."—Send, on a post-card, a list consisting of what you consider to be the eleven best *all-round* cricketers in this country. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Drawing of a Head."—Draw, *from life*, the head of a man, woman, boy, girl, cat, dog, horse, cow, or any living person or animal. The drawing may be executed in pen, pencil, water-colours, or oils. The prizes will be goods (to be chosen by winners) from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"For Competitors Who Have Never Won a Prize."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on "The Sort of Competition I Like Best, and Why." Nobody who has ever won a prize or consolation prize may enter for this competition. THREE SWAN FOUNTAIN PENS will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Photographs of Games."—THREE PRIZES of 7s. will be given for the three best photos. Any sort of game. I may add that we like humorous as well as serious photos.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 6.—"John Gilpin was a Motorist."—Write a poem, in the style of "John Gilpin," not exceeding twenty verses of four lines each, describing the adventures of John Gilpin mounted on a runaway motor-car instead of a horse. Prize: 10s. 6d.

One Age limit: Twenty-five.

THE OLD FAG

13, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

It is, nowadays, one thing to have an office, and another thing to get to it in any sort of comfort. My way to Burleigh Street lies along the Strand—the Fleet Street end of the Strand—and it is upon this unfortunate thoroughfare that the housebreaker and the Irish navvy have descended with truculent energy. By "housebreaker" I do not mean the person *you* are thinking of—I refer to a person who ruthlessly pulls down old and picturesque dwellings to make room for brand-new public-houses, theatres, shops, and other severely modern and unpoetical establishments. The upper end of the Strand, on the Law Courts side, has practically been delivered over to the housebreaker. A stranger might think that an earthquake had occurred in this locality, so thoroughly has the housebreaker broken up the houses thereabouts. He is at it day and night; he is at it in the fair May sunshine, and he is at it when the rest of London is asleep. It is a wild, weird scene; I wonder some artist does not perpetuate its memory on canvas. The fierce gas-flares; the ragged walls—centuries old, some of them; the strange pits and mounds; the burly, coatless labourers stolidly demolishing the homes of our great-great-great-grandfathers; the gaudy advertisements standing out in bold relief on the lofty hoardings; the little knots of seedy loungers watching the busy workers at their midnight toil—all this makes a picture worthy of a master-painter's brush!

I AM CONFRONTED WITH THE LEGEND "NO ROAD," WHERE FORMERLY THERE WAS A VERY NICE OPEN

If these old walls could talk, what stories they could tell us! Stories of ever so long ago. Some of these houses that are being swept away must have existed in Shakespeare's day—those who lived in them then probably witnessed the productions of his plays at the Globe Theatre of that epoch. And now they are crumbling under the housebreaker's hammer. Look your last on them—on the Old Homes of Old London, for we are cutting a fine new street right through the very heart of them.

And that brings me back to the point where I started—to the office. It is this new road to Holborn—King Edward VII. Street—which causes my quiet amble of yore to take a zigzag course which is perfectly bewildering. I am confronted with the legend "No Road" where formerly there was a very nice open road. Then I have to go back and try another way. Not long ago I could walk down Newcastle Street into the Strand, and think out new competitions while I was doing so. Now the two thoroughfares are joined by a light footbridge, and while I am making the crossing I daren't think of competitions, or, indeed, of anything save my own personal security. Walking to the office was once a pleasure, but now it is an athletic performance, for you have to keep a sharp look-out for cabs and 'buses, keep your wits about you, and dash from one side of the road to the other at a speed which doesn't agree with people whose joints are getting a little stiff. (At the same time I'm quite willing to jump

any old man of my own age for a new hat. Signed, O. F.) If you are fat you get squashed sadly in the two-foot allowance of side-walk which they give you, and if you are thin people think they can easily squeeze past you, with the result that you emerge from the two-foot way looking like a pressed dandelion. You feel inclined to go to Salisbury Plain after that, so as to take a long walk with plenty of room on each side of you.

IF YOU ARE FAT YOU GET SQUASHED SADLY IN THE TWO-FOOT ALLOWANCE OF SIDE-WALK.

After being stopped for the third time by a scaffold-pole laid across two trestles, I asked a policeman how I could get to Burleigh Street. "You see that man sitting on the path eating bread and cheese?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Well," said the policeman, "you don't go that way." "What's the good of mentioning him, then?" I demanded. The policeman looked annoyed. "If you don't keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, old feller," he remarked, "you'll be taken where you won't like." "If that's on the way to THE CAPTAIN office," I rejoined, "it'll be where I will like." "Move on!" said the policeman, testily, and as he seemed to scale about eight stone heavier than myself I thought I'd better take his advice.

So I got into a cab. "Burleigh Street," I observed to the cabman. "That'll be half-a-crown," replied the cabman, "becos I has to go out of my way so much." "I'll make it three shillings if you'll hurry," I replied. He whipped up, but two minutes later drew in his horse with a jag that threw it on to its haunches. "All right, guv'nor," cried the cabby, "don't be afraid. 'E's used to this game. Whoa-p, my pretty!" And he somehow got his pretty away from the scaffold-pole just as his pretty was evincing a strong desire to jump it. Evidently an old hunter, that cab-horse.

Well, we eventually arrived at the office, after many adventures, and in the fullness of my heart I gave the cabman three-and-sixpence. On reflection, it occurred to me that if I took a cab to the office every day it would run into money. However, I dismissed these unpleasant reflections. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. But—and I think there is something in this—any reader who happens to meet M. Santos-Dumont might tell him that the sooner he invents a balloon that can be steered properly, the sooner the Editor of THE CAPTAIN will be able to enjoy an air-ride from his home to the office-window. It would save him a lot of cab-fares and altercations with policemen, when you come to think of it. What a boon a Twopenny Balloon would be!

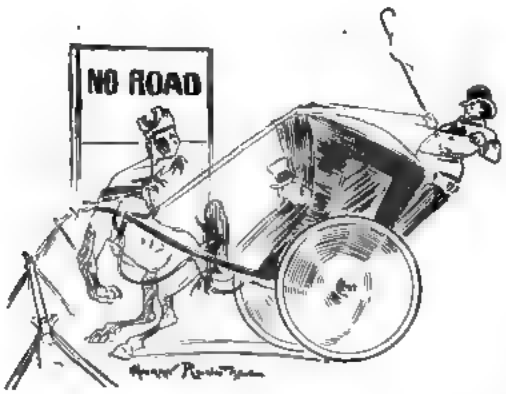
CORONATION NUMBER.—Our next issue, which will be published on the 21st of June, will contain a large amount of material, got up in THE CAPTAIN'S own special way, having a bearing on the great event of this year. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes will write on "The Boyhood of King Edward"; a number of CAPTAIN artists will contribute pictures entitled "What I Hope to See and Do at the Coronation"; the frontispiece will be a drawing by Mr. E. F. Skinner, depicting "The Seven Edwards"; and there will be other items of Coronation interest. These will not, however, take up so much space as to prevent the usual features from appearing THE CAPTAIN will be as usual, *plus* the Coronation. And now let's go and book seats.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Monaro sends me an interesting letter from her home in New South Wales. She lives on a sheep station, 350 miles from Sydney and 37 miles from the nearest railway line. "The burden of being a Commonwealth is almost too much for us at present," she says; "it only represents taxes and Members of Parliament at £270 a year, but we have a grand Governor-General, who is a tremendous favourite." My correspondent goes on to tell me that she gets dreadfully bored sometimes out there in the bush, and so to while away the time she "gardens hard—digs, plants, waters, weeds," and sometimes wheels the fresh earth into the garden. In addition, she and her sister ride and drive

"IF YOU DON'T KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR 'EAD YOU'LL BE TAKEN WHERE YOU WON'T LIKE."

a great deal, as they both love horses. I think a good many English girls will sympathise with the rather lonely lot of Australian girls like these, who live so far away from shops and libraries, and other things that delight the feminine heart. I shall be most pleased to read the little essay on Australian girls which my correspondent proposes to send me.

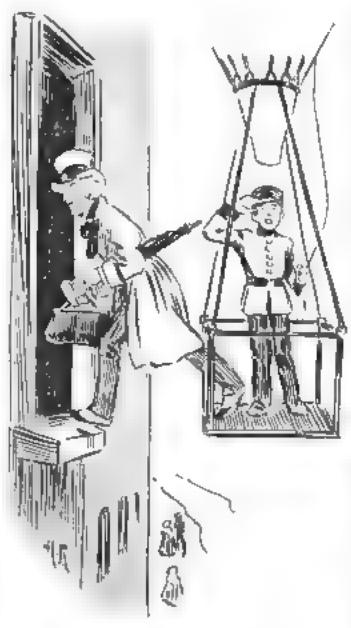


"ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR, DON'T BE AFRAID. 'E'S USED TO THIS GAME."

Timber Toes.—You will find reading a great consolation, and the knowledge you will acquire thus may prove, in a degree, compensatory. I am very sorry to hear of your misfortune, but glad to notice the brave heart that shows itself in what you write. As to books—have you read Nathaniel Hawthorne? "The House with the Seven Gables," by this author, is one of my great favourites. And have you read Oliver Wendell Holmes's essays? There is a lot of thought as well as fun in them. His novels, too, are well worth reading. Like the "Seven Gables," they have an old-world charm which I find very fascinating. Try these books, and when you are through with them write to me again. Meanwhile, I will think out a list for you.

Royal Marine.—(1) On first joining the Royal Marine Light Infantry, you are second lieutenant. (2) No, you cannot live on your pay. (3) You cannot join the Marines straight away, as you seem to think. You must go to Sandhurst for a year, divided into two terms. If your father is only a private gentleman he will have to pay £150, exclusive of uniform and books, but, if you are a King's Cadet, he will not have to pay anything. (4) The competition is very keen. (5) Obtain from Foster, Groom and Co., of Charing Cross, S.W., or Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, a copy, price 1s., of the papers set for the competitive examination for entrance to the Royal Military College, Aldershot.

Jacobites.—Thank you for your very nice letter. I read of the ghost, the cave, the pipers, the otters, the dogs, the witch, and the ruins with great interest, and I am very much obliged to little Madeleine for the violets. I am afraid I shall not be able to accept your invitation to visit you in August, as I am going to another place. I am sure it must be delightful at your home among the Scottish mountains. Although I cannot come, however, I shall not forget how kindly you asked me.



WHAT A BOON A TWOPENNY BALLOON WOULD BE!

Our School Army.—"A Pauline," commenting on Mr. A. E. Johnson's statement to the effect that every school corps of real importance was present at the fight on the Fox Hills, says:—"It is one of the greatest disappointments of the St. Paul's School cadets that they are not allowed to attend, the reason being that the school authorities do not allow the necessary day off for it. St. Paul's has every right to rank itself among those corps that are of real importance, having two companies, 150 in all; and is, besides, one of the senior corps in the annual camp at Aldershot in August."

Baby.—Woman has the quicker instinct, man the stronger brain. Looking at the question from all points of view, I should certainly say the average boy is the intellectual superior of the average girl, because, for one reason, the male intellect has for many generations been developed more than the female. When girls give their minds to it, they can often prove themselves the superior of boys, but then girls do not as a rule receive so complete an education as boys.

McD.—Send a stamped envelope and repeat your question re Matric. The general run of readers would not be interested in the list. Perhaps it would serve you as well if you contented yourself with studying music, English subjects, etc., unless, of course, you are going to be a governess. Tell your brother to remember Mr. Fry's hints on "moderation" in exercise.

Rustum.—I am afraid I cannot arrange for Mr. J. O. Jones to be your tutor, even at £365 a year, as he is at present engaged in work which he cannot leave, as you will see when you reach the end of the story. But I am very pleased to hear that you like him so much. If you are not satisfied with your school, you should tell your father. I read your letter with much interest.

H.H.S.—*The Cricketameter* is a bright little production, but you ought to have put the *scores* in. You can only discover what your literary capacities are by going in for competitions, contributing to C.C. pages, etc. If you are any good, your work will soon attract notice.

Hugh Leslie Dobrée sends me the following, which he has compiled: Winners of CAPTAIN Competitions, Volume VI., October, 1901, to March, 1902:—England, 148; Scotland, 23; Wales, 7; Ireland, 6; Channel Isles, 3; Total, 187.

R.G.F.—(1) We cannot make an exception in your case by omitting your name and address. (2) "Tales of Eliza's" will be published in book form in due course. "Smith's House" has not yet appeared as a book.

One to Three.—You can obtain the Navy List, price 1s., from any good bookseller. **John W. Penberthy.**—We send badges to all parts of the world.

The Hoverian (Hove High School).—This little magazine, which arrived after our other reviews were written, is a business-like and brainy production. Mr. J. E. MacManus, the well-known journalist and song writer, and father of the sub-editor of the magazine, contributes a most humorous article, in which he strives to prove that the missing link between a man and a monkey—the link that Darwin missed, in fact—is a boy. He also says that Darwin, though an observant and intelligent man, did not look in the right place. He went pottering about amongst geological formations and fossilised bones, when he ought to have gone straight to a boys' school. We observe that the sub-editor, after his exhausting labours in connection with the magazine, threw down his pen and forgot his griefs in the dissipation of ping-pong, which he calls "the game of the British nation." In spite of this eulogy, I fancy that a few people will still go up to that nice little ground at Hove to see Ranji snick 'em through the slips, and our Mr. C. B. F. open his shoulders to the Australian fast bowler.

N. Wells and "Oof."—Send your coins to W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69, New Oxford-street, London, W. Enclose sufficient stamps for their return by registered post in case they have to be sent back to you. **F. G. Skinner.**—"The Queen of the Jesters" and "The Footsteps of a Throne" can be obtained from any bookseller, price 6s. each. **F. C. Cooper.**—We do not value coins. See reply to N. Wells. **E. C. Crowther.**—I don't think there is such a book as you mention published now. All you want in the way of stage plays, etc., you can obtain from Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, London, W.C. **A Reader** (S.W.).—Full particulars and a free syllabus re examinations for a qualified chemist can be had of R. Bremridge, Esq., Secretary, Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. **R. G. T. Gilliman.**—"Pigeon-Keeping for Amateurs," by J. C. Lyell, price 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. **"Careless."**—You can stick those papers together again with "Seccotine." Buy a tube from your stationer. **J. W. Nicholls.**—All you have to do is to buy The Captain regularly. **G. A. Kendrick.**—Clubbed. Get "The Ilford Manual of Photography," price 1s. **Chief Officer** (Colombo).—I hope to print your letter on "A Boy's Life at Sea." **C. M. Perkins** (Tasmania).—I'll remember your grievance, C. M. P. **Adda Jones.**—And yours, Adda. How old am I? Some people think I am 101, and some 102, but I am not really as old as that, although I certainly am pretty aged. Will remember about comps. **Wm. C. Murphy** (Windsor, Ontario).—I regret that I cannot put readers in communication with one another. **F. R. Hartley.**—I have the matter of Club notepaper under consideration. **Lindsay Boyle.**—(1) Yes; send stamps to cover return postage. (2) Your writing is satisfactory and quite readable. **W. N. Kenwick.**—Clubbed. **Harold B.**—I think that for the present you had better regard yourself as the family member of the Club, but you must send your full name and address. **E. Day.**—I am very pleased to hear from you, Miss Ethel. **Basil O. Parks.**—We have already dealt with Jamaica in one or two small contributions. No space for a long article. **Cally.**—Clubbed. You'll get fatter in time. A good many young fellows like you are "all bone and sinew." By all means get a "Developer." **P. Wilcock.**—Keep a dog. **G. Baines.**—Your writing is *not* disgraceful. **H. Crosley.**—There is room for improvement in yours. **Curiosity.**—A letter addressed to Mr. Henty, care of the publishers of his books (see foot of title-pages), will be forwarded to him. **C. C. M.**—The book you mention is published by the Religious Tract Society, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. You can get a list of T. B Reed's works at the same place. I do not think Mr. Gooch is back yet. **Blackbird.**—The qualification is that you must take in The Captain regularly. That's all. **D. C. Trevor.**—You argue well, but I must still decline to advise anybody to go on the stage. The average successful actor will express a very similar opinion. Ask one. **Longshanks.**—Clubbed. Hope that elbow is all right by now. **Nuisance.**—Not at all. You are a good worker, and, I am sure, an excellent fellow. Trust you will pull off that scholarship. **A. Marc.**—(1) Live with a French family. (2) See answer to "Blackbird."

Official Representatives Appointed: John W. Bonsor (Croydon); G. H. R. Laird (Glasgow Academy); Geoffrey Blackmore (Sanderstead); Frieda Kipping (Nottingham); H. Davenport Rice (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

Letters, etc., have also been received from Isabel Jones, Harold Scholfield, Jack S. Potts, F. Kipping (Clubbed), "Captain Clubite," "England for Ever!" "Jay" (Clubbed), and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Bona fide purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (Third Series).

Winner of £1: Leonard M. Andrews, 79, Aberdeen-road, Highbury, N.

Winner of 10s.: Fred Price, 24, Cumberland-street, Canton, Cardiff.

Five Shillings Divided Between: Horace Rogers, 15, Brockley-grove, Brockley, S.E.; and G. Osborne, 9, Hayeroft, Brixton Hill, S.W.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Nora Perkins, 36, Canfield gardens, Finchley road, N.W.; Edward Beale, 130, Erlanger-road, New Cross, S.E.; Walter E. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne; John V. Haswell, 11, Grange terrace, Sunderland; Alex. C. Adams, 19, De Burg Hill, Dover; Dorothy Binner, 18, Broomgrove-road, Sheffield; A. B. Newcomen, Sunny Bank, Coleford, Glos.; Laurence Douglas Wood, 16, Quernmore road, Stroud Green, N.; Hope Portrey, 29, St. Nicholas road, Barry, Glam. Gladys Morris, Ivy Cottage, near Abergwili, Carmarthen; R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.; C. Prosser, 7, Tallis-street, Cwmpark, Rhondda Valley, S. Wales; Wm. A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.; C. M. Anderson, Stearies, Oaken, near Wolverhampton; Mrs. E. B. Watson, Maison Haute, St Aubin, Jersey, C.I.; Arthur Bottjer, 143, Jamaica-street, Stepney, E.; Gertrude Willett, The Cedars, Chislehurst, Kent; Arthur Newton Rookaby, Castlegate, Grantham; H. G. Daniell, Horton School, Ickwell Bury, Biggleswade, Beds.; the Rev. A. R. Bulkeley, Ardingly College, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

No. II.—"Telegram."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Sandow Developer: Ernest Shott, 25, Crowndale-road, Camden Town, N.W.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: J. Baines, 7, River Bank, Putney, S.W. and H. E. Tetlow, 552, Chamber-road, Hollinhead, near Oldham, Lancs.

Honourable Mention: Alex. M. Laing, L. D. Saunders, Maurice P. French, R. Harold Royle, A. Terry Davis, John R. Turnbull.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Sandow Developer: S. J. Gilbett, 8, St. Mary's-road, Bearwood, Birmingham.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Joseph Carley, 63, Forbes-street, West Gorton, Manchester.

Honourable Mention: A. J. Snelson, W. L. Taylor, J. H. Jenner, A. P. Chalkley, David Pryde, J. Gill, L. E. V. Tiffen, Gifford B. Hindmarsh.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

Winner of Sandow Developer: W. Terry, Barodo, Hailsham.

Honourable Mention: Douglas Hounam, H. Hinson, E. Hubbard, Alfred Edenborough, L. Hubbard, Reginald Chapman, Ethel Chapman.

No. III.—"If I were King."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of 7s.: John E. Edgar, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: James J. Nevin, 23, Suffolk street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Maud M. Lyne, 2, St. John's Villas, Cheltenham.

Honourable Mention: Dora Wolferstan, R. A. H. Goodyear, Gertrude Sterling, Wilfred White, William Bullough, Winifred Lynch, Roy Carmichael, Harry Payne.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Lionel D. Saunders, Albion Cottages, Heavitree, Exeter.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Thomas Martin, 150, Stapleton Hall-road, Stroud Green, N.

Honourable Mention: H. G. Richardson, Dorothy Owen, Bridget E. Talbot, Nellie Kennedy, Hugh F. Walker, Gladys M. Brandreth, Harry Mullett, G. T. Atkinson, George Birrell, William Cameron.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Thomas E. Long, 1, Clarence Villas, Peterson road, Wakefield.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: A. Grigsby, Inglesde, Bulmershe road, Reading.

Honourable Mention: Marguerite Schindhelm, Joseph Carley, R. Bruce Beveridge, Frida Phillips, Ethel Chapman, P. R. Laird.

No. IV.—"Twelve Most Popular Outdoor Pastimes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of Table Tennis Set: R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Magdalene Toole, 84, Shiel road, Liverpool, and Stella Brown, Mansfield, Musselburgh, Scotland.

Honourable Mention: W. White, W. Turton, Percy Bennett, H. F. Rowe, Alice K. Tancock, George Mottershead, Frank A. Garratt, Ethel Salkeld, Nellie Kennedy, W. H. Peach, Emily J. Wood, Dora Wolferstan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of Table Tennis Set: Enid Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: C. B. Tidbold, Oakvill, Hartley, Plymouth, and W. E. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne.

Honourable Mention: H. E. Gallaher, Ernest B. Holmes, W. Wylie Stuart, C. Wolferstan, Lionel D. Saunders, A. G. Pearson, G. E. Petch, Geoffrey L. Austin, C. W. O. Scantlebury, F. Neale, Harry Mullett, Thomas Martin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Table Tennis Set: A. R. Burnett, 62, Sterndale-road, West Kensington Park, W.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: J. S. Tombs, The Grammar School, Haverfordwest, and P. R. Sergeaunt, Westridge, Apsley Guise, Beds.

Honourable Mention: E. M. MacGregor, G. W. Plummer, F. H. Johnson, M. Shearman, Maud M. Russell Smith, M. Falcon, Dorothy Hall, Alexander Gellatly, H. B. Wrey, Edmund Leighton, Marcel Martin, Tom Mitchell, E. L. Smith, D. Maxwell Ross, Hilda Schaffer, Ida H. Russell Smith.

No. V. "Stamp Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Stamp Album: T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, Norwood, S.E.

Consolation Prizes (a set of the original stamps out up for the competition) have been awarded to: H. C. Waterhouse, Gordon Villa, Maybank-road, South Woodford; R. H. Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham; E. W. Frowd, Brent Knoll, Mayow-road, Forest Hill, S.E.; H. S. Spain, Rand Rectory, Wragby, G. A. Callister, 5, Gladstone-avenue, Wood Green, N.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Stamp Album: G. F. Sandon, Jasmond, Sandridge-avenue, Bromley, Kent.

Consolation Prizes (as above) have been awarded to: J. C. Horner, The Marsh, Rainow, near Macclesfield; M. Falcon, Sapworth, Warwickshire; K. C. Marrian, 5, Prince's Parade, Muswell Hill, N.; P. Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; D. C. Bennett, 40, St. Andrew's road, Southsea.

No. VI.—"Parody."

Winner of 7s. 6d.: J. E. Baines, Sommerfield, Morley, near Leeds.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Jack Loutet, Brankham Villa, Dalkeith-road, Dundee; William Kentish, Hampton House, Church road, Moseley; Edwin H. Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.; C. V. Thompson, Ashleigh Cottage, Johnstown, Llanemore, Mullingar.

Honourable Mention: E. C. Early, Pierce R. Butler, Mollie Siddons, Mabel A. Thorman, Dudley Bateman, John S. Cox, D. C. Langley, R. C. Tharp, E. Deadman.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The correct list of books will be found on an advertisement page. As usual, there were a great many entries, and four competitors got the list quite right, so, of course, neatness was taken into consideration. Picture No. 4 appears to have been the most difficult to guess. "The Newcomes," "The Scalp Hunters," "Through Thick and Thin," "The Lost Heir," and "Peg the Rake" being among the suggested solutions.

No. II.—The three prize telegrams, in which the words had to begin with the letters in "Captain Coura," are as follows:—

Class I.—Clever Allround Play. The Australian Innings Now Concluded. Our Men Proved Superior.

Class II.—Collapse Australians. Passed Total Afternoon. Injury Noble. Colonials On Monday Played Substitute.

Class III.—Congratulate All Persons That Australia Is Now Collapsed. Our Men Played Splendidly.

No. III.—A large number of our readers seem to have very definite ideas as to what they would do if the cares of sovereignty were thrust upon them, though most of them seem to agree that they would prefer to avoid the honour. Many of the essays were exceedingly good, and Class I. maintained the usual high standard.

No. IV.—The list, according to the majority of votes, is as follows:—1. Cricket. 2. Football. 3. Tennis. 4. Cycling. 5. Hockey. 6. Boating. 7. Golf. 8. Fishing. 9. Swimming. 10. Skating. 11. Shooting. 12. Riding. This proved a most popular competition, especially with Class III., in which over twenty sent the correct list. Photography, which was included in many lists, can hardly be considered a sport.

No. VI.—Quite a large number of good parodies were sent in. The winner's parody of "Excelsior" was clever and amusing, and the gentleman who advocated the purchase of The Captain to the tune of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" showed considerable skill.

The Competition Editor.

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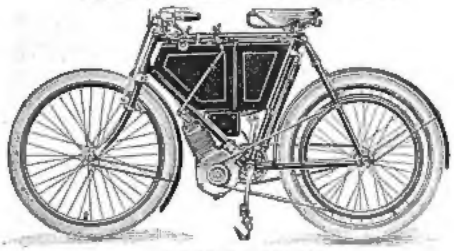

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Frame—Specially strengthened, built with Tandem Hubs, back stays, chain stays, and specially designed bridge.
Wheels—28 in. high tension spokes.
Rims—Jointless hollow motor cycle rims, plated all over.
Tyres—Clincher A-Won motor cycle tyres.
Handle Bar—Straight, or to order.
Cranks—7 in. toughened steel.
Gear—67½., 54 by 16, or to order.
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Pedals—Full size, fitted with best rubber blocks.
Mudguards—Extra width, strongly fitted, free from rattle.
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Brakes—Bradbury front rim and Bowden lever back rim.
Finish—Usual parts heavily plated, frame, tank and carburetter enamelled black, tank and carburetter lined.

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HEALTH, STRENGTH,

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PERFECT ATHLETE.

There is no other System to equal it.

Mr. C. B. FRY, writing in "THE CAPTAIN," says:—"You cannot do better than go on with your dumb-bell work on C. E. Lord's excellent system."

Send your age, measurements, and particulars of present state of health together with P.O. for 5/-, and I will forward complete course of Exercises, Diet, Bathing, and Breathing.

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SECTION OF HANDLE SHOWING AIR CHAMBERS.

The "P.R.D." Bats are used by all the greatest batsmen, viz.:—Prince Ranjitsinhji; Lord Hawke; W. G. Grace, Esq.; A. C. McLaren, Esq.; C. B. Fry, Esq.; F. S. Jackson, Esq.; J. R. Mason, Esq.; A. O. Jones, Esq.; J. Darling, Esq.; Clem Hill, Esq.; P. F. Warner, Esq.; A. P. Lucas, Esq.; D. L. A. Jephson, Esq.; R. E. Foster, Esq.; S. M. J. Woods, Esq.; L. C. H. Palairet, Esq.

SOMERSET VILLA, CHELTENHAM,
March 24th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,

You will be pleased to hear that one of your bats that I purchased at the Ovil was used in all my matches, both first and second class, last season. I should in all probability have been using it next season had not the damp got hold of it whilst crossing over to America. I can safely say it was the best bat I have ever had in my career. You are at liberty to make any use of this recommendation you please.

Sincerely yours,—GILBERT L. JESSOP,
Cambridge University and Gloucestershire.

Seasons 1899, 1900, 1901—3,500 runs with this bat.
GILBERT L. JESSOP,
Capt. Gloucester XI.

SUSSEX COUNTY CRICKET CLUB, BRIGHTON.

The Bats made by Stuart Surridge & Co. are excellent in every way. The willow is the right sort, and the shape and balance leaves nothing to be desired. The new blades are fit to meet new balls without fear of crack or split.

C. B. FRY, Sussex XI.

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND, LONDON, N.W.,
July 9th, 1897.

DEAR SIRS,

I played with one of your bats right through Lord Hawke's Tour in the West Indies, and made 984 runs with it, and also in England at the beginning of the season. It certainly was one of the best bats I have ever had, if not the very best, and those of your make I am now using are going beautifully.

Yours truly,—P. F. WARNER.
To Stuart Surridge & Co. Middlesex.

175, BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.

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Continued from May issue.

W

WACE, Henry E., Mill Mead, Shrewsbury.

WACE, W. Melville, West Hanningfield Rectory, Chelmsford, Essex.

WADE, Alfred, 30 Queen Street, Keighley.

WADE, W. S., 47 Moss Road, Urmston, near Manchester.

WADSWORTH, Bernard Holmes, Oriel Cottage, Helensburgh, N.B.

WAKELIN, Cyril Plant, Market Square, Alford, Lincs.

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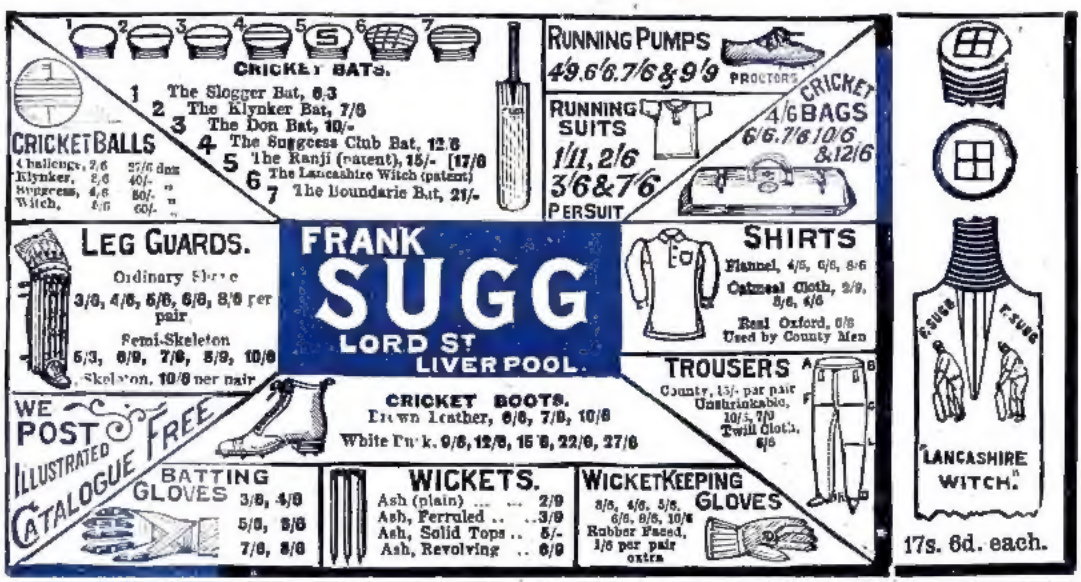

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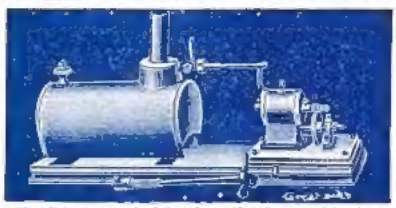

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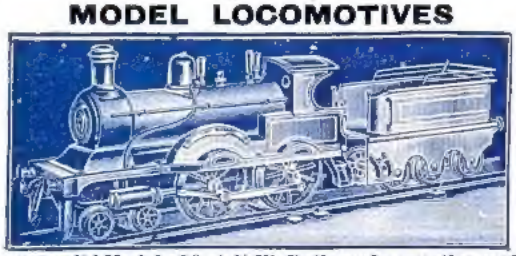

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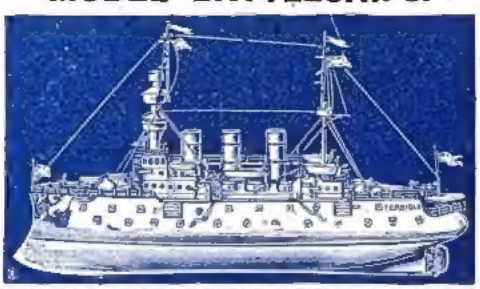

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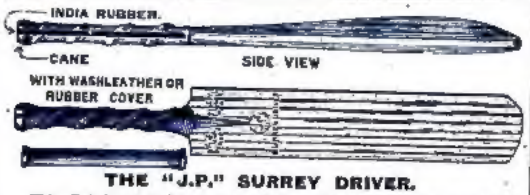

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